

P R E F A C E

THIS little book includes the results of studies I began as Shakespeare Scholar and Berkeley Fellow at the Owens College, Manchester, resumed in the comparative leisure of a lectureship at McGill University, Montreal, continued in a busy quinquennium as Chairman of the Department of English in the University of Wisconsin, and completed as Professor of English at Columbia University in the City of New York. In the meantime I have printed some of my conclusions in the Publications of the Modern Language Association and elsewhere, and the writing of the Introduction was encouraged by an invitation to give a course of lectures on Renaissance Tragedy at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. For courtesies from gentlemen connected with all the organizations mentioned I am too extensively indebted for it to be possible to mention each by name, but my obligations to a former colleague and fellow student, Dr. H. A. Watt, who has kindly contributed the notes on *Gorboduc*—a play of which he has made a very thorough study—are so considerable that I cannot let them pass without due acknowledgement. I wish also to thank the Earl of Ellesmere and his Librarian, Mr. Strachan Holme, for giving me access to the unique Bridgewater copy of *Gorboduc* (1565).

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vii
I GORBODUC	
Text	4
Notes	297
II JOCASTA	
Text .	67
Notes	307
III GISMOND OF SALERNE	
Text .	163
Notes	314
IV. THE MISFORTUNES OF ARTHUR	
Text	220
Notes	326
GLOSSARY	343
INDEX TO INTRODUCTION .	351

INTRODUCTION

THIS is not the place to recount the glories of classical tragedy in its original home at Athens—so ethereally brilliant, and so soon over—

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold !'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up
So quick bright things come to confusion

Between the last great tragedy of Euripides and the advent of Marlowe and Shakespeare to the Elizabethan stage, there seems to be the dismal 'reign of Chaos and old Night'. But the darkness is not really so black as it appears at first sight, and the burst of splendour in Periclean Athens is not completely separated from the renewed glories of Elizabethan England. Between the two we may discern a line of dimly-glowing sparks, never entirely disconnected from the original source of light and heat. Seneca, who pillaged all the great masters of Greek tragedy, may be compared to a damp and crackling torch which gave off more smoke and sputter than warmth and brightness, but he still served as a conveyer of the sacred fire. Born in Cordova about 4 B C, the son of a famous orator, he was himself rather a rhetorician than a dramatist, and the age in which he lived was in no way favourable to dramatic production. One does not see how the ten tragedies which pass under his name could have been acted, for they are singularly ill-suited to stage representation; but their hard metallic verse, brilliant antithetical dialogue, sententious commonplaces, and highly polished lyrics no doubt commended them to the decadent literary circles to which they were originally recited, no less than their sensa-

tional situations, keen psychological character-analysis, and sceptical philosophy allured the critics of the Renaissance. Inferior in every point of art to the great Greek dramatists, of which they appear almost a Brummagem imitation, they were, in spite of these defects, and in part, indeed, because of them, better suited to the modern world, which has tried in vain to take up classical tragedy where Euripides left it and to breathe new life into the ancient form. Where Milton and Matthew Arnold failed, one need not wonder that the Renaissance dramatists did not succeed, though it may be natural ground for surprise that so few of them tried to imitate the Greek model. The main reason for the common adoption of the Senecan tragedies as the standard by Renaissance critics and dramatists was, no doubt, the very simple fact that they were much more familiar with Latin than with Greek, but from an early date in the history of Renaissance tragedy the Greek masters were accessible in Latin translations, and even when the humanists knew both languages, their judgement was not always in favour of Athens as against Rome. Julius Caesar Scaliger writes 'Quatuor supersunt maximæ poetæ. quorum Seneca seorsum suas tuetur partes, quem nullo Graecorum maiestate inferiorē existimo cultu uero ac nitore etiam Euripide maiorem'¹ The reasons for a preference which appears to us no less extraordinary than it would have done to the Athenians at the age of Pericles are various. The very fact that Senecan tragedy was not a truly national drama gave it greater universality of appeal, and its strongly marked characteristics made it easier to imitate, even if those characteristics were defects and exaggerations. The Renaissance conception of tragedy, moreover, was influenced by the ideas which had been inherited from the Middle Ages, and these it must be our first task to trace. For the present, then, we content ourselves with the general observation (of which ample proof will be given hereafter in detail), that Senecan tragedy gave the Renaissance a point of departure for a new form of art, widely divergent from

¹ *Poetices* lib. 6, c. 6, p. 323 (ed. 1561).

classical tradition, although indebted to it for some important details, and one all-important principle—regularity of structure—which, from all appearances, it would have taken centuries for the mediæval drama to attain without the stimulus and authority of classical example

THE MEDIÆVAL CONCEPTION OF TRAGEDY.

It is not surprising that, under the Roman Empire, tragedy very soon began to lose its hold on the public mind, if, indeed, it can be said ever to have had a lodging there. Even in the healthier days of the Republic, comedy, always the more popular form, had maintained its position with difficulty. On this point, the two prologues furnished by Terence to the *Hecyra* are very significant. From these we learn that when the comedy was first presented, the crowd was so uproarious in its expectation of a popular tight-rope dancer that the play could not even be heard. At the second attempt, the first Act was successfully presented, then a report spread that the gladiators were coming, and in the confusion that ensued, owing to the rush for places, the play was driven from the stage, it was only at the third presentation that the *Hecyra* got a quiet hearing and gained approval. Horace bears similar testimony as to the state of things in his day

Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
quod numero plures, untute et honore minores,
indocti stolidique et depugnare parati
si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
aut ursum aut pugiles his nam plebecula gaudet¹

Merivale in his *History of the Romans under the Empire*,² translating Bulenger, *De Theatro*, says that the regular drama was unable to withstand the competition of 'crowds of rope dancers, conjurors, boxers, clowns, and posture makers, men who walked on their heads, or let themselves be whirled aloft by machinery, or suspended upon wires, or who danced upon

¹ *Epistles*, II. 1 182-6.

² ch. xli.

stilts, or exhibited feats of skill with cups and balls', these performers distracted the audience between the acts of the regular drama, which was ultimately driven to small theatres of wood temporarily erected for the purpose, or to private houses. Under these conditions it is not astonishing that the plays attributed to Seneca remain the only contribution to tragedy which has come down to us from the Roman world, and that of these no manuscript dates back further than the eleventh century,¹ though the intervening period is spanned by a few excerpts and imitations.² The seven genuine tragedies of Seneca were imitated after his death in the *Agamemnon*, and these eight in the *Hercules Oetaeus*, which marks a further recession from the conditions of stage representation. A further imitative attempt, the *Octavia*, is dated by Peiper and Richter, in the preface to their edition of the tragedies, as late as the fourth century, but the ten tragedies emerged from the Middle Ages under one name. Dracontius, an imitator of Seneca who died c. 450, has so little notion of the tragic muse that he invites Melpomene to inspire his epic *Orestes*, which is described by him or by his copyist as a tragedy.³ It is evident that with the lapse of years the very idea of tragedy as a dramatic form of art faded from common knowledge. When plays were no longer acted, information about the drama could be obtained in two ways—from the texts, and from general treatises. As the texts became rare (though Terence was always read), the treatises became the chief source of knowledge. Of these the most important was one written by Evanthius, who died at Constantinople c. 359, it was included in many editions of Terence, and was used by the compilers of glosses and encyclopaedias. His knowledge of the drama was extensive and accurate, but only a part of it was handed on by the compilers

¹ Sandys, *A History of Classical Scholarship*, vol. 1, p. 628.

² R. Peiper, *Rheinisches Museum für Philologie*, n. f. (1877), vol. xxxii, pp. 532-7.

³ See Cloetta, *Komodie und Tragödie im Mittelalter*. This and Cizezenach, *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*, vol. 1, are my main authorities for this part of the subject.

who copied from him. The sentence on which they mainly relied was the following

Inter tragoediam autem et comoediam cum multa tum inprimis hoc distat, quod in comoedia mediocres fortunae hominum, parui impetus periculorum laetique sunt exitus actionum, at in tragoedia omnia contra, ingentes personae, magni timores, exitus funesti habentur, et illic prima turbulenta, tranquilla ultima, in tragoedia contrario ordine res aguntur, tum quod in tragoedia fugienda uita, in comoedia capessenda expiuntur; postremo quod omnis comoedia de fictis est argumentis, tragoedia saepe de historia fide petitur¹

This contrast between tragedy and comedy runs through almost all the mediaeval compilations, and has had its influence down to our own day. Another book of very general reference was the *Consolatio Philosophiae* of Boethius (d. 525), who mentions and quotes from Euripides, and also mentions Seneca, whose metres he copies, he has also the following passage (*Consolatio* II, prose 2, 36-40 Teubner text)

Quid tragoediae clamor aliud deflet nisi indiscreto ictu fortunam felicia regna uertentem? Nonne adolescentulus *δοιοὺς πίθους, τὸν μὲν ἔνα κακῶν, τὸν δὲ ἕτερον εὐίων* in Iouis limine iacere didicisti?

Isidore of Seville (d. 636) is still on the right track. He says in his *Etymologiae* (XVIII xlv)

Tragoedi sunt qui antiqua gesta atque facinora sceleratorum regum luctuoso carmine, spectante populo, concinebant

But he includes Horace, Persius, and Juvenal among the writers of comedy, and it is not until five centuries later (Honorius of Autun, d. 1140) that we find Lucan cited as the representative of tragedy. A Munich gloss of the tenth century, however, gives *Tragoedia luctuosum carmen*—a definition evidently extracted from the passage from Isidore above—and this is expanded by Notker Labeo (d. 1022), in his commentary on the passage from Boethius already quoted, into the statement that tragedies are *luctuosa carmina*, written by Sophocles *apud grecos, de euer-sionibus regnorum et urbium*, he says, moreover, that he does

¹ Teubner edition of Donatus, p. 21

not know whether there were any Latin tragic writers. From this it is but a step to the ignorance of Johannes Anglicus de Garlandia, who in his *Poethia* (c. 1260) says

Unica uero tragoedia scripta fuit quondam ab Ouidio apud Latinos, quae sepulta sub silentio non uenit in usum. hec est secunda tragoedia, cuius proprietates diligenter debent notari.

He proceeds to give this second tragedy of his own composition, first in prose, and then in 126 hexameter lines.

In a besieged city there were sixty soldiers, divided into two companies, each of which had a washerwoman, who served them for other ends beside washing. One of the washerwomen fell in love with a soldier in the company of her colleague, who resented the invasion of her rights, and a quarrel between the two women resulted. One night the offended washerwoman found the faithless pair together, and put them both to the sword. In order to conceal her crime, she secretly admitted the enemy to the besieged city. All the garrison were slain, including a brother of the revengeful washerwoman.

Upon this Johannes makes the following comment:

Huius tragoediae proprietates sunt tales: graui stilo describitur, pudibunda profertur et scelerata, incipit a gaudio et in lacrimis terminatur.

The main point about this conception of tragedy is, of course, the fact that the idea of acting as a necessary element has entirely disappeared. The same was true of comedy, so that Dante, writing of the Comedy which all men have called divine, in his letter to Can Grande (c. 1316-17) says

Libri Titulus est: Incipit COMOEDIA Dantis Aligherii, Florentini natione, non moribus. Ad cuius notitiam sciendum est quod *Comoedia* dicitur a *comos* id est *ulla* et *oda* quod est *cantus* unde *Comoedia* quasi *Villanus Cantus*. Et est *Comoedia* genus quoddam poeticæ narrationis, ab omnibus aliis differens. Differt ergo a tragoedia in materia per hoc, quod tragoedia in principio est admirabilis et quieta, in fine siue exitu est foetida et horribilis et dicitur propter hoc a *tragos* quod est *hircus* et *oda* quasi *cantus*.

hircinus idest foetidus ad modum hirci ut patet per Senecam in suis Tragoediis¹

Some of Dante's commentators, Francesco da Buti, for instance, carry their etymological vagaries much further, but it is enough here to remember that Boccaccio uses the word tragedy in the sense of a narrative with a sad ending. So does Chaucer, translating the passage from Boethius, *Consolatio*, thus

What other thing biwailen the crynges of tragedies but only the dedes of Fortune, that with an unwar stroke overtorneth realmes of grete nobley? . GLOSE *Tragedie is to seyn, a ditee of a prosperitee for a tyme, that endeth in wrecchednesse . . . Leredest nat thou in Greke, when thou were yonge, that in the entree, or in the celere, of Iupiter, thei ben couched two tonnes; that on is ful of good, that other is ful of harm?*

In the *Canterbury Tales*, the Monk, who has a hundred tragedies in his cell, gives the following definition

Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,
As olde bokes maken us memorie,
Of him that stood in greet prosperitee
And is y-fallen out of heigh degree
Into miserie, and endeth wrecchedly
And they ben veisified comunly
Of six feet, which men clepe *exametron*.
In prose eek been endyted many oon,
And eek in metre, in many a sondry wyse.

He accordingly begins, 'I wol biwale in maner of Tragedie,' and ends his stories of misfortune with the words: *Explicit Tragedia*. The following passage from *Troilus and Criseyde* (Bk. V, st 256) is even more significant on account of the classical models referred to in the last line

Go, litel book, go litel myn tregedie,
Ther god thy maker yet, er that he dye,

¹ Ep X, sec 10. Even if the doubts which have been thrown on the authenticity of this letter should be justified, its value as an indication of the current opinion of the time would still hold.

So sende might to make in som comedie '
 But litel book, no making thou n'envye,
 But subgit be to alle pocsye :
 And kis the steppes, wher-as thou seest pace
 Virgile, Ovyde, Omer, Lucan, and Stace

Through Lydgate this mediaeval tradition passes on to the
Mirror for Magistrates and the age of Elizabeth

A CURIOUS ERROR.

When the information of the mediaeval commentators is more definite, it is not, as a rule, more accurate. John of Salisbury (d. 1180) should be mentioned as an honourable exception, for his chapter *De lustrionibus* &c (*Polycraticus* I viii) shows a remarkable freedom from the usual misconception as to the way in which classical drama was acted. But from the tenth century onwards there was a growing agreement, even among the commentators of Terence, that a play was recited by a single actor, sometimes identified with the dramatist. This misconception possibly arose, as Creizenach suggests, from a misunderstanding of the passages in Livy (VII 11) and in Valerius Maximus (II 14), in which it is stated that the Roman actor, Livius Andronicus, on account of the weakness of his voice, had the *cantica* of comedy sung for him by a boy whom he accompanied with appropriate gestures, and that this came to be a practice on the Roman stage. Livy says clearly enough: *Inde ad manum cantari lustrionibus coeptum diuerbiaque tantum ipsorum uoci relictæ*. Evanthius, too, is clear on this point *Deuerbia lustriones pronuntiabant*¹. But the later scribes did not understand Evanthius, as is shown by the readings *de umbia* and *de umbra*, and the definition in Osborn, *Pannormia* *Deuerbium, canticum quod ante mortuum canitur*. Isidore is less clear than Evanthius, and it was perhaps from a misunderstanding of his statements, rather than from a negligent reading of Livy (for the mediaeval commentators

¹ p 30, u. 5

rarely consulted the classical authorities) that the misconception arose. He says (XVIII xliii)

Scaena autem erat locus infra theatrum in modum domus instructa cum pulpito, qui pulpitus orchestra uocabatur, ubi cantabant comici, tragici, atque saltabant histriones et mimi

Another passage (quoted below) makes it clear that Isidore understood that the *orchestra* or *pulpitum* was a place for dialogue, but it is significant that this crucial sentence is omitted by Papias, *Elementarium doctrinae erudimentum* (1053). Isidore says under *orchestra* (XVIII xliiv)

Orchestra autem pulpitus erat scenae ubi saltatores agere posset, aut duo inter se disputare. Ibi enim poetae comoedi et tragoedi ad certamen conscendebant, hisque canentibus, alii gestus edebant.

This last sentence, in which Isidore perhaps had in mind the *cantica* only, might easily cause confusion by being referred to the play as a whole. In any case we find Papias defining *scaena* as *umbraculum ubi poetae recitabant*, and *orchestra* as *ubi cantabant et psallebant histriones et mimi*. We have the misconception evidently well established in the *Catholicon* (1286) of Johannes Januensis, who defines *scaena* thus

Umbraculum, locus obumbratus in theatro et cortinis coopertus similis tabernis mercennariorum, quae sunt asscribus et cortinis coopertae . . . In illo umbraculo latebant personae laruatae quae ad uocem recitatoris exhibant ad gestus faciendos
and *mimus*

Ioculator et proprie rerum humanarum imitator, sicut olim erant in recitatione comoediarum, quia quod uerbo recitator dicebat, mimi motu corporis exprimebant.

The commentators of Terence added to the confusion by an odd mistake, whereby Calliopius, a copyist who signed his name to a manuscript of the comedies, was elevated into a personal friend of the dramatist, and the contemporary exponent of his plays on the stage. The Vita Oxoniensis so describes him, and we find him so pictured, in a box with a book in his hand, in the later Terence manuscripts. The legend thus evolved was

handed down from one compiler to another, and gathered detail in its course. A Terence commentary ascribed to the eleventh century gives the following

Illud etiam animaduertendum, has fabulas non ab ipso recitatas esse in scena, sed a Calliopio clarissimo viro satiusque erudito, cui ipse praecipue adhaerebat cuiusque ope sustentabatur et auctoritate audiebatur. Modulator autem harum Fabularum fuit Flaccus, quotiescunque enim recitabantur, erat modulator et alii, qui gestu corporis eosdem affectus agebant¹

Nicholas Trivet or Tieveth (c. 1260-1330) an English Dominican who edited Seneca's tragedies, explains in the introduction to the *Hercules Furens* that in a little house in the theatre, called *scena*, the prologue of the play was read, while a *mimus* with gestures imitated the angry Juno. It is apparently upon this comment that the following passage in the Commentary on Dante's *Divine Comedy* by his son Pietro was based

Libri titulus est Comoedia Dantis Allegheri, et quare sic uocetur aduerte. Antiquitus in theatro, quod erat area semicircularis, et in eius medio erat domuncula, quae scaena dicebatur, in qua erat pulpitum, et super id ascendebat poeta ut cantor, et sua carmina ut cantiones recitabat. Extra uero erant mimi, id est, ioculatores, carminum pronuntiationem gestu corporis effigiantes per adaptationem ad quemlibet ex cuius persona ipse poeta loquebatur; unde cum loquebatur, pone de Iunone conquerente de Hercule priuigno suo, mimi, sicut recitabat, ita effigiabant Iunonem inuocare furias infernales ad infestandum ipsum Herculem; et si tale pulpitum seu domunculam ascendebat poeta qui de more uillico caneret, talis cantus dicebatur comoedia.

Lydgate, in the *Troy Book* (1412-20), set forth the matter with his usual prolixity. The hint upon which he spoke was a remark in the *Historia Trojana* of Guido delle Colonne that tragedies and comedies are said to have been first acted at Troy. Lydgate expands this into the following (II. 842-926)

And first also, I rede, þat in Troye
Wer song and iad lusty fresche comedies,
And oper dites, þat called be tragedies.

¹ Terence, ed. Westerhovius (1726), vol. 1, p. lxxiii.

And to declare, shortly in sentence,
 Of bope two þe final difference ·
 A comedie hath in his gynnyng,
 At prime face, a maner compleynyng,
 And afterward endeth in gladnes,
 And it þe dedis only doth expres
 Of swiche as ben in pouert plounged lowe;
 But tragiðie, who so list to knowe,
 It begynneth in prosperite,
 And endeth euer in aduersite;
 And it also doth þe conquest trete
 Of riche kynges and of lordys giete,
 Of myȝty men and olde conquerou[r]s,
 Whiche by fraude of Fortunys schowris
 Ben ouercast and whelmed from hei glorie

*Of a Theatyr stondyng in þe pryncypale paleys of Troye,
 declarenge the fulle of Pryncys and othere.*

And whilon þus was halwed þe memorie
 Of tragiðies, as bokis make mynde,
 Whan þei wer rad or songyn, as I fynde,
 In þe theatie þei was a smal auter
 Amyddes set, þat was half circulei,
 Whiche in-to þe Est of custom was directe,
 Vp-on þe whiche a pulpet was erecte,
 And þer-in stod an aw[n]cien poete,
 For to reherse by rethorikes swete
 Þe noble dedis, þat wer historial,
 Of kynges, princes for a memorial,
 And of þes olde, worþi Emperours,
 Þe grete emprises eke of conquerours,
 And how þei gat in Martis hiȝe honour
 Þe laurei grene for fyn of her labour,
 Þe palme of knyȝthod disservid by [old] date,
 Or Parchas made hem passyn in-to fate.
 And after þat, with chere and face pale,
 With stile enclyned gan to turne his tale,
 And for to syng, after al her loos,
 Ful mortally þe stroke of Antropos,
 And telle also, for al her worþihede,
 Þe sodeyn biekyng of her lives threde:

How pitously þei made hei mortal ende
 Þoruȝ fals Fortune, þat al þe world wil schende,
 And howe þe fyn of al her woȝines
 Endid in soiwē and [in] hiȝe tūstesse,
 By compassyng of fīaude or fals tresoun,
 By sodeyn mōrdic or vengauce of poyoun,
 Or conspyringe of fīetyng fals envye,
 How vnwarly [þat] þei dide dye,
 And how her renoun and hei hiȝe fame
 Was of hatrede sodeynly made lame,
 And how her honour drowe vñ-to decline,
 And þe meschef of her vñhappy fyne,
 And how Foitune was to hem vñswete—
 Al þis was tolde and iad of þe poete.
 And whil þat he in þe pulpit stood,
 With dedly face al deuōide of blood,
 Singinge his dītes, with musēs al to-rent,
 Amydde þe theatie schrowdid in a tent,
 Þer cam out men gastful of her cheris,
 Disfigurid her facis with visēis,
 Pleyng by signes in þe peples sīȝt,
 Þat þe poete songon hath on hīȝt;
 So þat þer was no maner discordaunce
 Atwē his dītes and her contēnaunce
 For līk as he aloft[e] dide expresse
 Wordes of Ioye or of heuynes,
 Meving and cher, byneþe of hem pleyng,
 From point to point was alwey answering—
 Now trist, now glad, now hevy, and [now] līȝt,
 And face chaunged with a sodeyn sīȝt,
 So craftily þei koude hem transfigure,
 Conformyng hem to þe chaunt[e]plure,
 Now to syngē and sodeynly to wepe,
 So wel þei koude her observaunces kepe;
 And þis was doon in April and in May,
 Whan blosmys new, boþe on busche and hay,
 And flouris fresche gynne for to springe,
 And þe briddis in þe wode syngē
 With lust supprised of þe somer sonne,
 Whan þe[se] pleies in Tioye wer begonne,

And in theatre halowed and y-holde
 And þus þe ryyt [of] tragedies olde,
 Priamus þe worþi kyng began
 Of þis mater no more telle I can.

It is curious that this misconception should have continued after the miracle plays began to be acted, but Creizenach says that the parallel between classical and mediaeval drama was first suggested in 1204 in connexion with the Riga Prophet Play (*ludus quem Latini comoediam uocant*), and that explanations of passages in the classics by allusions to the religious drama were exceedingly rare. He quotes one such instance from a commentary on the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, dating from the eleventh or twelfth century. The translation into Latin by Hermannus Alemannus in 1267 of the commentary by Averroes on the Poetics of Aristotle did not help matters much. Averroes had as little experience of the drama as the mediaeval monk, he takes tragedy to be the art of inspiring men to good deeds by exhibiting to them examples of virtue, and the illustrations he gives are taken from the Old Testament—the story of Joseph and his brethren, and of the sacrifice of Isaac.

THE SENECA REVIVAL

So far as tragedy was concerned, the ages we have been discussing were, indeed, dark. Light began to break with the increasing knowledge of the classics, for Seneca was one of the first authors to be studied in the classical revival with which we associate the earlier Renaissance. About the middle of the thirteenth century Vincent of Beauvais¹ refers to Seneca's ten tragedies, and gives a long list of quotations from them, though it is doubtful whether the selection was made from a full text, or merely from another compilation. The first step towards a better knowledge of Seneca was taken early in the fourteenth century by the English Dominican already mentioned, Nicholas Treveth, who edited and commented upon the tragedies at the

¹ *Speculum maius triplex*, vol. 1, bk. 8, chaps. 102 and 113.

instance of Cardinal Niccolò Albertini di Piato, one of the leading figures of the papal court at Avignon¹ Treveth's commentary became well known in Europe, especially in Italy, some indication of its influence upon the interpreters of Dante having been already given. We have seen too that Seneca's tragedies were known to Dante himself, as they were also to Petrarch and Boccaccio. But it was at Padua that the most notable stimulus was given to Senecan studies. Here Lovato de' Lovati (d. 1309) discussed Seneca's metres, and his friend, Albertino Mussato, wrote, in avowed imitation of Seneca, a Latin tragedy, *Ecerinus*, for which, on December 3, 1315, he was crowned with laurel in the presence of the university and citizens, and given the cognomen *Mussatus*, 'quasi musis aptus'². The *Ecerinus* has been regarded by all historians of the modern drama as an event of capital importance; it was at once furnished with an elaborate commentary by two of the author's fellow citizens, and in recent times has been honoured by a worthy edition, including a careful study by the poet Carducci. Every commentator brings out what, indeed, the author himself was quick to acknowledge—his indebtedness to Seneca. The imitation is most marked in the metres used and in the copying of particular passages, in the adoption of Senecan structure, Mussato is less successful. He obviously aims at Seneca's division into five acts, each followed by a chorus, but he overlooked Seneca's practice of concentrating the action about some critical event. The tragedy deals with that tyrant of Padua, Ezzelino III, who died the year before Albertino was born, and the action covers a period of at least

¹ An interesting correspondence between the cardinal and the scholar on the subject of this literary undertaking is preserved in the Treveth MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Vatican Library. It is summarized by Creizenach, i. 488, and given in full by Peiper, *De Senecae tragœdiarum lectione vulgata*, Breslau, 1893.

² For an account of the honours paid to Mussato on this occasion and on subsequent anniversaries, see Scaideonius, *De Urbis Patavinae Antiquitate et Claris Civibus Patavus*, in Graevius, *Thesaurus*, vol. vi, pt. 3, 259–60. Mussato also refers to them frequently in his epistles. See Tiraboschi, vol. v, bk. 2, chap. 6, par. 28, and Burckhardt (translated by Middlemore), p. 141.

forty-six years. It is significant that the division into acts, which is given in the printed edition, does not occur in any of the manuscripts, and that the contemporary commentators divide the poem into three books. It was read, not acted, and was written with the former purpose in the author's mind, for he has introduced a narrative passage five lines long (86-90) to describe the descent of Ezzelino to the lowest part of the castle for an infernal invocation—the one definite indication of place in the tragedy, for generally the scene is left absolutely uncertain. It is noteworthy, as Carducci points out, that Mussato calls his tragedy *Ecerinus*, and not by the name of the principal character, Ecerinus, and that he compares it to the *Thebais* of Statius, which was also, he believes, recited on the stage. Evidently the author was greatly influenced by some of the mediæval conceptions of tragedy then current, and it is partly for this reason that, in spite of his close imitation of his chosen model, the tragedy lacks some of the characteristic Senecan features. It has horrors enough and no little rhetoric, but it lacks Seneca's combination of extreme tension of sensational interest with elaborate descriptive passages or brilliant antithetical dialogue, in structure, too, it is deficient, judged by the Senecan, or, indeed, by any other standard.

The tragedy may be outlined as follows.—In the opening scene Adelaide (Adelheita) reveals to her sons, Ecerinus and Albricus, the secret of their infernal origin; far from being terrified at the news, Ecerinus is overjoyed to know that Satan was his father, and hastens to the lowest part of the castle to invoke his help. The chorus moralizes on the evils of ambition. A breathless messenger next informs the chorus of the battles between Azo of Este with Richard, Count Boniface, on one side, and Ecerinus with Salinguerra on the other. Ecerinus has subjected Verona by treachery and Padua by bribery. He now holds the sceptre, and his reign is marked by fire, crucifixion, imprisonment, exile, and the direst tortures. The chorus, addressing Christ sitting on the right hand of his Father on high, elaborates into some fifty lines the much-admired Senecan rhetoric of *Phœdra* 679-680.

Magne regnator deum,
tam lentus audis sceleia, tam lentus uides ?

Ecerinus sets forth to his brother his ambitious plans Verona, Vicenza, and Padua have already submitted to him, he has the promise of Lombardy, and he proposes to extend his conquests to the East, even if he has to attack heaven itself, from which his father fell Albricus has no less ambitious designs in the north, and they agree to profess enmity of each other, the better to carry out their schemes Ziramons enters to report the execution of Monaldus and the public apathy at his death Ecerinus exults in the prospect of unrestrained slaughter. Frater Lucas argues that all things are subject to the law of God, and he who would obey God's law should cultivate Faith, Hope, and Charity 'Does God on high see these things that I am doing?' asks Ecerinus The brother replies that He does. 'Will He restrain me when He wishes to?'—'He will.' 'Then, why does He delay?' asks Ecerinus and goes on to argue that he is an instrument in the hand of God, like Nebuchadnezzar, Pharaoh, Alexander, and Nero, a scourge of the nations for their crimes A messenger comes to announce the loss of Padua, and is rewarded for his evil tidings by having his foot cut off; Ansedisius, the representative of Ecerinus at Padua, who confirms the news of its capture, is punished by horrible tortures The soldiers of Ecerinus address him and exhort him to undertake the siege of Padua. The chorus describes the siege, and the slaughter by Ecerinus of 11,000 innocent prisoners Ecerinus announces his abandonment of the siege, and his departure for the East. A messenger describes his defeat and death at a ford of the Adua The chorus gives thanks to God. A messenger then describes the death of Albricus and his wife and children, and the play ends with an appeal on the part of the chorus to the righteous to observe the everlasting law

That the *Ecerinus* was widely circulated is proved by the numerous manuscripts that have survived, including four in English libraries—one at Holkham, Norfolk, one in the Bodleian, and two in the British Museum One of the last was copied, along with the tragedies of Seneca, by Coluccio Salutati (1331-1406), the Florentine Chancellor, who took a keen interest in Senecan study. As early as 1371 he questioned the identity of the philosopher with the tragedian, and

pointed out that the *Octavia* cannot be his. This led to a lively discussion of the authorship of the tragedies among the humanists of the time, some record of which will be found in Francesco Novati's notes to the *Epistolario* of Coluccio Salutati (published in *Fonti per la Storia d'Italia*, vol. 1, pp. 150-5). He appears to have stimulated Antonio Loschi of Verona about 1387 to write the second Latin tragedy of the early Renaissance, the *Achilleis*, which was influenced by the *Ecerinus* as well as by Seneca, whom Loschi succeeds in imitating more closely. Before 1429 came another imitation, the *Progne* of Gregorio Corraro, a pupil of Vittorino da Feltre at Mantua, the material being taken from Ovid and cast into the mould of Seneca's *Thyestes*, which the author acknowledges as his model. By this time Seneca was being lectured upon and translated, and the way to a knowledge of the plays was made easy. A closer knowledge of the texts, together with the study of classical architecture, removed the misconceptions as to the way in which the drama was acted, though some of them died hard, for we find Erasmus saying in his *Adagia* (2nd ed. 1513), in explanation of the phrase, *Nihil ad uersum*

Translatum uidetur a scena, ubi histrio saltatu gestuque carminis genus repraesentat. Et haud scio an alius fuerit qui recitaret uersus, alius qui gesticularetur. Apparet enim unum aliquem fuisse recitatore, cuius est illa uox in calce comoediarum. Calliopius recensui

The leader in the movement at Rome for the revival of classical culture was Pomponius Laetus (1427-97). His biographer and contemporary, Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, says

Pari studio ueterem spectandi consuetudinem desuetae ciuitati restituit, primorum antistitum atris pro theatio usus, in quibus Plauti, Terentii, recentiorum etiam quaedam agerentur fabulae, quas ipse honestos adolescentes et docuit et agentibus praefuit

The young Inghirami (b. 1470), who took part in these representations, distinguished himself so much in the performance of Seneca's *Phaedra* that the name of Fedra was given him by his admiring companions, and borne by his family long after

they had forgotten its origin. One of the patrons who made these classical revivals possible was Cardinal Raffaele Riario, and it was in the court of his palace that the *Phaedra* was acted. Sulpicius Verulanus, in dedicating his edition of Vitruvius to the Cardinal, speaks of the performance as taking place *in media circi cauea*, which seems to imply that the spectators sat in a circle round the performers. He also refers to a *siena picturata*, but as the play was acted under a tent this can hardly mean the introduction of painted scenery. The illustrations to the editions of Terence make it clear that more accurate notions as to the performance of the classical drama now prevailed. Jodocus Badius (1462-1535) in his *Praenotamenta* gives a perfectly clear and reasonable account (Ch. ix)

Intra igitur theatrum ab una parte opposita spectatōibus erant scenae et prosœnia, i.e. loca lusoria ante scenas facta. Scenae autem erant quaedam umbracula seu absconsoria, in quibus abscondebantur lusores, donec exire deberent, ante autem scenas erant quaedam tabulata, in quibus personae quae exierant ludebant.

CAMMELLI'S *Filostrato e Panfila*.

Jacobus Volaterranus in his *Diarium Romanum* (1482) says *fuērunt . . . qui comoedias actitarunt, veterum mores et arte imitantes*,¹ but the real centre of dramatic activity in Italy, and indeed in Europe, for the next half century was Ferrara. As early as 1444 there had been acted at the Carnival a Latin dialogue in elegiacs—the *Isis* of Francesco Ariosto, which was introduced by the inevitable Calliopus. Politian's *Orfeo* was acted at Mantua in 1471, but it belongs to the history of pastoral rather than to the history of tragedy. The first play in the vernacular to which the latter name can fairly be given—and it calls itself a tragedy—is the *Filostrato e Panfila* of Antonio Cammelli, commonly called il Pistoia, which was acted at Ferrara in 1499. In addition to the important fact that it is the first Italian tragedy, it has the further claim that it represents an important

¹ Muratori, xliii, 162

class of early plays, called by the historians of Italian literature *drammi mescolati*, in which the method of the *sacre rappresentazioni* is combined with classical influences Cammelli's play is introduced by the ghost of Seneca, as the ghost of Tantalus opens Seneca's *Thyestes*, we have Seneca's five acts separated by choruses, and a few passages imitated from Seneca, but in the main, it is clear that the author is endeavouring to apply the method he had observed in the religious drama to his own story, which is taken from the first novel of the fourth day of Boccaccio's *Decamerone*. This admirable tragic material is handled by the dramatist with very slight skill, as will be seen from the following outline

After Seneca has set forth the argument, he introduces Demetrio, King of Thebes, and his daughter, Panfila, widow of the Duke of Athens Demetrio expatiates on the vanity of all earthly things, and says that if it were not for honour he would resign his crown, she is fortunate in that she has no husband to lord it over her. He invites his daughter to reply to this proposition, which he has made merely to pass the time and to give opportunity for reflection. She excuses herself on account of her youth and lack of experience, but advises him to live in pleasure as long as he can—songs, instrumental music, balls, feasts, and games Somewhat to our surprise, from the tone of Demetrio's first speech, he commends his daughter's advice and proceeds to eulogize one of his servants, the young Filostrato, who although low born, shows real nobility of character He ends with a description of the coming of spring and advises his daughter to go to dinner, for he knows that her appetite increases as his diminishes, and it is dinner time Apparently, however, it is Demetrio who goes off and Panfila who remains to set forth her love for Filostrato, but as marriage is out of the question for her on account of her father's opposition, she concludes that a good lover is really to be preferred. The act closes with the praises of love, sung by the chorus, and acknowledged by Love himself

Act II is opened by Filostrato in love; at the request of Demetrio he has given Panfila two roses These she now returns to him and tells him that she has bound them with a golden thread, she asks him to bring two fresh ones bound with the same thread. (This is

the dramatist's substitute for the hollow reed in which Boccaccio's heroine conceals her first letter.) Filostrato is overjoyed at Panfila's invitation to visit her, only two things distress him, he has not a friend to whom to confide his bliss, and he does not know the cave by which he is to gain access to her chamber. Both these defects are supplied by Tindaro, a discontented courtier (added by the dramatist), after reading the letter from Panfila which Filostrato shows him, Tindaro reveals the secret of the cave hoping to revenge himself on the king by the dishonour of his daughter. Four singers sing a chorus on the variability of fortune.

In Act III Filostrato recounts the happy issue of his enterprise to Tindaro, who advises prudence. Demetrio then enters and explains, in soliloquy, that he has seen with his own eyes the dishonour of his daughter. Pandero, his secretary, is disturbed because he has seen in a dream two harpies defile the palace and surround it with blood. Demetrio calls him within to confide to him the cause of his distress, and Pandero sees that his dream will come true. Tindaro flees for fear of the revelation of his guilt. The three Fates elaborate the commonplace 'Ciascun nasce per morire'.

In Act IV Pandero, having given orders, according to the king's command, for the capture of Filostrato at the cave, advises Demetrio to marry the two lovers, but the king is bent upon vengeance. Filostrato replies briefly to his reproaches, but does not repent. Panfila repeats (though in sadly mutilated guise) the defiance of Boccaccio's heroine in the same situation. Demetrio decides on the death of Filostrato, and Atropos and the chorus lament 'Ciascun mal sempre è punito'.

Act V begins with the report to Pandero of the execution of Filostrato, whose heart has been torn out of his body by order of the king. The heart is delivered by the executioner to Demetrio, who sends it to his daughter with the same message as we find in Boccaccio. Panfila, who has foreseen Filostrato's fate in a vision, makes the same lament over her lover's heart, except that the dramatist, in turning the prose of the novel into *tersa rima*, somehow robs the words of all dignity and all passion. Panfila sends for poison, takes it, and dies on the stage, requesting her father to lay her body beside that of her lover. Demetrio repents of his rashness, and gives orders accordingly to Pandero, who closes the play with the traditional request for applause.

La Sofonisba.

Filotrato e Panfila was followed by other diamas of the same type, the most notable being Galeotto del Carretto's *Sofonisba* (w1 1502, pr 1546). This follows even more frankly than the older play the method of the mediaeval drama, Livy being substituted for the Holy Scriptures and versified in the measure of the *sacre rappresentazioni* (*ottava rima*) with about the same degree of fidelity to the original. There is, indeed, a chorus, but it is used often in the same way as Shakespeare employed it later in *Henry V*, to set forth changes of scene, which in this *Sofonisba* are many and various. The play begins before the marriage of Sophonisba to Syphax, and omits no detail of Livy's history, to which little is added except commonplace reflections and the elaboration of stock situations. Liguori in his *La Tragedia Italiana* suggests that this *Sofonisba* may have been made known, through Isabella Gonzaga, to whom it was dedicated, to Gian Giorgio Trissino, who in his *Sofonisba* has dealt with the story in a very different way, indeed beyond a comparison of Sophonisba to Helen of Troy, which might have occurred to any one, there is nothing common to the two tragedies which is not to be found in Livy.

Trissino's *Sophonisba* begins, according to the classical convention, with a long account of past events to her confidante and sister, Erminia. Opening with a reference to the story of Dido, she passes rapidly over the sixteen years that Hannibal has spent in Italy, and comes to her own fortunes and those of her father, Hasdrubal, who, in order to detach Syphax, king of the Numidians, from a threatened league with the Romans, gave her to him to wife, in spite of having previously promised her to Massinissa. The latter thus became the mortal enemy of Hasdrubal and Syphax, and fought a successful campaign against them in Africa with Scipio. They are now at Cirta, and expecting a new attack that very day, which she fears they will be unable to resist, for if the veterans could not stand against Massinissa and the Romans, what can raw recruits do? Moreover, she has been terrified, just before dawn, by a fearful dream. In a dark wood, she appeared to be surrounded by dogs and shepherds who had taken and bound her husband, fearing

their impious fury, she turned to a shepherd, and implored his protection, he opened his arms to her, but in his embrace she heard such a fierce barking that she withdrew from him into a dark cave, to which he pointed her, as a refuge. Erminia advises her to pray to God, and she withdraws for this purpose, while the chorus lament her misfortunes. A messenger brings word of the defeat of the Numidians and the capture of Syphax by Massinissa. A second messenger gives further details of the discomfiture, and upon his heels follows Massinissa, to whom Sophonisba appeals for protection against the Romans. Massinissa, after hearing her plea, swears to her that she shall not pass into the control of the Romans while life is in his body, she expresses her gratitude, and Massinissa withdraws with her into the palace to consider the means of fulfilling his promise, while the chorus hail the celestial ray of the sun. At the end of the chorus, Laelius enters and asks the women what has happened, while they are in conversation, a messenger comes out of the palace and reports that Massinissa has just married Sophonisba, in order to save her from falling into the power of the Romans. Massinissa comes out, and is reproached by Laelius for his conduct; he pleads that Sophonisba was espoused to him before she became the wife of Syphax. Laelius urges him to give her up, and when he refuses, orders his soldiers to seize her; Massinissa forbids them to enter the palace, and there is danger of a serious conflict when Cato comes in and suggests that the whole matter should be submitted to Scipio. The chorus having expressed the wish that all will yet be well, Scipio enters and asks for the prisoners. In answer to his question, Syphax tells him that the cause of his rebellion was Sophonisba, and his one comfort is that she will ruin Massinissa, as she ruined him. Scipio determines to separate Massinissa from her, and after sending for him warns him of the danger of giving way to passion. Massinissa argues that Helen was restored to Menelaus at the end of the Trojan war, although she had been away from her husband for twenty years, and why should he not have Sophonisba? Scipio replies that Helen was a wife, Sophonisba merely a promised bride, and that Massinissa has acted most improperly in marrying her in the midst of the campaign, without asking the consent of the Roman Senate. Massinissa replies that he will endeavour to keep his promise to Sophonisba without breaking his obligations to the Roman people. After a chorus on the might of Love, a messenger announces that

Massinissa has not been able to save Sophonisba. a second messenger announces that she has taken poison, which Massinissa sent to her, not being able in any other way to save her from the Romans. Sophonisba then comes in lamenting her fate to Erminia, to whom she commits her little son. Massinissa, who enters immediately after her death, expresses regret for the haste with which he has acted, and sends Erminia away by night in the hope that this will be pleasing to the shade of Sophonisba. The chorus ends the play with moral reflections on the vanity of mortal expectations.

Trissino, it is obvious, adopted the Greek model, he has not Seneca's division into five acts, and he has endeavoured to imitate particular passages from Sophocles' *Antigone* and Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Alceste*. But not being a Sophocles or a Racine, he has not the skill to adapt his material to the strict requirements of the Greek form. The opening narrative of Sophonisba is clumsily managed, and the events are crowded, with obvious improbability, within the one day limit, the device of the messenger is overdone, and when the heroine should touch our hearts, she subsides into commonplaces. But, as the pioneer of the new school, Trissino received praise which was sometimes deserved, and sometimes exaggerated. His principal successor, Giraldis, says of him

El Trissino gentil che col suo canto
Prima d'ognun dal Tebro e da l'Iliso
Già trasse la Tragedia a l'onde d'Arno.

Niccolò Rossi of Vicenza, discoursing of *Sofonisba* to the Olympic Academy there in 1590, gave it the first place among modern tragedies, and held it superior even to the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. In the use of unhymed verse (*endecasillabi sciolti*) he was also a pioneer. Galeotto del Carretto, it is true, had used this measure for short passages in his *Sofonisba*, but it was Trissino who employed it for all except the lyrical parts of tragedy and established its usage on the tragic stage. 'Voi foste il primo,' says Palla Rucellai, 'che questo modo di scrivere in versi materni, liberi dalle rime, poneste in luce.' Written in 1515, and printed in 1524, with a dedication to the

reigning Pope, Leo X, it passed through six editions during the next half century, and must have exercised considerable influence, both in Italy and in other countries. It was imitated in the *Rosmunda* of Rucellai (pr 1524), the *Tullia* of Martelli (pr 1533), and the *Didone in Cartagine* of Parzi, all of which follow the Greek model. It was twice translated into French, by Mellin de Saint-Gelais in prose (pr 1559), and by Claude Mermet in verse (1585), the prose version was acted 'avec grande pompe et digne appareil' before Henry II and Catherine de' Medici at Blois some time before its publication. But in Italian it was not acted till 1562, when it received a magnificent representation, given by the Olympic Academy at Vicenza. The scenery was designed by Palladio and painted by Fasolo, there were eighty actors, marvellous costumes, divine music, all the Lombard nobility and the European ambassadors residing at Venice were present. But by 1562 Italian tragedy had taken a different direction under the guidance of Giambattista Giraldi Cinthio, who had at Ferrara an advantage over all his contemporaries in the patronage of a dynasty interested in the drama and willing to contribute on the material side towards its development.

GIRALDI.

Giraldi (1504-73) unquestionably had a great opportunity at Ferrara, the city where he was born and died; if he failed to contribute to the development of tragedy to the same degree as Ariosto had contributed to the development of comedy, it was due only in part to the greater popularity of the latter form of art. The main reason was his own inferior literary skill. The interest in the revival of classical drama at Ferrara dates from at least as far back as 1486, when the *Menoecchi* of Plautus was acted in the presence of 10,000 people, under the patronage of Hercules I, who spent 1,000 ducats on the festival. Under his successor, Alfonso I, the brother of Isabella and Beatrice d'Este, Ariosto produced the brilliant series of comedies which founded the modern European drama, and the first regular

European theatre was built, only to be burnt down just before Ariosto's death in 1532. Hercules II, the next duke, was no less intelligent and interested as a patron of the drama than his predecessors. He was present at the first performance of Giral-di's *Orbecche* in the author's own house in 1541, and took a keen interest in the discussion that followed as to the mode of representation. Giral-di divided the play into five acts, according to the precepts of Horace and the practice of Seneca, both of which he pleads in his own defence for the separation of the acts by music or *intermedi*. When the tragedy was repeated for the delectation of the Cardinals of Salviati and Ravenna, a Greek in the service of the former found fault with it because the action was not continuous, but was interrupted by the pauses between the acts, and at the request of the cardinals, the play was presented again in the Greek fashion. The following Sunday, it was performed once more as the author had originally planned it, and the Cardinals and the Duke expressed their preference for the Roman as against the Greek manner of presentation. Hercules II interested himself in other ways in the composition and performance of Giral-di's tragedies, and suggested the subject of one of them—the *Cleopatra*.¹ After the performance of the *Orbecche* Hercules made Giral-di his secretary, and Giral-di held this post until the Duke's death in 1558. Giral-di had had a good education in medicine as well as letters, and one of the reasons he gives for his delay in producing the *Cleopatra* is the burden of his public lectures on philosophy. His collection of Novels, first published in 1565 after his removal from Ferrara to Mondovì, passed through many editions, and made his name famous throughout Europe, Greene borrowed from it the plot of *James IV*, and Whetstone that of *Promos and Cassandra*, on which Shakespeare founded *Measure for Measure*.² Giral-di wrote a treatise on the drama

¹ See Appendix to *Didone* and letters from Giral-di to the Duke published by Campori in *Atti e memorie . . . per le provincie modenesi e parmensi*, vol. viii, fasc. 4 (1876).

² I cannot accept Dr. Richard Garnett's conclusion that because there is a character in the play Giral-di founded on his own story named Angela,

(*Discorso sulle Comedie e sulle Tragedie*), and had indeed enough, perhaps too much, learning, he was hampered also by ill health and domestic affliction, only one of his five sons surviving to publish his tragedies after his death. But the fact is that Giraldis had not enough dramatic talent to repeat the achievement of Ariosto in the adaptation of the classical drama to the conditions of modern life. No doubt the task was more difficult in tragedy than in comedy, for a wider departure from classical tradition was demanded, after Aristophanes there had been the developments of Menander, Plautus, and Terence. Greek tragedy stayed where Euripides left it during the lifetime of Aristophanes, and Seneca (to leave Menander out of the comparison) had less initiative, less vitality, and less dramatic skill than the two great Roman comic writers, who worked, no doubt, under more favourable conditions. Seneca was Giraldis's model, and when he departs from the Roman practice or from the precepts of Aristotle, he endeavours to justify himself by pedantic arguments, founded, not on the needs of the time, or the demands of his art, but on the interpretation of his authorities. His justification in the *Discorso* of his practice of allowing deaths on the stage is a case in point, and one can only plead in mitigation that the public for which he wrote attached overwhelming importance to classical tradition. Giraldis showed considerable independence in the choice of his subjects, seven out of his nine tragedies being founded on stories included in his collection of Novels, the *Ecatomiti*, the other two, *Cleopatra* and *Didone*, are, of course, from classical sources. Of all his plays the most notable is undoubtedly the *Orbecche*, which was printed in 1543, two years after its original production at Ferrara, and undoubtedly exercised widespread influence. Luigi Gioto, a generation later, in the dedication of his *Dalida*, speaks of *Orbecche* as the model of all subsequent tragedies, and there

and Shakespeare calls the villain of *Measure for Measure* Angelo, he must have seen Giraldis's play as well as the novel. No English dramatist shows any trace that I can discover of acquaintance with Giraldis's dramatic work (which in its collected form was not published till 1583), though Shakespeare took the plot of *Othello* from his collection of novels.

can be no question that it was decisive in turning Renaissance tragedy away from the Greek model adopted by Trissino to the imitation of Seneca. It was frequently acted, the author mentions a performance at Parma before the Academy, in addition to those already referred to, and speaks in his *Discorso* as if the representations were numerous

Quelle che ogni volta vi erano venute, non poteano contene-
re i singhiozzi e i pianti . . . I giudiziosi non solo non l'hanno biasimata,
ma trovata degna di tanta lode, che in molti luoghi dell'Italia è
stata solennemente rappresentata, e già tanto oltre fu grata che ella
favella in tutte le lingue che hanno cognizione della nostra, e non si
sdegnò il re Cristianissimo volere che nella sua lingua ella facesse
di sè avanti sua maestà solenne mostra ¹

That the *Orbecche* should have aroused so much emotion cannot but be surprising to a modern reader of the play, for it is just in the point of dramatic expression, to which Giraldis refers in introducing the above testimony, that he seems to fall short. The plot is certainly horrible enough, and these horrors are treated in characteristic Senecan fashion, the model adopted being evidently the *Thyestes*

A prologue apologizes for the novelty of performing a tragedy on the stage, and explains that the woes to be presented occur in Susa, an ancient city of Persia. In the first scene of Act I Nemesis invokes the Furies to fill the court of Sulmone with the horrors which befell Tantalus and Thyestes. Scene II is taken up with the ghost of Selina, the wife of Sulmone, clamouring for revenge for her execution by her cruel husband, who found her *in flagrante delicto* with his son. The discovery was made through her precocious child, Orbecche, now secretly married to Oronte, and upon them too she invokes destruction. The chorus of Susan women sing of the power of Venus.

In Act II Orbecche laments to her nurse that her father wishes to marry her to King Selino. The nurse advises her to consult Oronte, and Oronte comes, being in fact sent by the king to urge his daughter to marry Selino. He advises Orbecche to confide in the

¹ Biblioteca Rara pubblicata da G. Daelli, vol. 52, p. 17

old counsellor Malecche After a lament by Orbecche, a chorus on mortal infelicity concludes Act II

In the next act Malecche moralizes on the situation, and is sent for by Sulmone, who has discovered the marriage of his daughter through her chambermaid's overhearing her lamentations in her distress at the prospect of the marriage with Selino. Malecche advises moderation and prudence, pardon for Orbecche and Oronte, but in spite of all his arguments he does not soften the heart of Sulmone, who in soliloquy sets forth his plan of slaying the two children of Oronte and Orbecche along with their father. He feigns a reconciliation, however, for the sake of making his revenge more effective and complete Oronte, after reviewing the chances of his life, which seem now to have come to a happy end, goes to the king's presence, as he thinks, to be received as successor to the throne, but really to be assassinated The chorus sings of love.

In Act IV, a Messenger tells the story (elaborately imitated from Seneca's *Thyestes*) of the death of Oronte and his children. The scene was a desolate chamber in the bottom of the old tower, dedicated to the rites of Pluto and Proserpina. There Oronte was conducted, and his hands placed on a block so that Sulmone could cut them off with a knife, with which he then stabbed the eldest son, throwing the dead body at the father's feet The other son ran for protection to his father's mutilated arms, and Sulmone struck both dead at one blow. He then had the body of Oronte thrown to the dogs, the head and hands put into a silver vessel covered with black taffeta. In two similar vessels the bodies of the children were placed, one with a knife in his breast, the other with a knife in his throat. Chorus on fidelity and the punishment to overtake Sulmone.

The last Act shows the presentation of the horrible gift to Orbecche, who has all along been distrustful of her father, having been warned by a dream in which a dove and two nestlings were destroyed by an eagle. The head of Oronte and the bodies of the children are set in silver vessels on the stage Orbecche stabs her father in the breast as he attempts to embrace her, and with the other knife cuts his throat After rather prolonged lamentations over her husband and children, she stabs herself and dies on the stage.

An address to the reader apologizes for the novelty of the subject, the division into acts and scenes, the long-windedness of Malecche (his expostulations with Sulmone extend to some 600 lines), the

excessive wisdom of the women of the chorus, the deaths of Sulmone and Orbecche *coram publico*, and the use of the vernacular. This versified apology adds about 200 lines to the tragedy, which was already considerably over 3,000—a marked departure from both the Greek and the Roman model

Giraldi's other tragedies hardly call for detailed notice. They were apparently all acted except the *Epitia*, for his son mentions this in the dedicatory preface to the Duchess of Ferrara as a vugin play, which had never made its appearance in public. Dependent as Gualdi was upon classical authority, in some ways he showed remarkable freedom and self-reliance. Even before the *Orbecche* was acted, he had written a play with a happy ending, the *Altule*, and one of the tragedies founded on his own novels, the *Arrenopia*, is distinctly romantic in character, as the following argument, as set forth by its author, sufficiently shows :

Arrenopia, daughter of Orgito, king of Scotland, marries Astazio, king of Ireland, against the will of her father. Astazio falls in love with the daughter of Melissa, Lady of the Isle of Man, and in order to marry her, he directs one of his captains to kill Arrenopia. She comes to blows with the captain, is seriously wounded by him, and would have been killed if a knight named Ipolipso had not rescued her from his hands. Arrenopia, having lost her hair, which had been cut off during sickness just before, is taken by Ipolipso for a knight, as she does not wish to make herself known. Having recovered from her wounds in his house, she innocently excites his jealousy of Semne, his wife, and is accused by him of treachery; he seeks a duel with her, and in order to conceal her identity, Arrenopia calls herself Agnoristo. Orgito, father of Arrenopia, believing in his daughter's death, wages war against Astazio in revenge for the outrage. Arrenopia in the heat of the conflict reveals her identity to her father and her husband, relieves Ipolipso from his unjust suspicion of his wife, is reconciled to her father, and lives happily with her husband ever after.

The theme lent itself to dramatic treatment after the romantic fashion, and Greene, who took the story from the novel, made it one of his most effective plays. Giraldi's fashion of dealing

with it is remarkable by way of contrast; he begins with the jealousy of Ipolipso, which occupies the whole of the first Act, first of all he confides it to the wise man Sofo, then Sofo soliloquizes about it, next Sofo discusses it with Semne, who soliloquizes in turn, a chorus on the same subject closing the Act without any progress being made in the action. Indeed the relations between Airenopia, Ipolipso, and Semne, which take the first place in our interest, remain unchanged until Arrenopia reveals herself to her husband and father in the last fifty lines of the play. It is evident that Gualdi was unable to deal with a romantic subject in a romantic way. He was able to break away in some respects from classical traditions, but he remained bound to classical devices such as the chorus, the confidant, and the messenger, which the modern stage could hardly tolerate, and he lacked the power to give living force to his characters and probability to his story. If he had had skill equal to his courage he would have filled a much larger place in the history of European drama.

LODOVICO DOLCE

Lodovico Dolce (1508-1568) was not endowed with any more dramatic ability than Gualdi, and was even more unfortunate in the circumstances of his life and the conditions of his work. He was born and died at Venice, where he was employed as hack writer and proof-corrector by the publishing house of the Gioliti. He translated Plautus and Seneca, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Cicero, he made versions, too, from Homer and Euripides, but in these he was handicapped by his ignorance of Greek. He dealt very freely with the authors he translated, omitting and adding at his own pleasure. The version of the *Phoenissae* of Euripides which is included in this volume, as translated into English by Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh, may serve as an example of Dolce's method of treating a classical masterpiece. A very slight error indicates that he had before him, not the original text of Euripides, but the Latin translation published at Basel by R. Winter in 1541, in

which line 982 reads 'ad solum Thesbrotoium'. The Aldine edition of the Greek text (1503), upon which most subsequent editions were founded, the Basel edition of Hervagius (1537), and all the other printed editions likely to be within Dolce's reach have the reading *Θεσπρωτῶν οὐδας*, but Dolce, like the Latin translator, spells *Tesbroti* with a *b*. Italian critics of his other translations discover much more serious departures from the original Greek, his version of the *Odyssey* being described as nothing more than a story taken from Homer. Yet he was a dramatist of note in his own time, continuing the work of Giraldis, according to the Senecan tradition. Besides translating Seneca, he adapted three other plays from Euripides in addition to the *Phoenissae*, made a *Didone* out of Virgil, and a *Marianne* out of Josephus. The last was, perhaps, his greatest achievement, for when it was acted at the Duke of Ferrara's palace in Venice, the crowd was so great that the performance could not be carried through. It is a compilation after the manner of Gualdis, whose *Orbecche* is closely imitated. Dolce was less of a scholar and less of an artist than Giraldis, and would hardly merit even so much attention as he is here given if it were not that he was well known in England and exercised some influence on our early drama. The translation of his *Giocasta* and its performance at Gray's Inn in 1566 will call for fuller notice later, and so will the imitation of the prologue of *Gismond of Salerne* (Inner Temple, 1567-8) from Dolce's *Didone* (1547). Some of his sonnets were translated by Lodge, as has been pointed out by Max Th. W. Foerster in *Modern Philology*, and by Sir Sidney Lee in his *Introduction to Elizabethan Sonnets* (*English Garner*).

It would be unprofitable to pursue the history of cinquecento tragedy to its final extinction. It was never more than a flickering spark, but it lasted long enough to communicate the dramatic impulse to France and England, where the conditions for dramatic production were more favourable. The reasons for the failure of tragedy to maintain itself in Italy need not be elaborately explained. It was always either court tragedy or

closet tragedy—never a national form of art, for there was no Italian nation to appeal to, and it was never popular, even in the smaller communities in which the munificence of a royal patron secured a performance, it seems doubtful whether there was any real interest beyond that of the few aristocratic patrons who prided themselves on their share in the revival of a classical form of art. The Medicean ambassador, Canigiani, who saw a tragedy performed at Ferrara in 1568, probably represents the common opinion of those who were not intimidated by the weight of classical tradition and royal approval, he says the performance fulfilled both the ends of tragedy set forth by Aristotle, *viz* anger and compassion, for it made the spectators angry with the poet and sorry for themselves. When we add to the general indifference the fact that there was no regular theatre, the failure of Italian tragedy is sufficiently accounted for without taking into consideration the determining factor—there were no tragic writers of sufficient dramatic power to hold public attention or to create enduring works of art. They were, however, able to establish a dramatic tradition, and to assist in a discussion as to the ends and means of tragedy, to which we must now turn our attention.

PRACTICE AND THEORY IN RENASCENCE TRAGEDY

The influences affecting the development of Renaissance tragedy were by this time somewhat complex. For the sake of clearness, they may be set forth in tabular form

1. *a.* Greek tragedies in the original.
b. Greek tragedies translated into Latin
c. Greek tragedies translated into the vernacular.
d. Imitations of Greek tragedy.
2. *a.* The tragedies of Seneca.
b. Translations of Seneca.
c. Imitations of Seneca.
3. Printed Italian tragedies.
4. Acted Italian tragedies.

- 5 Critical treatises ·
 - a Aristotle's *Poetics*
 - b. Translations of the *Poetics* and commentaries on it.
 - c Horace, *Ars Poetica*
 - d Independent critical treatises
- 6 The mediaeval tradition
 - a. As to the idea of tragedy
 - b. As to its mode of representation.

Among all these influences the most potent was that of the acted tragedies, which were nearly always printed either before representation (as in the case of Trissino's *Sofonisba*) or after (as in the case of Giraldu's *Orbecche*). The mode of production was considerably affected by what had already been done in the performance of Renaissance comedy, which had the advantage of many years over its graver and older sister in classical art. The *Menoechmi* of Plautus was reproduced at Ferrara as early as 1486, and the performance was repeated in 1491. Two points about the revival of this popular play call for remark. In each case (the first performance was in the open air, the second in the great hall) the staging was that of the *sacre rappresentazioni*, four or five houses or castles being provided, each with a door and a window. In the intervals between the acts, *intermedi* were given, and proved in fact the most popular feature of the performance, consisting mainly of Morris dances with humorous accompaniments. These *intermedi*, which in the end contributed to the decay of Renaissance drama and were resented even by the writers of comedy, were introduced also into tragedy. Trissino, as became a pupil of Demetrius Chalkondylas and a reverent imitator of the Greek model, protested against them as unworthy of the dignity of tragedy, but Giraldu, having adopted the Roman practice of division into acts, defended them as a recreation for the minds of the spectators (Appendix to *Didone*). Dolce acknowledged that there was no justification for them in classical authority or example, but used them to adorn the performance of his *Troiane* (1566). After the first act of the tragedy, there was a discourse between the chorus and Trojan

citizens on the misfortunes of their country, after the second, Pluto appeared with the ghosts of the Trojan slain, after the third, Neptune and the council of the gods, after the fourth, other deities, especially Venus and Juno. The contrivers of the *intermedi* sometimes neglected to relate them to the subject of the tragedy, but this was held to be a fault. The author of *Il successo dell'Alidoro*, acted at Reggio in 1568, condemns the practice of introducing such diverse figures as Endymion, Tempeiantia, and Curtius between the acts of the same tragedy. Sometimes the *intermedi* had reference to the act just finished, as in the *Giocasta* presented by the Academy of Viterbo in 1570. After Act I, the lawless ambition of Eteocles was emphasized by the figure of Empty Fame riding on a Chimaera in the air, while on the stage the evils of Division were illustrated by a figure in black, riding on a camel (the lowest of animals), and holding a chain in which he led Ambition, clad in a white robe with peacock's wings. De Sommi, the Mantuan Jew, whose suggestions for dramatic performances are still in manuscript in the Turin National Library, and have been summarized in Creizenach vol. II, recommends that the *intermedi* should give the spectators a hint of impending calamities, e. g. the three Fates to portend a tragic death, or a dance of Furies with torches to foreshadow some dreadful crime. The practice passed over into French tragedy, Jean-Antoine de Baif and Ronsard wrote poems to serve as texts for *intermèdes*, and Garnier suggested their introduction in *Bradamante*, which has no chorus, to mark the division into acts and suggest the lapse of time. There can be little doubt that we owe to the Italian *intermedi* the English dumb shows, which are of the same general character and serve the same purpose; Gascoigne, in the third dumb show of *Jocasta*, uses the story of Curtius, one of the stock figures of the Italian *intermedi*, and though it is no doubt possible that the English practice may have arisen independently from the native allegorical pageants, the resemblance of the dumb shows to the *intermedi* seems too close to be set down to mere coincidence.

Still another influence must be mentioned as contributing to the formation of Renaissance tragedy by combating the mediæval tradition and spreading juster notions of how classical tragedy was performed—the study of Vitruvius and of the remains of the ancient theatres. Serlio, in his treatise on architecture (1545), gave sketches of three scenes for tragedy, comedy, and pastoral or satyric drama respectively, and each of the comedies of Ariosto was furnished with a single set scene representing a landscape in perspective—usually a city with churches, houses, and gardens. For tragedy the conventional scene was a palace front with pillars, and it was no doubt such a scene that was painted for Giraldis's tragedies in 1551 and 1561 by Niccolò Roselli and Girolamo Bonacciolì. Pellegrino Prisciano's Latin treatise, *Spectacula*, still in manuscript in the library at Ferrara, shows what care was given to the revival of the classical drama at Ferrara under Hercules I, the Maecenas of the beginning of the sixteenth century. Giraldis's duke was perhaps less generous, and it was to Messer Girolamo Maria Contugo that he appealed to provide for the first performance of the *Orbecche*, the choiagus, as he is called by Giraldis, who is nothing if not classical, spared neither trouble nor expense, and the scene had the grandeur and majesty that the nature of the play demanded. The curtain fell at the opening of the play, the usage of Latin comedy having been already adopted by Ariosto, and there was only one scene, but Giraldis did not on this account hold himself restricted to one precise place. The objection made by Bartholomeo Calvalcanti that Gualdis's kings uttered their most secret designs in public seemed to the author of the tragedy altogether foolish.

Ma pouero ch' egli è, non si auede egli, che quantunque la scena rappresenti una Città, non si considera ella nondimeno in tali ragionamenti, altrimenti che se essi si facessero nelle più segrete, & più riposte stanze de' Signori? Et perciò s' introducono nella scena, in quello istesso modo, che se fauellassero nelle camere loro. Perche così ricerca la rappresentatione.¹

¹ Appendix to *Didone*.

This presumption that the scene is what the action suggests and requires is almost Elizabethan in its generosity, but Giraldis justified himself in this instance, as in many others, by the Roman practice, and the convention he seeks to establish is obviously due to the authority of Seneca rather than to the custom of Greek tragedy. Seneca's sensational themes and the morbid introspection and self-analysis of his characters are less suited to the open air than the action of most Greek tragedies, which reflect the Athenian fondness for public life, though Euripides had already shown the tendency to greater individualism and privacy which Seneca accentuated all the more easily because his tragedies were not written for the stage. Giraldis frequently expresses his admiration for Seneca, whom he holds superior to all the Greeks 'nella prudenza, nella gravità, nel decoro, nella maestà, nelle sentenze'. He pleads Seneca's example too for the introduction of deaths on the stage, contrary to the precepts of Aristotle and Horace, about which he argues with great subtlety and erudition. He adopted Seneca's division into five acts, and has much to say in defence of Seneca's practice of bringing the chorus on to the stage only between the acts, except when they were needed as interlocutors. His choruses were not sung, but recited by one member, the others merely standing in view on the stage, but even here Giraldis claims the support of an ancient Greek usage. It is, of course, on the authority of Aristotle that he bases his practice of restricting the action of his tragedies to one, or, at most, two days, for the extension to two days in the *Altile* and *Didone*, he quotes also the examples of the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, the *Amphitryon* of Plautus, the *Heraclidae*, *Phoenissae*, *Hecuba* of Euripides. Although not published till 1554, the *Discorso* is dated by its author April 20, 1543, and the appendix to the *Didone* appears to have been written about the same time. The *Discorso* excited a lively controversy, as part of the credit for it was claimed by Giraldis's young pupil, Giambattista Pigna, and it became well known, both in Italy and abroad.

Giraldis holds an important place among the Renaissance

critics, not only because of his early date, but because he combines practice with theory. Submissive as he was to the authority of the ancients, he does, once in a while, in the *Discorso*, as in the epilogue to *Orbeuche*, humbly suggest that as the Romans departed from the custom of the Greeks, he may be permitted some innovations, as in the adoption of modern themes. He is conscious, too, of the difficulty of accommodating a modern plot to Greek conditions of representation, which resulted to some extent from the Greek mode of life. The interpreters of Aristotle who preceded and followed Gualdi were less open-minded and more pedantic, even more submissive to the weight of authority. So far from relaxing the strictness of Aristotelean dogma, they were inclined to add to the burden. Averroes' commentary on the Poetics, translated into Latin by Hermannus Alemannus, was printed in 1481, but it had departed so far from the text that its restrictive force on the drama was slight. A Latin translation by Valla, founded on the original text, followed in 1498, and the Greek text was printed in 1508, the first commentary, that of Robortello, appeared in 1548, and with all three of these Gualdi was acquainted, as he was also, no doubt, with Segni's Italian translation (finished 1548, pub. 1549). Robortello was the first to argue that the limit set by Aristotle was an artificial day of twelve hours—from sunrise to sunset—on the ground that night is the time for repose, not for action.

Noctu enim homines conquiescunt, indulgentque somno; neque quidpiam agunt, aut ulla de re inter se colloquuntur.

Segni favours a natural day of twenty-four hours, because for many deeds night is a more suitable time than day. But both, like Gualdi, distinguish between the time of representation and the time of the events represented, and neither contends for the unity of place, there being no mention of any such rule or custom in Aristotle. Tassinio follows the Greek practice of continuity, and the action seems to take place entirely in the public square in front of Sophonisba's palace; but this is a strange setting for the interview between Scipio and Syphax,

and it is noteworthy that it is precisely at this point that the indications of locality, which are frequent in the rest of the play, are altogether lacking. Giraldi, as we have seen, contents himself with a very general indication of a city or neighbourhood, all his tragedies begin with the direction, 'The scene is in', and the name of the city in question is given, in the *Arreopha*, it is Limerick, but part of the action represented on the stage takes place in the camp of the hostile army, and part between the two. The identification of the time and place of the representation with the time and place of the action was left to a later critic of European reputation, an Italian, too, although he spent much of his life in France, Julius Caesar Scaliger.

SCALIGER'S *Poetice*.

Scaliger's *Poetice* (1561) is peculiarly significant, he unites the predominant influences of the past, and gives the controlling direction of the future. He departs from the authority of Aristotle to follow the theories of the later Latin writers upon which the mediaeval tradition had been founded. As M. Gustave Lanson has pointed out,¹ he changes Aristotle's definition into the traditional sense, omitting the purgation of the passions and adding the unhappy ending, translating *σπουδαίος* by *illustris*,² and substituting elevation of style for metre. Equally significant is his adoption of Seneca as a model, he says of him

Nulla Graecorum maiestate inferiorem existimo: cultu uerò ac nitore etiam Euripide maiorem. Inventiones sanè illorum sunt: at maiestas carminis, sonus, spiritus ipsius.³

It is in accordance with Seneca's conception of tragedy and with the mediaeval tradition that Scaliger described the proper subjects for tragic treatment.

Res Tragicae grandes, atroces, iussa Regum, caedes, desperationes, suspensia, exilia, orbitates, parricidia, incestus, incendia,

¹ *L'idée de la tragédie en France avant Jodelle*, in *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, 11^e année (1904), p. 583.

² In this he followed Robertello.

³ Lib. VI, c. 6, p. 323.

pugnae, occaecationes, fletus, ululatus, conquestiones, funera, epitaphia, epicedia¹

These horrible themes are to be treated after Seneca's sensational manner, and his favourite device of the ghost is especially recommended, as will be seen from the passage quoted below. Entirely Senecan is Scaliger's idea of the importance of rhetorical commonplaces:

Quum autem sententiarum duo sint modi, utrisque tota Tragoedia est fulcienda. Sunt enim quasi columnae, aut pilae quaedam uniuersae fabricae illius¹

His chorus, too, is Seneca's chorus, not that of Greek tragedy, nor that prescribed by Aristotle and Horace

Chorus est pars inter actum et actum. In fine tamen Fabularum etiam Chorus uidemus. Quare tutior erit definitio quae dicat. post actum, introducta cum concentu²

Of even greater significance for the future of Renaissance tragedy was Scaliger's dislike of incident and his reverence for external probability.

Mendacia maxima pars hominum odit. Itaque nec praelia illa, aut oppugnationes, quae ad Thebas duobus horis conficiuntur, placent mihi, nec prudentis Poetae est efficere ut Delphis Athenas, aut Athenis Thebas, momento temporis quispiam proficiscatur. Sic apud Aeschylum interficitur Agamemnon, ac repente tumulatur adeoque citò, uix ut actor respirandi tempus habeat. Neque probatur illud, si Licham in mare iaciat Hercules, non enim sine ueritatis flagitio repraesentari potest. Argumentum ergo breuissimum accipiendum est. idque maxime uarium multiplexque faciundum. Exempli gratia, Hecuba in Thracia, prohibente reditum Achille. Polydorus iam interfectus est. Caedes Polyxenae. Exoculatio Polymestoris. Quoniam uero mortui quidam non possunt introduci, eorum phasmata, siue idola, siue spectra subueniunt: ut Polydori, ut Darii apud Aeschylum quod et supra dicebamus. Sic Ceyx apud Ouidium apparet Halcyone. Ex qua fabula si Tragediam contexes neuiquam à digressu Ceycis incipito. Quum enim Scaenicum negotium totum sex octoue horis peragatur, haud uerisimile est, et ortam tempestatem, et obrutam nauem eo in maris tractu, unde terrae con-

¹ Lib. III, c. 97, p. 144.

² Lib. I, c. 9, p. 16.

spectus nullus. Primus actus esto conquestio, hinc chorus detestans nauigationes. Secundus actus, Sacerdos cum uotis, colloquens cum Halcyone et nutrice. arae, ignis, piaee sententiae hinc chorus uota approbans. Tertius actus, Nuncius, de orta tempestate cum iumoribus hinc chorus, exempla adducens naufragiorum multa apostrophe ad Neptunum. Quartus actus, turbulentus uera iam fama Naufragia ex nautis, mercatoribus hinc chorus rem, quasi defunctum sit, deplorans Quintus actus, Halcyone anxia mare spectans cadaueri procul uidet hinc mutatio utriusque, quum ipsa sibi manus consciscere uellet.¹

The importance of this passage is not so much its restriction of the action to a few hours, and the prohibition of changes of scene, but the adoption of a general principle of realism, the dramatist is not permitted to call upon the audience to imagine anything which their eyes have not seen or which might not have happened in the same period of time; and he must not allow his characters to report anything beyond the distance which they might have covered under the conditions of the action. The restriction of the action to its shortest possible limit is a logical consequence which Scaliger does not fail to perceive. 'Argumentum breuissimum accipiendum est.' Unity of action is thus no longer ideal, dependent on the nature of the subject, but is temporal and spatial, dependent on the events which may be brought within the time of representation, and the distance that may be travelled from the precise spot the stage represents. The one rule that Aristotle laid down, that of unity of action, is subjected to the later unities of time and place worked out by Renaissance critics. The upshot is that tragedy is still further impoverished of the element of incident, and the lyric and descriptive passages, the parts of the messengers and confidants, are enlarged and emphasized. An analysis of French Renaissance tragedy will show how closely it answers to the model by which Scaliger illustrates his precepts, but it will be enough here to point out that this restriction of the action to its narrowest possible limits was characteristic

¹ Lib. III, c 97, p 145.

of French classical tragedy in its noblest period M. Rìgal writes in *Le théâtre français avant la période classique* (p. 278) 'Qu'est-ce que l'unité d'action, telle que la comprenaient nos classiques? C'est l'obligation de faire de la tragédie une *crise*, de ne mettre dans une pièce qu'un fait important, qui forme le dénouement, et que les préparations de ce fait, qui remplissent les premiers actes' He goes on to remark that 'une telle unité s'accorde admirablement avec celles du lieu et du temps, dont elle est la conséquence presque nécessaire', and adds in a note 'Le mot peut paraître singulier, car logiquement c'est à l'unité d'action, la seule nécessaire, qu'il appartenait d'être le principe des autres Mais je crois bien que l'ordre fut interverti chez nous Peut-être pouvait-on le soutenir même pour Racine. "La simplicité d'action, qu'il considère comme essentielle à la tragédie, semble être à ses yeux une conséquence de l'unité de temps."'

OTHER ARISTOTELIAN CRITICS.

Possibly the first hint of the identification of the time of the action with the time of representation had been given by previous critics. Robortello (1548) possibly had it in mind in the passage quoted above, and Madius (1550) comes near to the principles Scaliger laid down

Cùm igitur Tragoedia atque Comoedia, (nam utrique eadem est temporis ratio) propè ueitatem quoad fieri potest, accedere conentur, si res gestas mensis unius spatio, duabus, tribusue ad summum horis, quanto nimirum tempore Tragoedia uel Comoedia agitur, factas audiremus, res prorsus incredibilis efficeretur. Fingamus enim in aliqua Tragoedia, Comoediaue, nuntium in Aegyptum mitti, ut rediens aliquid nuntiet. quis profectò spectator, si post horam hunc redeuntem illinc, in scenam introduci uideat, non exhibebit, explo-detque; & rem à poeta omni prorsus ratione caientem, factam praedicabit? ¹

But it was Castelvetro who, in his *Poetica d'Aristotele vulgarizzata et sposta* (1570), first codified these principles and made

¹ Particula xxxi.

them absolutely clear. Commenting upon Aristotle's well known distinction between tragedy and epic, he said

Percioche l'epopea, narrando con parole sole, puo raccontare una attione avenuta in molti anni & in diversi luoghi senza sconvevolezza niuna, presentando le parole allo 'ntelletto nostro le cose distanti di luogo, & di tempo, la qual cosa non puo far la tragedia, la quale conviene hauere per soggetto un' attione avenuta in picciolo spatio di luogo, & in picciolo spatio di tempo, cio è in quel luogo, & in quel tempo, dove & quando i rappresentatori dimorano occupati in operatione, & non altrove, ne in altro tempo. Ma, così come il luogo stretto è il palco, così il tempo stretto è quello che i veditori possono a suo agio dimorare sedendo in theatro¹

One does not see how the rule of identification could be more precisely set forth, but it has been argued² that Castelvetro only established the unity of time, not that of place. In another passage, however, Castelvetro says

Quanto è allo spatio del luogo . . nella tragedia è ristretto non solamente ad una città, o villa, o campagna, o simile sito, ma anchora a quella vista, che sola puo apparere a gli occhi d' una persona¹

And he sums up :

La mutatione epopeica puo tirare con esso seco molti dì, & molti luoghi, & la mutatione tragica non puo tirar con esso seco se non una giornata, & un luogo.¹

This is almost the very phrase of Jean de La Taille in his preface to *Saul* (1572), for which priority as to the establishment of the third unity has been claimed

Il faut tousiours représenter l'histoire, ou le jeu en un mesme iour, en un mesme temps, et en un mesme lieu

Why does Jean de La Taille say *en un mesme iour* as well as *en un mesme temps*? Probably, as M. Rigal suggests, La Taille intended to object to the division into *journées* usual in the mysteries and employed in the trilogy of Des Masures, which La Taille had just been criticizing, this view is borne out by

¹ pp. 109, 535, and 534 (ed. of 1576)

² By Ebner, *Beitrag zu einer Geschichte der dramatischen Einheiten in Italien* (Munchener Beiträge, 2v).

the fact that Castelvetro also discussed the possibility of presenting a tragedy in three parts on three successive days, and expressed himself strongly against it. Castelvetro was well known in France, and the two years that elapsed between the publication of his treatise and Jean de La Taille's preface are ample for communication, in view of the interest then taken in the subject all over Europe. In Spain, Scaliger was praised by Cueba (c. 1580) and Pinciano (1596), and the former also mentions the learned Gualdi Sidney, in his *Apology for Poetry* (wr. 1580-1), refers to Scaliger (Arber's Reprint, p. 80), and was doubtless indebted to Castelvetro for his famous statement of the unities (Arber, p. 63).¹

FRENCH RENASCENCE TRAGEDY

French tragedy followed, after a considerable interval, much the same course as Italian. As the Latin tragedies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were succeeded in the first half of the sixteenth century by Trissino's *Sofonisba* and Giraldi's *Orbecche* in the vernacular, so Buchanan's Latin tragedies, in which Montaigne acted when a student at Bordeaux about 1545, were succeeded by Jodelle's *Cléopâtre captive* in 1552. By this time all the influences noted as affecting the later development of Renaissance tragedy were already in existence. Greek tragedy was accessible in the original, and in translations, into either Latin or French, the Latin versions of the *Hecuba* and the *Iphigenia at Aulis* by Erasmus were printed at Paris in 1506, and French translations of the *Electra* of Sophocles and the *Hecuba* by Lazare de Baif appeared in 1537 and 1544 respectively. Seneca's tragedies were first printed at Paris in 1485, and numerous editions were published during the first half of the sixteenth century. But there can be little doubt that Jodelle's first attempt was prompted by Italian example, and that the subsequent development of French tragedy was influenced by the Italian tragedies already in existence. During

¹ See Harold S. Symmes, *Les débuts de la critique dramatique en Angleterre*, Paris, 1903

1 EARLY ENGLISH CLASSICAL TRAGEDIES

the formative period of French tragedy, social and political, as well as literary relations with Italy were exceedingly close. François I had been educated by an Italian humanist, Quinziano Stoa, who afterwards became Rector of the University of Paris. The King chose an Italian as tutor for his children, and brought four Italians to Paris as professors in the Collège de France, which he founded. With the aid of his sister Margaret he introduced the culture of the Italian Renaissance at Court, and the movement was continued under his son and grandson. 'Pour quarante Italiens qu'on voyait autrefois à la cour, maintenant on y voit une petite Italie,' said Henri Estienne, who in his works, particularly in his *Deux Dialogues du Nouveau Langage François italianisé*, ridiculed the Italian words and phrases adopted by the courtiers of his time. Du Bellay's sonnet on the same subject (*Les Regrets*, No. 86) is well known. Paul Louis Courier has shown that Amyot and Montaigne use many Italianisms, and he adds: 'C'était la mode et le bel air au temps d'Amyot de parler italien en français.'¹

International relations more directly connected with the drama were not lacking. As early as 1548 Bibbiena's *Calandra* was acted at Lyons before Henry II and Catherine de' Medici by Italian actors, 'et estoit accompagnée de force intermedies et fantes, qui contenterent infiniment le roy, la reine et toute leur cour' (Brantôme). Lord Buckhurst, in a letter to Queen Elizabeth, dated Paris, March 4, 1571,² mentions among the entertainments at Court, 'a Comedie of Italians that for the good mirth and handling thereof deserved singular comendacion,' and in the autumn of the same year Charles IX granted them letters patent to play publicly in the city 'tragedies and comedies'. This led to a conflict with Parliament, which was renewed in 1577 when Henry III granted similar privileges to a company known as I Gelosi, at whose public performances, says l'Estoile in his *Journal*, 'il y avoit tel concours et affluence de

¹ J. Demogeot, *Histoire des littératures étrangères considérées dans leurs rapports avec le développement de la littérature française*. Fuller details will be found in two essays in Francesco Flamini's *Studi di Storia Letteraria*.

² Calendar of State Papers, Foreign, 1569-71, p. 414.

peuple que les quatre meilleurs prédicateurs de Paris n'en avoient pas tretous ensemble autant quand ils preschoient.' Several Italian companies visited Paris before the end of the century, and it is evident that they offered formidable competition to the French actors. The royal patronage they enjoyed not only made their performances fashionable, and protected them from the interference of too zealous officials, but gave them social advantages. Actors at this time were outcasts at whom honest burghers, clergy, and Parliament alike hurled reproaches. It was because she was an Italian that the actress Isabella Andreini was buried with great solemnity at Lyons in 1604, and we have an amusing letter from Tlustano Martinelli, describing the rivalries in the royal family for the honour of being sponsor to one of his children yet unborn¹

Most of the plays acted by Italian companies in France were doubtless comedies or farces, for Italian and French tragedy alike belonged in the main to the academic or closet drama, but it is evident that Italian tragedy was not unknown in France. As has been already pointed out, Trissino's *Sofonisba* was twice translated into French, by Mellin de Saint-Gelais in prose (pr. 1559), and by Claude Mermet in verse (1585), the prose version was acted in 1556 at Blois, and it was apparently for this performance that de Baif wrote his *Entremets de la Tragedie de Sophonisbe*. Tragedies on the same subject were written by Montchrestien (1600), Nicolas de Montreux (1601), and Jean de Mairet (1634), and even Brunetière, who is very sceptical as to the influence of Italian on French tragedy, is willing to admit that Trissino's *Sofonisba* may have counted for something.² Giraldu's *Orbecche* was acted in the presence of the French king, but whether this was in France may be doubted, though Professor Francesco Flamini (*Il Cinquecento*, p 255)

¹ Given in Armand Baschet, *Les comédiens italiens à la cour de France sous Charles IX, Henri III, Henri IV, et Louis XIII*, p. 235, and Eugène Rigal, *Le théâtre français avant la période classique*, p 150. See also Albéric Cahuet, *La liberté du théâtre*, Paris, 1902, and N. M. Bernardin, *La comédie italienne en France*, Paris, 1902.

² *L'évolution d'un genre, la tragédie*, in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1, 1901.

says it was, but the play was published in 1543, and must have been well known. So must Alamanni's *Antigone*, for he resided in France for some years, and dedicated to François I the edition of his works (including his version of the Sophoclean tragedy) printed at Lyons in 1533. Moif¹ states that Le Breton imitated Lodovico Martelli's *Tullia* (1533), and indebtedness has been suspected, though not proved in Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* and *Didon*, which were preceded by Italian dramas on the same subject. Using the same sources and the same models, and guided by the same critical authorities, French and Italian tragedy had a great deal in common which did not necessarily come from direct imitation.

JODELLE

The performance of Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* was recognized at the time as a literary event of national importance. Charles de la Mothe, in his preface to Jodelle's collected works published in 1574, says that in 1552 Jodelle 'mit en auant, & le premier de tous les François donna en sa langue la Tragedie, & la Comedie, en la forme ancienne'. Étienne Pasquier, who was present at one of the early representations, has the following

Ceste Comedie, & la *Cleopatre* furent representees deuant le Roy Henry à Paris en l'Hostel de Reims, avec un grand applaudissement de toute la compaignie. Et depuis encore au College de Boncour, où toutes les fenestres estoient tapissees d'une infinité de personages d'honneur, & la Cour si pleine d'escoliers que les portes du College en regorgeoient. Je le dis comme celuy qui y estois present, avec le grand Tornebus en une mesme chambre. Et les entreparleurs estoient tous hommes de nom. Car mesme Remy Belleau, & Iean de la Peruse, iouoient les principaux roulets. Tant estoit lors en reputation Jodelle enuers eux.

It was apparently at the second performance that Pasquier was present, and the later historians may be right in supposing that at the first Jodelle himself recited the prologue and played the part of Cleopatra, another part being taken by Ronsard. After

¹ *Die französische Literatur in der zweiten Hälfte des 16^{ten} Jahrhunderts, in Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur*, xix 1 (1897)

the performance, Henry II, to whom the prologue was addressed, gave Jodelle 500 crowns, 'outre luy fit tout plein d'autres graces, d'autant que c'estoit chose nouvelle & ties-belle & rare' (Bran-tôme) A compliment which excited more general attention was paid to Jodelle by his young fellow poets, who captured a goat, and led it, crowned with ivy, to the hall where Jodelle, also crowned with ivy, was waiting for the joyous band. There was much merriment, and the story got abroad that the goat was offered up as a heathen sacrifice. De Baif, Ronsard, and his commentator Claude Garnier are at some pains to contradict this scandalous report, and the incident was the occasion for much versifying. We may be sure that the play was acted in the classical manner, so far as its author understood it, and was able to carry it out, he regrets indeed that the theatre was not semi-circular, as it should be, and that the music between the acts was not modelled upon antiquity. It appears from another passage in Pasquier that the choruses were sung by 'jeunes gais ou filles' to an instrumental accompaniment.

The opening speech by the ghost of Antony reminds the audience that the unity of time is to be strictly observed

Auant que ce Soleil qui vient ores de naistre,
Ayant tracé son iour chez sa tante se plonge,
Cleopatre mourira ie me suis ore en songe
A ses yeux présenté, luy commandant de faire
L'honneur a mon sepulchre, & apres se deffaire,
Plustost qu'estre dans Romme en triomphe portee.

Cleopatra then recounts her dream to Eras and Charmian, and a chorus of a general character closes the act with a lament over the death of Antony and the approaching suicide of Cleopatra.

In Act II Octavius expresses to Agrippa and Proculeius his regret at Antony's death and his determination to lead Cleopatra in triumph at Rome. Chorus in strophe and antistrophe lamenting the humiliation of Cleopatra, which is thus depicted

Ore presque en chemise
Qu'elle va dechirant,
Pleurant aux pieds s'est mise
De son Cesar, tirant
De l'estomach debile
Sa requeste inutile.

Act III shows Cleopatra as a suppliant at the feet of Octavius, giving him a list of her treasures in gold and silver. Her treasurer, Seleucus, hints that the list is far from complete, whereupon the queen flies at him, tears his hair, scratches his face, and regrets that she cannot split his sides 'à coups de pied'.¹ Seleucus turns to Octavius for help, and is advised to run away.

Et bien, quoy, Cleopâtre ?
Estes vous point là saoulé de le battre ?
Fuy t'en, ami, fuy t'en

The chorus condemn the treachery of Seleucus, and foretell once more the suicide of Cleopatra.

Act IV contains more laments by Cleopatra, Charmian, and Eras, and the chorus report that Cleopatra has entered the enclosure which contains the tomb of Antony (des sepulchres le clos, Où la mort a caché de son ami les os). Strophe, antistrophe, and epode, in three sets.

In Act V Proculeius reports the deaths of Cleopatra, Eras, and Charmian to the Chorus, who close the play with the reflection:

Souvent nos maux font nos morts désirables,
Vous le voyez en ces trois misérables

I have chosen Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* for somewhat detailed examination, not merely because it is the first French tragedy, but rather because more is known of the circumstances of its representation. *Didon se sacrifiant* shows more dignity, if not more art, but the date of its composition and of its production, if it had any, are alike unknown. Jodelle was evidently acquainted with the Greek model, but he also borrowed from Seneca, both in principles of construction and in particular passages. Charles de la Mothe claims for him originality in his other poems, but not in the tragedies. 'Ains à tousiours suiui ses propres inuentions, fuyant curieusement les imitations, sinon

¹ Only the last detail is Jodelle's own. The rest is in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (c. 106). The passage is thus translated by Amyot — 'A la fin elle luy bailla un bordereau des bagues et finances qu'elle pouuoit auoir. Mais il se trouua là d'adventure l'un de ses thresoriers nomme Seleucus, qui la tint deuant Caesar conuaincre, pour faire du bon ualet, qu'elle n'y auoit pas tout mis, et qu'elle en receloit sciemment et retenoit quelques choses. dont elle fut si fort pressee d'impatience de cholerie, qu'elle l'alla prendre aux cheveux, et luy donna plusieurs coups du poing sur le visage. Caesar s'en prit à rire, et la feit cesser.'

quand expressément il a voulu traduire en quelque Tragedie.¹ It need not surprise us then that industrious German scholars¹ have found in Jodelle echoes of Seneca. Even more striking is the general resemblance in plan and the use of the traditional devices—the prologuizing ghost, the vision, the confidant with her sententious commonplaces, the messenger with his elaborate descriptions. It was perhaps in obedience to the precept of Aristotle (*Poetics*, c. 18) that Jodelle emphasized and developed the part of the chorus, in his play it is ‘an integral part of the whole and shares in the action’. The result is to give French Renaissance tragedy the predominating lyrical character which no one who has studied it has failed to notice. M. Faguet says² ‘On pourrait presque dire que la tragédie du xvi^e siècle est une œuvre lyrique; car c’est toujours la partie lyrique qui en est la partie plus soignée et souvent qui en est la meilleure’. Dr. Bohm, in the six early tragedies that he has examined, notes a considerable increase in the lyric and a decrease in the dramatic elements as compared with Seneca; and a table prepared by Dr. John Ashby Lester shows that this lyric tendency was continued up to the end of the sixteenth century, in five of Garnier’s tragedies the chorus is from one-sixth to one-fourth of the play.

In the hands of Jodelle’s successors, French tragedy passed more and more under the influence of Seneca. Dr. Bohm has subjected to very careful examination four other early French tragedies in addition to Jodelle’s *Cléopâtre* and *Didon*. Of these, two—La Péruse’s *Médée* (1555) and Grévin’s *Jules César* (1561)—are largely translations, the first from Seneca, the second from the Latin tragedy of Muretus, both are entirely in the Senecan manner. Bounin’s *La Soltane* (1561) offers more opportunity for originality, its source being a contemporary account of a

¹ Paul Kahnt, *Gedankenkreis der Sentenzen in Jodelle’s und Garnier’s Tragödien und Seneca’s Einfluss auf denselben*, Marburg, 1887. Karl Bohm, *Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Einflusses Seneca’s auf die in der Zeit von 1552 bis 1562 erschienenen französischen Tragödien*, Münchener Beiträge, 1902.

² *Histoire de la littérature française*, vol. 1, p. 456

recent came in Turkey, discovered by Dr Lester in the Harvard College Library: 'Soltan Solymanni Tuicarum Imperatoris horrendum facinus, sceiatio in proprium filium, natu maximum, Soltanum Mustapham, parricidio, Anno Domini 1553 patiatum. Ante octo menses in carcere apud infideles quidem scriptum, nunc uerò primum in lucem editum Autore Nicolao à Moffan Burgundo . . . Anno Salutis humanae M D.LV. Mense Novembri.'¹ Rivaudeau's *Aman* (acted 1561, pub. 1566) is on a scriptural subject, and here too some independence might be expected, but Dr Bohm says both these dramas must be described as 'copies of the Seneca tragedies'.

GARNIER.

The predominant influence of Seneca upon the beginnings of French tragedy had an abiding effect upon its subsequent development. Garnier, whose tragedies went through thirty editions and were held equal to the masterpieces of the Greek drama, handed on the Senecan tradition to his successors. The fact has been very clearly established by three investigations—*Étude sur Robert Garnier*, by S Bernage, Paris, 1880, *Gedankenkreis der Sentenzen in Jodelle's und Garnier's Tragödien und Seneca's Einfluss auf denselben*, by Paul Kahnt, Marburg, 1887, *Seneca's Influence on Robert Garnier*, by H. M. Schmidt-Wartenberg, Darmstadt, 1888. From different points of view all arrive at the same result. The earliest of the three investigators, M. Bernage, arrived at the main conclusion immediately, and all that was left for his successors was to support it by detailed evidence. 'L'imitation de Sénèque, en France, n'est pas un fait obscur d'érudition, ce n'est pas seulement un point de départ, c'est un fait capital, dont presque toute notre littérature dramatique se ressent, et que les qualités déployées par Garnier, dans les aspects divers dont il l'a revêtu, ont fait entrer pour une part considérable dans les habitudes

¹ Dr Lester's thesis, *Connections between the Drama of France and Great Britain, particularly in the Elizabethan period*, is still in manuscript in the Harvard Archives.

de l'esprit français.' Dr. Schmidt-Wartenberg shows by an analysis dealing with general characteristics of style and manner how considerable is the extent of Garnier's indebtedness to his Roman authority. 'When reading Garnier and Seneca we get the impression that the former has studied his model so well that he knows his works partly by heart. The tragedies of the first epoch show perhaps more of the peculiarities of Senecan style than the translations. He must have known Seneca thoroughly and must have become imbued with his style before he began to write.' Dr. Kahnt points out that this influence extends not only to general resemblances of style but to particular forms of thought and expression, and that through these, too, Garnier is connected with his predecessors and successors in French tragedy. Garnier, in fact, acted as a kind of clearing-house for Senecan commonplaces, which he collected from the original and from his predecessors and handed down to Montchrestien and Hardy, sometimes to Corneille and Racine

The immediate consequence was that the French tragic writers of the sixteenth century, copying a model not meant for the stage, produced imitations which satisfied the critics, but did not please popular audiences. As one reads these plays, one wonders what there was in them to hold the attention of even a courtly or a scholastic audience. Reflections in dialogue or chorus, descriptive and sometimes narrative passages succeed one another in unbroken monotony, without any clash of characters, and very little variety of incident. Dr. Lester's table is proof enough in this respect, in the *Hippolyte* and *Cornélie* there is no scene in which there are more than three interlocutors, one-half of each play consists of dialogue, and one-quarter of the *Hippolyte* of monologue, in not more than one-fifth of either play are there even three speakers on the stage. This was from no attempt to adopt the Greek rule of three actors, for in some of Garnier's other plays there are considerable passages with four or more speakers; it arises, first, from an adoption of Seneca's methods of construction in general (he observed the rule of the three actors), and secondly, from the

close imitation of particular plays or passages. There has been a lively discussion recently in the *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, between M. Rigal on the one hand and M. Gustave Lanson and M. Jules Haaszti on the other, as to how French Renaissance tragedy was acted, and whether, in general, it was acted at all. M. Lanson gives an imposing list of performances and argues that there must have been many more, especially in the provinces, anything could be played (*tout est jouable*), and even when a tragedy was not actually performed, it was at least written in the hope of representation. The actors were, it is true, often courtiers or collegians, but these occasional performances had a considerable effect in changing the public taste. M. Rigal, on the other hand, contends that these plays were rarely acted, and that they were not, in fact, suitable for stage representation. Most of those that reached the stage were merely recited, and their authors had not even a notion of what a real stage representation meant. Analysing Garnier's plays one by one, he argues that in *Porcie* (1568) the author paid no attention to scenic possibility or probability, and had in mind only the opportunity for declamation. *Hippolyte* (1573) is hardly more than a free translation from Seneca; whenever Garnier departs from his original, the play loses its suitability for stage representation. *Cornélie* (1574) has no scenic reality, consisting merely of rhetoric and ill-organized poetry. *Marc-Antoine* (1578) falls under the same condemnation. *La Troade* (1579) borrows from the *Troades* of Seneca and of Euripides, and from the latter's *Hecuba*, without assimilating them for stage representation. The *Antigone* (1580) deals in the same fashion with the *Phoenissae* of Seneca and the *Antigone* of Sophocles. *Bradamante* (1582) attempts to deal dramatically with Ariosto's story, but, strictly considered, the action requires five or six scenes. *Les Juifves* (1583) is an elegy inspired by Seneca, the *Thyestes* being the immediate model. M. Rigal next examines the tragedies of Montchrestien, and he proves up to the hilt that the *mise en scène* conceived by the authors of French Renaissance tragedy was by no means as precise as it

would be in the present day. It is, no doubt, true that Garnier thought he had provided for the regularity of *Antigone* when he wrote 'La représentation en est hors les portes de la ville de Thebes'. Obviously the French classical dramatists of the sixteenth century did not plan their scene with the exactness of a modern craftsman. M. Rigal is entirely right in his contention that the action takes place 'dans un milieu tout idéal', the writers were content with a general imitation of classical regularity, and a vague indication of a city or neighbourhood met their conception of the requirements, as it met Giraldu's¹

CLASSICAL HOSTILITY TO THE POPULAR STAGE

M. Rigal points out that some of these plays could easily be accommodated to the multiple scene of the popular stage, but there is no proof that this arrangement was ever adopted, and there is every reason against the supposition. The attitude of the classical critics and dramatists towards the popular stage was one of uncompromising hostility. Buchanan and Scaliger, Du Bellay and Jodelle, Grévin and Jean de La Taille all speak with contempt of the plays in possession of the stage. La Taille says in the preface to the *Corrivaux* (1574) 'Et si on m'allegue qu'on joue ordinairement assez de ieus qui ont ce nom de Comedies et Tragedies, je leur rediray encores que ces beaux titres sont mal assortis à telles sottises, lesquelles ne retiennent rien de la façon ny du style des anciens'.² The public retaliated by refusing to listen to elegies and philosophical diatribes which it thought tiresome. Even the cultivated audiences to which French tragedy at first appealed found the choruses little to their taste. Grévin says in the *Discours sur le théâtre* prefixed to his *Mort de César* (1558) 'En ceste tragédie on trouvera par adventure estrange, que sans estre advoué d'aucun auctheur ancien, j'ay faict la troupe interlocutoire de gensdarmes de vieilles bandes de César, et non de quelques chantres, ainsi

¹ M. Rigal has reprinted his side of the discussion in his last volume, *De Jodelle à Molière* (1911).

² See also much more to the same effect in his *Art de la tragédie* (1572).

qu'on a accoustumé . . . J'ay en cecy esgard que je ne parloy pas aux Grecs, ny aux Romains, mais aux François, lesquels ne se plaisent pas beaucoup en ces chantres mal exercitez, ainsi que j'ay souventesfois observé aux autres endroits ou l'on en a mis en jeu' François Ogier in his preface to Jean de Schelandrie's *Tyr et Sidon* (1608) says 'les chœurs . . . sont tousjours desagrees, en quelque quantité ou qualité qu'ils paroissent' 'L'impatience françoise ne les peut souffrir,' writes Desmarets in the preface to *Scipion* (1639), and early in the seventeenth century the practice appears to have been adopted of omitting them at the theatre 'comme superflus à la representation', to use Hardy's phrase¹ When they were no longer recited, the dramatists naturally came to the conclusion after a time that it was no use writing them.

Meanwhile the French tragedians lacked the stimulus of an expectant public and were less intent on creating great dramas than on imitating models and keeping rules. In England and Spain the dramatists yielded, not without reluctance in some cases, to the popular demand. Lope de Vega in his *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias* (1609) professes the greatest respect for Aristotle and classical models, 'but when I have to write a comedy for the popular stage (he continues) I lock the precepts up with six keys and turn Terence and Plautus out of my study for fear of hearing their outcries

porque como las paga el vulgo, es justo
hablarle en necio para darle gusto.'

Webster writes in a similar but more serious strain in the preface to *The White Devil*. 'If it be objected this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugis dicere plura meas ipse ego quam dixi*. Willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind have I faulted. for, should a man present to such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of

¹ Preface to *Didon* (1624). See also preface to Jean de Rossin's *La Persienne ou la Délivrance d'Andromède* (1617), and a valuable note in Edelestand Du Ménil, *Du développement de la tragédie en France*, pp. 173-4.

style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and, as it were, liven death in the passionate and weighty Nuntius, yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum illa*, the breath that comes from the incapable multitude is able to poison it' Jonson, too, in the preface to *Sejanus* apologized for the deficiencies of the tragedy 'in the strict laws of time . . . as also in the want of a proper chorus', in *Catiline* these defects were made good, but the public showed the same lack of appreciation as in France Leonard Digges, writing in 1640, contrasts the failure of Jonson's tragedies with the popularity of Shakespeare's

Oh how the Audience
Were ravish'd, with what wonder they went thence,
When some new day they would not brooke a line,
Of tedious (though well laboured) *Catiline*;
Sejanus too was irksome, they priz'd more
Honest Iago or the jealous Moore.

MATERIAL CONDITIONS

On the surface the tastes and behaviour of a sixteenth-century audience seem to have been much the same on both sides of the Channel; but no doubt the different lines of development taken by the drama in England and France rest upon deep-seated national peculiarities.¹ Each nation experimented with various types of tragedy, and adopted the one best suited to its genius. Still, the conjecture may be hazarded that the artificial restrictions of the theatre in France counted for something as well as the more important conditions which Symonds held necessary for the creation of great tragedy—an era of intense activity and a public worthy of the dramatist. The long monopoly enjoyed by the *Confrères de la Passion*,

¹ Brunetière puts it, almost paradoxically, in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, Jan 1, 1903, p. 213. 'Les différences qui séparent la conception générale du drame anglais de celle de la tragédie française ne viennent pas d'une différence de culture ou d'éducation littéraire. Si le drame anglais est ce qu'il est en dépit de Sénèque, il y a lieu de croire que, sans Sénèque, la tragédie française n'en serait pas moins ce qu'elle est. Il faut creuser plus profondément.'

which made the Hôtel de Bourgogne the only regular theatre in Paris from 1548 to 1629, undoubtedly had a bad effect, preventing competition, and robbing the actors of their legitimate reward. They were not only obliged to pay rent for a miserable hall, and prevented by statutes of Parliament and police ordinances from charging any but the lowest prices, they suffered from the additional grievance of a long 'fiec list', and it seems to have been the custom for many who had no claim on the 'entree gratuite', to force their way in without paying. This in part accounts for the very different standing of the profession in England and France. The English actors enjoyed the acquaintance, and in some cases the friendship, of people of high rank; Burbage, Alleyn, and Shakespeare were men of substance and repute. M. Rigal, after giving the particulars summarized above, says: 'Nos comédiens étaient donc pauvres, leur moralité n'était pas d'un niveau fort élevé. Tristan les appelle des débauchés. "C'étaient presque tous filous, dit Tallemant, et leurs femmes vivaient dans la plus grande licence du monde".' The writers for the theatre do not seem to have been much better off. According to a well-known passage in *Segraisiana*, the regular price for a drama was 'trois écus'.¹ It is certain that the versatile Hardy lived and died in poverty, in spite of the popularity of his six or seven hundred dramas. After a successful career of thirty years he writes: 'Ma fortune se peut apparier l'emblème d'Alciat, où les fers de la pauvreté empêchent l'esprit de voler vers les cieux', and three years later he again laments his 'pauvre Muse vagabonde et flottante sur un océan de misères'. All the surroundings of the theatre told against success, and it is no wonder that Hardy failed to create a permanent form of art, as he might have done, according to Guizot and Sainte-Beuve,² 'if he had been a genius.'

¹ M. Rigal thinks this figure must have been exceptionally low, but he admits that even Hardy was 'toujours maigrement payé' *Théâtre français*, pp. 95-7.

² Guizot, *Cornéille et son temps*, p. 132: 'Hardy était aussi irrégulier qu'il le fallait pour devenir un Shakespeare, s'il eut le génie.' Sainte-Beuve,

It was left to Corneille and Racine, aided and, perhaps, to some extent restricted by Richelieu and the Academy, to give France a drama which answered the demands of logical development and regularity of form, and which has not ceased to delight cultivated audiences. It seems idle to speculate on what might have been the destiny of French tragedy if the material conditions of the stage had been otherwise, and equally idle to wonder what might have happened to English tragedy if Burghley had interested himself in the popular drama, or if Sidney had been able to enforce his ideas with the authority of Richelieu, and his Areopagus had had as much influence as the Academy. The Queen, to whom is ascribed the wish to see Falstaff in love, can hardly be credited with classical tastes co-extensive with her classical knowledge, in spite of her daily studies of Greek, and her translation from Seneca now in the Bodleian Library, it is inconceivable that Elizabeth should have undertaken to regularize English tragedy, and equally inconceivable that the Englishmen of the sixteenth century should have submitted, if she had attempted it. The one serious and concerted effort that was made in this direction proved altogether fruitless. It was in vain that Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, with the assistance of Kyd, Daniel, and others, attempted to win English tragedy from its erring way to the imitation of the French model and the acceptance of the rules her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, had laid down in his *Apology for Poetry*.

EARLY ENGLISH TRAGEDY—THE POPULAR ELEMENT.

The distinguishing features of the English drama during the period that we are now considering are its astonishing vitality, variety, and complexity. I know no better or more rational

Tableau de la poésie française au 16^e siècle, pp. 402-3. 'Si Hardy avait eu du génie, . . . il . . . pouvait tout créer; il est à croire alors que, par lui, les destinées de notre théâtre eussent changé à jamais et que des voies tragiques bien autrement larges et non moins glorieuses que celles du *Cid* et des *Horaces* eussent été ouvertes aux hommes de talents et aux grands hommes qui suivirent.'

way of setting forth the facts than the method of Dr Waid's *History of English Dramatic Literature*, and yet there is danger that the student may come away from its perusal with the erroneous impression of an orderly chronological development—from liturgical drama to miracle plays, from miracles to moral plays, from moralities to interludes and histories, and so on to regular comedy and tragedy, the older types disappearing to make way for the new. Professor Schelling succeeds in giving the right impression of the synchronous development of very different forms of dramatic art in his *Elizabethan Drama 1558-1642*, and Mr Tucker Brooke's excellent little volume, *The Tudor Drama*, is in this respect particularly effective. For a right understanding of the subject, it is assuredly imperative that we should realize that the older forms continued to exist alongside of the newer developments from them, and that the native drama was not superseded by plays copied from foreign or classical models. Our one detailed description of the way in which the miracle plays were acted is given by Archdeacon Rogers of Chester, who died in 1595, the Chester cycle, we know, was acted as late as 1575, and all five manuscripts date from the period 1591-1607. The titles of the plays acted at court during Christmas and Shrovetide, 1567-8, show the catholicity of the Queen's taste and the variety of the dramatic entertainments arranged for her amusement.

For seven playes, the firste namede as playne as Canne be, The seconde the paynfull pilgrimage,¹ The thirde Iacke and Iyll, The forthe sixe fooles, The fivethe callede witte and will, The sixte callede prodigallitie, The sevoenthe of Orestes and a Tragedie of the kinge of Scottes.

The moralities continued to be acted and to be published, in spite of the competition of the regular theatres, *The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*² being printed in 1602, after a performance before the Queen, apparently on February 4, 1601. Mr. Brooke says.

¹ *Everyman*. See Feuillerat, *Documents relating to the Office of the Revels in the Time of Queen Elizabeth*, pp. 448-9.

² Possibly a revision of the *Prodigallitie* just mentioned as acted in 1567-8.

The later moralities were usually performed by companies of four or five men and a boy—the boy, of course, taking women's parts. These troupes, once formed, continued themselves in unbroken sequence till the Restoration. There seems no doubt that the strolling players of the Commonwealth who roamed from village to village with their contraband dramatic wares, after the suppression of the theatres in 1642, were the lineal descendants, and the inheritors of many a piece of traditional clownage and stage business from those who in pre-Tudor times performed 'The Castle of Perseverance'.

Beside these professional actors, there were the amateurs of the court and of the country-side, of the schools and colleges, and of the Inns of Court, the last being specially interesting to us as the original home of classical tragedy. Shakespeare, in this as in greater matters, shows 'the very age and body of the time his form and pressure'. He has many references to the miracles and moralities, and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, he travesties the court masque along with the village pageant, just as at the Kenilworth Festivities in 1575 the Coventry Hock Thursday Play was performed for the delectation of Elizabeth in the midst of courtly entertainments, in which, there is reason to believe, Leicester himself took a directing hand.¹ In *Hamlet* Shakespeare deals more sympathetically with his professional comrades and their juvenile competitors, and shows his respect for the earlier forms of tragedy. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he overwhelms with good-natured ridicule the amateurs of the city guilds in 'The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby'—the interlude described later as—

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

This may serve to remind us of another characteristic of Elizabethan drama, its intermixture of types. Shakespeare recalls it again in the words of Polonius describing the repertoire of the travelling actors

¹ See *Modern Language Review*, vol. iv, pp. 231-3 and 510-11.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men (II. 11)

It is for this reason that the Elizabethan drama affords to the young student such a bewildering spectacle and to the trained scholar a problem for endless study. The systems of classification we adopt are mere pigeon-holes, into which we put away this play and that for convenience of reference. The drama itself, when it lived and moved, was as various and complex as life itself, the types intermingling and combining in a way that almost defies analysis. The *mélange des genres*, abhorred by classical critics, was an almost universal custom with Elizabethan dramatists. Sidney, of course, protests (*Apology for Poetry*, Arber, p. 65) that even the distinction between tragedy and comedy was not observed but he was a voice crying in the wilderness. As Mr Symmes has pointed out, Elizabethan England, so rich in almost every department of creative literature, was singularly barren on the side of criticism.

Comparée avec la critique dramatique en Italie ou en France pendant la même période, cette critique anglaise est quelque chose d'étrange. Comme dans les pays du continent, elle commence avec les idées fausses du moyen âge et le savoir élémentaire des scolastes. Mais l'Italie et la France, à l'aube de la Renaissance, renoncent d'une façon relativement facile à ces traditions étroites et acceptent volontiers l'interprétation qu'elles font d'Aristote. L'Angleterre, au contraire, en partie à cause de sa nature morale, continue de tenir, avec ténacité, aux idées médiévales. Les théoriciens dramatiques en France et en Italie au seizième siècle sont nombreux et souvent ingénieux. En Angleterre, ils sont peu nombreux, leurs écrits ne sont pas très profonds, et relativement, Sidney et Jonson exceptés, ils sont presque insignifiants. L'Angleterre ne peut montrer une liste de critiques comme Daniello, Minturno, le Trissino, Cinthio et Castelvetro, ni une collection de livres critiques comme ceux des Sibileti, des Scaligeri, des Grévin, des Pelletier, des Jean de La Taille, des Vauquelin et des Pierre de Laudun... En somme, la critique qui existe en Angleterre est

au commencement surtout superficielle et diffuse. L'Anglais du seizième siècle manque le goût véritable pour la théorie critique. Il lui manque les traits nationaux si caractéristiques du Français, la méthode, la précision, la clarté, la logique et la raison qui sont les fondements de la critique.

Whatever disadvantage there was in the weakness of English criticism, it had one great advantage—the unbroken continuance of mediaeval tradition. In all kinds of literature this probably counted for more than was realized by students of the last generation, but in the drama the gains were great and manifest. In England, the classical influence, instead of clashing with mediaeval tradition, as it had done in Italy and France, intermingled and fused with it almost insensibly. This is more evident in comedy than in tragedy, for English tragedy was a late development—late in the history of the type in Europe, and late in the history of the drama in England. The importance of the native element in *Ralph Roister Doister*, our first Plautine comedy, is not overestimated by Mr. Brooke, who also draws attention to the combination of native realism, classical structure, and Italian romance in *Misogonus*, now convincingly ascribed by Professor Kittredge¹ to Lawrence Johnson, who proceeded M.A. at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1577. In early English classical tragedy, the native elements, though not so obvious or so important, are still noteworthy. As a detailed analysis will show, Latin tragedy in the original and in translation (possibly Greek tragedy in translation, though of this there is little evidence), and Italian classical tragedy combined with native elements and traditions to bring about the emergence of popular tragedy—‘the most eventful movement, probably, in the history of English literature’².

In a combination so complex, in which national events and characteristics are involved, as well as literary types and traditions, it is no easy task to estimate the precise importance and extent of a particular influence and to classify the

¹ *Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. III, p. 335.

² Brooke, p. 204.

contributing causes which lead to the emergence of a new type. Brunetière well said in *L'Évolution d'un Genre La Tragédie*

Ni les genres en particulier ni l'art en général ne se renouvellent d'eux-mêmes ou de leur fond, et l'intervention du génie, si quelquefois, très rarement, elle contrarie l'évolution d'un genre, s'y insère, le plus souvent, pour la hâter en s'y adaptant. C'est la civilisation tout entière qui doit être renouvelée dans son principe et dans sa forme, pour que l'art se renouvelle et que les anciens genres, dans un milieu nouveau lui-même, recommencent à vivre d'une vie vraiment féconde.¹

Brunetière goes on to urge that the mediaeval drama had nothing to do with the development of tragedy

Il y a solution de continuité dans la chaîne des temps. Les auteurs de nos Mystères n'ont rien hérité des Latins et des Grecs, de Pacuvius ni de Sophocle, et, j'ajoute, sans tarder davantage, qu'ils n'ont préparé ni le drame de Shakespeare, ni la tragédie de Racine.

Now as to French tragedy Brunetière spoke with knowledge and authority, but as to Shakespearean tragedy he was probably not so well acquainted with the evidence. In this case, there is no 'solution of continuity' between the mediaeval drama and the new form of art, which sprang from the combination of native and classical elements. 'Of the several causes prerequisite to the growth of English national tragedy, the most indispensable was the example of the Latin classic model,' so far we may agree with Mr. Brooke, and this is, indeed, the main thesis of this volume, but we must not overlook the importance of the native and popular elements which contributed most materially to the vitality of the new form of art and prepared the way for its acceptance on the public stage. Plays like *A New Enterlude of Vice Conteyninge the Historie of Horestes with the cruell revengment of his Fathers death upon his one natur[a]ll Mother*, by John Pkeryng (1567), *A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of plesant mirth, containing the life of Cambises king of Persia*, by Thomas Preston (S. R. 1569-70), *The excellent*

¹ *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1901, p. 136

Comedie of two the moste faithfullest Freendes, Damon and Pithias, by Richard Edwards (1571, S R 1567-8), and *A new Tragicall Comedie of Apus and Virginia*, by R B (1575, S R 1567-8), are classical only in subject, in structure and method they go back to the mediaeval tradition. *Horestes* was certainly acted in London, as is proved by the prayer for the Lord Mayor at the end, it was arranged for performance by the usual six players, and the form of the stage directions is significant.

The Vice, who lends the play some small semblance of unity, opens the action with a conversation, apparently with a soldier who is on the battlements of the city of Mycenae. 'Hear entryth Rusticus and hodge' An interchange of incivilities ends with the traditional stage quarrel. 'Vp with thy staf, and be readye to smyte, but hodge smit fist, and let y^e wise thwacke them both and run out.' Horestes, Idumeus, and Councell forward the action a little, soon to give way to Haultersycke and Hempstringe, who sing and 'fyght at bofites with tystes'. 'Let y^e drum play and enter Horestis with his band, maiche about the stage' Horestes takes leave of Idumeus, Egistus and Clytemnestra enter singing, and hear the news of the advance of 'the mightey knight Horestes with a mightey pewsaunt band'. After a comic scene, in which 'Sodyer' is beaten by a woman whom he has taken prisoner, 'Horestes entrith with his bande and marcheth about the stage. . . Let y^e trumpet go towarde the Citie and blowe. . . Let y^e trumpet leaue soundyng and let Harrauld speake and Clytemnestra speake ouer y^e wal. . . Let y^e haraulde go out here. . . Go and make your luely battel and let it be longe eare you can win y^e Citie, and when you haue won it, let Horestes bringe out his mother by the arme, and let y^e droum sease playing and the trumpet also, when she is taken, let hei knele downe and speake. . . Let Egistus enter and set hys men in a raye, and let the drum playe tyll Horestes speaketh. . . stryke vp your drum and fyght a good whil, and then let sum of Egistus men flye, and then take hym and let Horestes drau him vyolentlye, and let y^e drums sease'

Then follows the hanging of Egistus from the battlements in full view of the audience 'fling him of y^e lader and then let on bringe in his mother Clytemnestra, but let hei loke wher Egistus hangeth.' Clytemnestra goes out weeping to her death, and the army of

Horestes enters the city gate After another song by the Vice, Menalaus gives his daughter Heimione in marriage to Horestes, who, with the consent of Nobilitye and Comynalte, is crowned king by Truth and Dewty

The lack of decorum and dignity, the absence of division into acts and scenes and utter formlessness of the whole production, the absolute disregard of time and place, the constant harking back to the moralities in such characters as Councill, Nature, Provisyon, Truthe, Fame, Dewtey, Revenge, Nobilitye, and Comynalte indicate the persistence of the mediaeval tradition. There is no art in *Horestes*, and little dramatic skill but there is a good deal of action, of stage business, and of the marching and countermarching afterward a popular feature of the history plays. M. Feuillerat agrees with Collier that 'such a crude production could never have been performed before any audience but one of the lowest description', and he therefore concludes that it was not identical with the *Orestes* acted at court in 1567-8. A slight indication in support of this view may be mentioned the Revels Account gives 'Orestioes howse Rome' as the item of expenditure, and it is evident that the scene required for our *Horestes* is the city of Mycenae, furnished with a wall, battlements, and an entrance gate—the usual stage setting of the early theatre.

Cambises and *Apus and Virginia* belong to the same group of plays, dealing with classical subjects, but evidently intended for the public stage, the thirty-eight characters of *Cambises* are arranged for eight actors to play, and the stage direction in *Apus and Virginia*, 'Here let Virginius go about the scaffold,' recalls the practice of the miracles. In both there are many characters (even more than in *Horestes*) taken over from the tradition of the moralities. Yet in *Cambises* we discern an attempt to establish a connexion with the classical stage. the prologue appeals to the authority of Agathon and Seneca, and imitates a passage from the *Thyestes* (213-17). But the most notable advance in this group of early plays was made by Richard Edwards, who was very highly esteemed by his con-

temporaries as both poet and playwright Googe, Turberville, and Twynne eulogize him in verse, and Webbe, Puttenham, and Meres all have complimentary references to him in their treatises on poetry. Anthony à Wood has the following in the *Atheneæ Oxonienses*

Richard Edwards, a *Somersetshire* Man born, was admitted Scholar of *Corp Ch Coll.* under the tuition of *George Etheridge*, on the eleventh of May 1540, and Probationer Fellow 11 August 1544, Student of the upper table of *Christ Church* at its foundation by K Hen. 8 in the beginning of the Year 1547, aged 24, and the same Year took the Degree of M. of Arts. In the beginning of *Qu Elizabeth*, he was made one of the Gentlemen of her Chapel, and Master of the Children there, being then esteemed not only an excellent Musician, but an exact Poet, as many of his compositions in Music (for he was not only skill'd in the practical but theoretical part) and Poetry do shew, for which he was highly valued by those that knew him, especially his associates in *Lincolns Inn* (of which he was a member, and in some respects an Ornament) and much lamented by them, and all ingenious Men of his time, when he died.

Damon and Pithias.

Damon and Pithias, Wood says, was 'acted at Court and in the University', and Mr W. Y. Durand has shown¹ that it is the play referred to in the following item in the Revels Accounts for 1564 with the side-note, 'Edwardes tragedy,' in Sir William Cecil's handwriting.

Cristmas Anno Septimo Elizabeth, wages or deats of the officers and Tayllours payntars workinge diuers Cities and Townes carvers Silkwemen for frence & tassells mercers ffor Sarsnett & other stuf and Lynen drapars for canvas to couer diuers townes and howsses and other devisses and Clowds ffor a maske and a showe and a play by the childerne of the chaple ffor Rugge bumbayst an cottone ffor hosse and other provicions and necessaries.

The 'Rugge bumbayst an cottone ffor hosse' were required for the great breeches with which Jacke and Wyll were laden

¹ *Modern Language Notes*, vol. XLIII, p. 131.

LXXXII EARLY ENGLISH CLASSICAL TRAGEDIES

Grimme Pretie men (quoth you) nay, you are stronge men, els
you could not beare these bitches

Wyll. Are these great hose? In faith goodman Coler, you see
with your nose

By myne honestie, I haue but for one lining in one hose, but vii els
of Roug

Grimme That is but a little, yet it makes thee seeme a great
bugge.

Jacke. How say you goodman Coler, can you finde any fault
here?

Grimme Nay you should finde faught, mary heres tummy
geare

Alas little knaue, doest not sweat, thou goest with great payne,
These are no hose, but watter bougets, I tell thee playne

In the edition of 1571 the play is provided with a prologue
'somewhat altered for the proper use of them that hereafter
shall haue occasion to plaie it, either in Priuate, or open
Audience'. We have, therefore, in this instance a play first
acted at Court, then given at the University of Oxford, and
finally published in a form thought suitable for any public or
private performance. In the prologue the author warns the
audience not to expect the 'toying Playes' to which they are
accustomed, he intends to observe *decorum* (the italics are his)
according to the precepts of Horace, and he has therefore
taken a serious subject—the historical friendship of Damon
and Pithias

Which matter mixt with myrth and care, a iust name to applie,
As seemes most fit wee haue it termed, a Tragicall Commedie

He pays no attention to later critics, does not divide his play
into acts, and passes over an interval of two months without
any break except such as could be understood from the
dialogue, even Damon's *exit* being left to be implied from his
farewell speech. About this point, where the serious interest
of the play first culminates, the dialogue follows the manner
and matter of Seneca. We have a long passage of rather
halting stichomythia, in which Eubulus offers to Dionysius the

same counsels of prudence and mercy that Seneca gives to Nero in the *Octavia* (463-9)

Dion Let Fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyue in safetie
Eub The onely meane to that, is to use mercie
Dion A milde Prince the people despiseth
Eub A cruell kynge the people hateth.
Dion Let them hate me, so they feare mee.
Eub That is not the way to lyue in safetie.
Dion My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse
Eub That is soone: procured by mercy and gentillesse
Dion Dionisius ought to be feared
Eub Better for him to be welbeloued
Dion Fortune maketh all things subiect to my power.
Eub Beleue her not she is a light Goddesse, she can laugh &
 lowe

These maxims, taken directly from Seneca, are marked for special attention according to the practice of early editions, and there is no doubt that the author was proud of them. For two or three hundred lines he continues in this serious vein, unbroken except by the remark of Gronno the hangman to Damon

Because your eyes haue made suche a doo,
 I wyl knock down this your Lantern, & shut up your shop
 window too

The parting of Damon and Pithias is managed with some pathos, though it only needs a touch of exaggeration to convert it into a travesty like the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Pith. My Damon, farewell, the Gods haue thee in keeping
Dam. Oh my Pithias, my Pledge farewell, I parte from thee
 weeping

But ioyfull at my day appoynted I wyl retourne agayne,
 When I wyl deliuer thee from all trouble and paine.
 Stephano wyl I leaue behinde me to wayte upon thee in prison
 alone,
 And I whom fortune hath reserued to this miserie, wyl walke home,
 Ah my Pithias, my Pledge, my life, my friend, farewell.

Pith. Farewell my Damon

Dam Loth I am to depaite, sith sobbes my trembling tounge
doth stay,

Oh Musicke, sounde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way
But once Damon is gone on his two months' reprieve, we
return to the beating and boxing and other comic business of
the stage—the bombast breeches of Jacke and Wyll, and then
shaving of Grimme the Collier, who 'singeth Busse' to the
tune of

Too nidden and toodle toodle doo nidden,

and is robbed of his money and 'Debenters' Then the
Muses sing

Alas what happe hast thou poore Pithias now to die,
Wo worth the which man for his death hath geuen us cause to crie

Eubulus bears the other part in this odd lament, which is
immediately followed by the preparations for the execution of
Pithias His final speech is not ineffective, protesting his faith
in the absent Damon, whom he addresses thus

Oh my Damon farewell now for euer, a true friend to me most
deare.

Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth shall styll talke of thee,
And when I am dead my simple ghost true witnes of amitie
Shall hoouer about the place wheresoeuer thou bee

Gionno congratulates himself on the excellence of the garments
of which he despoils Pithias, and the scene continues

Gronno. Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessing like
a pretie boy,

And with a trise thy head from thy shoulders I will conuay

Here entreth Damon running & stayes the sword.

Damon. Stay, stay, stay, for the kinges aduantage stay,
Oh mightie kyng, myne appoynted time is not yet fully past,
Within the compasse of myne houre loe, here, I come at last :
A life I owe, a life I wyll you pay :

Oh my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende,
Ah wo is me for Damons sake, how neare were thou to thy ende
Geue place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play,
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay

After the pardon of the two friends by Dionysius we have 'the last song' with the refrain

The Lorde graunt hei such findes most noble Queene Elizabeth.

We are at a loss to understand the enthusiasm of Edwards's contemporaries for his work, because we cannot dismiss from our minds the tragedy of Marlowe and Shakespeare of a generation later, but, to be just to this early Elizabethan 'tragicall commedie', we should compare it, not with what followed, but with what had gone before. Its superiority is then apparent the omission of abstract characters is in itself an enormous gain, and gives the play a naturalness and directness impossible so long as the conventions of the moralities were retained. Edwards did not dispense with the comic stage business because he could not do without it. Such dramatic talent as he had was for comedy rather than tragedy, and he had to rely on scenes of rough humour to fill out his play and hold the attention of his audience. The prologue to *Damon and Pythias* shows that he had ambitions for the serious drama. Apparently the 'toyes . . . in commycall wise' he had written before had given offence.

A soden change is wrought,
For loe, our Authours Muse, that masked in delight,
Hath forst his Penne agaynst his kinde, no more suche sportes to
write.

He hoped to achieve success in the serious drama by skill in characterization, and so far his ambition was well-directed but he had not the ability to make any considerable progress in the way he had marked out for himself. His serious characters are superficially drawn, and have no vitality, in critical situations they lack tragic dignity and intensity. Edwards had not sufficient command over the means of emotional expression to give tragic interest to a character or situation, and his pathos, simple to the point of artlessness, trembles dangerously near the edge of the ridiculous. It is, perhaps, to his credit that he made no attempt to introduce the tragic passions and sensational situations of Seneca to the English stage, for it was

a task to which his powers were ill-suited. He evidently knew Seneca, and he must have known of *Gorboduc*, which had been twice acted, though not yet printed, at the time when *Damon and Pithias* was performed. It was the other side of Elizabethan tragedy he helped to develop—its popular appeal, and the setting of a serious theme amid scenes of rough humour, lively stage business, and popular ditties to be sung by the Children of the Chapel.

Palamon and Arcite

It seems likely enough that if we had Edwards's lost play of *Palamon and Arcite*, we should think more highly of his powers as a writer of serious drama. The play attracted considerable attention at its performance before the Queen in Christ Church Hall on September 2nd and 4th, 1566, partly on account of an unfortunate accident on the first day, by which three men were killed and others injured owing to the collapse of a stairway as the audience was crowding in. From Wood's report of the Queen's comments and the Latin accounts of Bereblock and Robinson,¹ we can make up a tolerable version of the plot, which was founded upon Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, possibly through an intermediate Latin version, though Robinson's statement to this effect may be merely an error on his part.

Apparently the play began with the two knights already in prison, and the Lady Emilia gathering flowers prettily in a garden represented on the stage, and singing sweetly in the time of March [? May]. Both the knights fell in love with her, and contended fiercely with each other in prison. Arcite, who was 'a right marshall knight, having a swart countenance and a manly face', was released through the intervention of Peirtheus, and banished, but heeding not the penalty of death, he returned in a meaner garb, and called himself Philostate, no task being so vile that it was not made sweet to him by the presence of Emilia. Meanwhile, Palamon escaped by drugging his guard, and hid in the woods,

¹ Printed in *Elizabethan Oxford* by Charles Plummer, and translated with comments by W. Y. Durand, *Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. iv, and *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, vol. xx.

where he met Arcite, and was on the point of fighting with him when the battle was checked by the intervention of Theseus, who came upon them as he was hunting Palamon told who he was, and at the entreaty of the ladies, his life was spared by Theseus, who gave the knights fourteen days to prepare for a combat for Emilia's hand. The first part of the play apparently ended with this hunting scene, which was much admired. Wood says — 'In the said Play was acted a cry of Hounds in the quadrant, upon the train of a Fox in the hunting of Theseus. with which the young Scholars who stood in the remoter parts of the Stage, and in the windows, were so much taken and surpriz'd (supposing it had been real) that they cried out, *there, there,—he's caught, he's caught,—* All which the Queen merrily beholding, said, *O excellent! those Boys in very troth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the Hounds.*'

At the second day's performance, a gallant show was made at the lists, Arcite being supported by Emetrius, King of India, with a hundred knights, and Palamon by as many under the Thracian Lycurgus, though the issue was to be decided by single combat between the two chief contestants. Three altars were set up, and Emilia prayed to Diana, Arcite to Mars, and Palamon to Venus. In the duel (of which Bereblock gives a lively description, partly copied from Livy's account of the contest between the Horatii and the Curatii, I. xxv) Palamon at last sank under his bloody wounds, which were visible to every one, and in lofty eloquence reproached Venus for deserting him. Moved by the tears and entreaties of Venus, Saturn slew Arcite with subterranean fire as he went in triumph crowned with laurel. There was a great funeral, at which the actor of Perethous aroused the Queen's admiration by throwing St. Edward's rich cloak on to the pyre, and saying with an oath, 'Go, fool,' when a bystander would have stayed his arm. By common consent, Emilia was betrothed to Palamon, amid the applause of the spectators, the hall being now densely crowded. The Queen 'gave Mr. Edwards, the maker thereof, great thanks for his pains', and rewarded the 'pretty boy' who played Emilia with eight angels.

Among the other parts commended by the Queen was Trecatio 'God's pity, what a knave it is', he was evidently a comic character, perhaps, as Mr Duand suggests, like the

Stephano of *Damon and Pythias* The most popular feature of the play was the hunting scene, as to which Wood has the following note

This part being repeated before certain Courtiers in the lodgings of Mr Rog. Marbeck one of the Canons of Ch Ch. by the players in their Gowns (for they were all Scholars that acted, among whom were Miles Windsore and Thom. Twyne of C C C.) before the Queen came to Oxon, was by them so well liked, that they said it far surpassed *Damon and Pythias*, than which, they thought, nothing could be better. Likewise some said that if the Author did proceed to make more Plays before his Death, he would run mad But this it seems was the last, for he lived not to finish others that he had lying by him

So far as one can judge from the extant evidence, Edwards dealt with the story of Palamon and Arcite in much the same way as he had done with that of *Damon and Pythias*, except that he had a much richer plot to work on, and was not obliged to fill in with comic business, this was accordingly subordinated, and confined, apparently, to the knave Trecatio. But Edwards still relied upon such extraneous attractions as Emilia singing in the garden, the hunting scene, the tournament, the sacrifices at the altars of Diana, Mars, and Venus, the intervention of Saturn, and the funeral pyre on which Arcite's body was burnt. How far he succeeded in giving distinct characters to Palamon, Arcite, Theseus, and Emilia, and in expressing the passions that moved them, we are unable to judge. He spent two months at the University completing the play, and supervising the preparation of the stage setting, which was of unusual magnificence. The same stage, well furnished with houses and splendidly lighted, served also for a Latin prose comedy, *Marcus Geminus*, and a Latin tragedy by Dr. James Calfhill, *Progne*, the latter opened with a prologue by Diomedes, driven from the infernal regions by furies, and foretelling dreadful crimes after the manner of the shade of Tantalus in Seneca's *Thyestes*. As the same device had been used by Coriario in his Latin tragedy,¹ it seems likely that Calfhill was indebted to

¹ See p. xxiii

him, possibly through the Italian version of Lodovico Domenichi (1561). It is noteworthy that even this courtly and academic audience preferred the native flavour of Edwards's romantic play, for *Progne* 'did not take half so well as the much admired play of *Palamon and Arcite*'

THE CLASSICAL IMPULSE.

Renascence tragedy began so late in England that it was subject to all the influences which had affected the development of the type on the Continent. Greek tragedy was, of course, accessible in the original and in translations.¹ Ascham says in *The Scholemaster* (pr 1570).

In Tragedies, . . . the *Grecians*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* far ouer match our *Seneca* in Latin, namely in *oikonomiā et Decoro*, although *Senecaes* elocution and verse be verie commendable for his tyme. And for the matters of *Hercules*, *Thebes*, *Hippolytus*, and *Troie*, his Imitation is to be gathered into the same booke, and to be tryed by the same touchstone, as is spoken before . . . Whan *M. Watson* in *S. Iohns College* at Cambrige wrote his excellent Tragedie of *Absalon*, *M. Cheke*, he and I, for that part of trew Imitation, had many pleasant talkes together, in comparing the preceptes of *Aristotle* and *Horace de Arte Poetica*, with the examples of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and *Seneca*. Few men, in writyng of Tragedies in our dayes, haue shot at this marke. Some in *England*, moe in *France*, *Germanie*, and *Italie*, also haue written Tragedies in our tyme. of the which, not one I am sure is able to abyde the trew touch of *Aristotles* preceptes, and *Euripides* examples, saue onely two, that euer I saw, *M. Watsons Absalon*, and *Georgius Buchananus Iephthe*.

Buchanan's *Jephthes* (pr 1554) and *Johannes Baptistes* (pr. 1576) were commended also by Sidney in the *Apology for Poetry* and by R. Wilmot in the preface to the revised edition of

¹ See Churton Collins, *Studies in Shakespeare*, pp. 39-42, as to the Latin translations of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, known in England at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and pp. 13-15 as to the teaching of Greek in Elizabethan schools. Ascham, writing from Cambridge in 1542 to his friend Brandesby, says: 'Sophocles et Euripides sunt hic familiariores quam olim Plautus fuerat, quum tu hic eras.'

Tancred and Gismund (1592). The *Absalon* Ascham mentions as withheld by Watson from publication 'because, *in locis paribus*, *Anapestus* istwice or thrise used in stede of *Iambus*', is perhaps identical with a Latin tragedy in the British Museum, MS 957. Latin plays on scriptural subjects were also written by Nicholas Grimoald or Grimaldi, — *Christus Redivivus*, acted at Oxford in 1542, and *Archipropheta*, printed at Cologne in 1548, the latter is said to be an adaptation of a tragedy (also printed at Cologne, 1546) by Jacob Schoepper of Dortmund. Beza's *Abraham's Sacrifice* and John Knox's *Christ Triumphant* appeared in English versions in 1577 and 1578 respectively. Ascham at one time (*Epistle* xv) proposed to translate all Sophocles into Latin, and he is said to have done the *Philoctetes*, but his version has not survived. Gabriel Harvey in a manuscript note in his copy of Gascoigne (now in the Bodleian Library) commends the Latin translation by Thomas Watson (not identical with the one mentioned above) of Sophocles' *Antigone* (pr. 1581) as 'magnifice acta solenni ritu et uerè tragico apparatu'. Translations of the Greek plays into English were rare, though a version of the *Iphigenia at Aulis* by Lady Lumley (d. 1577) has survived in manuscript, and has been recently printed by the Malone Society. George Peele, when at Christ Church, Oxford, made a translation of the *Iphigenia*, but which *Iphigenia* it was, and whether the translation was in Latin or English does not appear. He was also associated after he left the University with William Gager, whose *Meleager* (acted 1581, pr. 1592) and *Dido* (acted 1583, pr. 1592) excited a lively controversy, lasting to the end of the century, as to the production of plays by university students, but by this time the fate of English tragedy had been decided by Kyd, Marlowe, and Shakespeare. In any case, the influence of these classical imitations and translations could only be exerted in a direction already sufficiently determined by English tragedies of greater influence and wider circulation.

Gorboduc

Acted at the Christmas Revels of the Inner Temple in 1561-2 and repeated on January 18, 1562, before the Queen at Whitehall, published first surreptitiously in 1565 and then in an authorized edition in 1570-1, *Gorboduc* has a claim for consideration which has been fully acknowledged. Sidney praised it in a passage of the *Apology* too familiar for repetition, and Pope commended it for 'a propriety in sentiments, a dignity in the sentences, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, in a word, that chastity, correctness, and gravity of style which are so essential to tragedy, and which all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakespeare himself, either little understood or perpetually neglected'. In this appreciation Pope followed Rymer, and was followed by Thomas Warton. Among recent critics Mr. Courthope has shown the clearest conception of the aims and achievements of the authors. Norton and Sackville were both young men who had won some poetical fame as undergraduates at Oxford, and Sackville's contributions to the *Mirror for Magistrates* (1559) must have stood out from the first, by their grave beauty and majesty of style, among the tedious versifying of his fellows in that monumental work. It is natural to ascribe to him the adoption of blank verse and its establishment as the characteristic metre of English tragedy, though Norton is given credit by the printer of the first edition for the first three acts of the play, and Dr. H. A. Watt¹ in a careful examination of metrical characteristics finds reasons in support of this division of authorship. Sackville was the younger man, but it is difficult to believe that his was not the controlling personality, in view of the character of Norton's other literary work. Both were members of Elizabeth's first Parliament and were keenly interested in politics, Norton being apparently Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons which in January, 1563, drew up a petition 'for

¹ Doctor's thesis, published by the University of Wisconsin, 1910, *Gorboduc, or, Ferrex and Porrex*

Limitation of the Succession' to be presented to the Queen¹ In the text, in the dumb shows, and even in the argument of the tragedy, there are numerous suggestions to Elizabeth that she ought to provide the throne with an heir. So, when *Palamon and Arcite* was acted, and Emilia, in answer to her prayer for a virgin life, received a divine admonition to marry, the spectators doubtless gave the oracle a personal interpretation in accordance with their own desires. The allusions to the contemporary political situation in *Gorboduc* are much more direct, and it is not too much to say that this was one of the main things the dramatists had in mind in writing the play. The political disquisitions which the reader of to-day finds so tedious had a very immediate interest to the courtiers and lawyers who first heard them. It was probably this opportunity for political generalizations with a very direct personal application which determined the choice of the subject rather than the superficial parallel to Seneca's *Thebais*. The form of the drama is, indeed, Senecan, but the parallel passages (which are set forth in detail in Dr. Watt's notes in this volume) are neither numerous nor important. The adoption of a native subject is noteworthy, and was perhaps due to Sackville's interest in the *Mirror for Magistrates*. Even more significant is the wide canvas employed, and the absolute disregard of the unities of time and place, which grieved Sidney 'because it might not remaine as an exact model of all Tragedies'. It was the 'stately speeches and well sounding Phrases, clyming to the height of *Seneca* his stile' that won Sidney's admiration, and it was no doubt in this quality of decorum and dignity that the tragedy exercised the greatest influence, apart from such devices as the dumb show and the chorus, which were taken over by the immediate successors of *Gorboduc* in the precise form devised by Norton and Sackville. In other respects, the authors, especially Sackville, made beginnings—though little more than beginnings—which were to be developed into the peculiar merits of Elizabethan tragedy. Sackville deals freely with the incidents of the plot, so as to

¹ See note on p. 298 (*Arg.* 7-9) and 305-6.

give significance and distinction to his characters. Ferrex and Porrex are recognizable personalities, not merely interchangeable parts, like Edwards's Damon and Pithias. Marcella, too, is something more than the messenger of classical tradition. Lamb's suggestion that 'the murdered prince Porrex and she had been lovers' is perhaps hardly justified by the text, but undoubtedly her lament over him has a romantic and personal flavour very welcome in the midst of so much general reflection, moral platitude, and political argument. She recalls 'the fauour of his comely face', 'his princely chere and countenance', 'his faire and seemely personage',

His noble limmes in such proportion cast
As would haue wrapt a sillie womans thought;

Ah noble prince, how oft haue I behelde
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling stede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistresse sleue tied on thy helme,
And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe!
How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace!
How oft in armes on foote to breake the sworde,
Which neuer now these eyes may see againe.

In these lines we have the first promise—slight but clear—of a new form of art

Jocasta

Jocasta, presented by Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh at Gray's Inn, in 1566, has lost the main title to consideration it claimed at its first appearance, viz that it was a translation from Euripides. It is only in the present generation that this claim was shown to be misleading¹, as a matter of fact *Jocasta* follows, page by page, and line by line, the *Grocasta* of Lodovico Dolce already noted². Even Dolce did not translate from the original Greek, but took a Latin version, and dealt with it

¹ By Professor J. P. Mahaffy in *Euripides (Classical Writers)*, pp. 134-5.

² See p. xxxvi.

in his own independent fashion. The changes he made were, however, not important. For the Euripidean prologue by Jocasta he substituted an expository conversation between Jocasta and an old servant, the *παῖδαγωγός* of Antigone became the 'Bailo di Polynice'. 'Bailo', which is the regular Venetian word for a governor or tutor, is retained in the English version, but the service is transferred in the stage directions to Antigone, though the reference to Polynices remains in the text.¹ It is odd that this confusion and the Italian word 'Bailo' did not put the critics of *Jocasta* on the right scent as to its origin. Warton's criticism, just and adequate as it is in other respects, is somewhat ludicrously marred by his supposition that there was no intermediary between Euripides and the translators.

It must, however, be observed, that this is by no means a just or exact translation of the *Jocasta*, that is the *Phoenissae*, of Euripides. It is partly a paraphrase, and partly an abridgement, of the Greek tragedy. There are many omissions, retrenchments, and transpositions. The chorus, the characters, and the substance of the story, are entirely retained, and the tenor of the dialogue is often preserved through whole scenes. Some of the beautiful odes of the Greek chorus are neglected, and others substituted in their places, newly written by the translators. In the favorite address to Mars, Gascoigne has totally deserted the rich imagery of Euripides, yet has found means to form an original ode, which is by no means destitute of pathos or imagination. . . . I am of opinion, that our translators thought the many mythological and historical allusions in the Greek chorus, too remote and unintelligible, perhaps too cumbersome, to be exhibited in English. In the ode to *Concord*, which finishes the fourth act, translated by Kinwelmeishe, there is great elegance of expression and versification. It is not in Euripides.

The passages which are not in Euripides are, of course, in Dolce, and all that we can credit to Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh is the smoothness of the English rendering. The translators followed their Italian original as closely as they could, occasionally they misunderstood a passage, usually where either the

¹ See p. 78, line 5, and note thereon.

Latin translator or Dolce had failed to convey the meaning of Euripides with sufficient clearness. In some cases we can trace the steps by which the original Greek has descended into nonsense or platitude, but such instances (given in detail in the notes to this edition) are not sufficient, even when combined with the slight changes introduced by Dolce, to rob the play of its effectiveness. The *Phœmssæ* is, in Paley's opinion, 'overloaded with action,' and this fault (if fault it be) no doubt helped to commend *Jocasta* to Elizabethan spectators and readers. Gabriel Harvey wrote the following judgement in his own copy 'An excellent Tragedie full of many discreet, wise and deep considerations. *Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragedia vincit*' It was again the philosophical reflections and the dignity of the dialogue that impressed a public eager for the introduction of these classical virtues into English literature. The stir and movement of the action, the sensational situations, and the romantic sacrifice of Menœceus appealed to dramatic tastes already firmly established. These qualities are, of course, due to Euripides, and not to Dolce, or to his translators. The members of Gray's Inn added nothing except the argument (done by Gascoigne), the Epilogue (by Christopher Yelverton), and the dumb shows, which, like the blank verse, are undoubtedly due to the example of *Gorboduc*. Though the play is divided into acts and scenes, the action, like that of the *Phœmssæ*, is continuous, the four Gentlewomen who compose the Chorus remaining on the stage from their entrance in Act I to the end of the tragedy. The scene represented a palace front, with the gates called Electrae on one side, and the gates Homoloydes on the other, the former leading to the city, and the latter to the camp of Polynices. The play was acted on a scaffold, as *Gorboduc* had been, and there was a grave in it, from which flames burst forth in the second dumb show, this served also, no doubt, for the gulf into which Curtius leapt in the third dumb show. Beside these spectacular effects, there were marches and processions about the stage, both in the dumb shows and in the tragedy itself. *Jocasta* was attended at her

first entry by twelve gentlemen and eight gentlewomen, Antigone by three gentlewomen and her governor, Eteocles by twenty gentlemen in armour and two pages, one bearing his target, the other his helm, Creon by four gentlemen, the Priest by sixteen bacchanals 'and all his iytes and ceremonies'. There was an orchestra consisting of flutes, cornets, trumpets, drums, fifes, stillpipes, 'violles, cythren, bandurion, and such like' Altogether, the play must have provided a gorgeous and exciting spectacle, and have produced an impression not unworthy of Gray's Inn, 'an House', the Queen said on another occasion, 'she was much beholden unto, for that it did always study for some spoits to present unto her'

Gismond of Salerne

Gismond of Salerne, acted at the Inner Temple in 1567-8, has come down to us in two manuscripts, as well as in the revised version made by R. Wilmot, and printed in 1591 under the title *Tancred and Gismunda*, in which the dumb shows (presented at the performance but not included in the manuscripts) are described, and the rhyming lines of the original version are recast into blank verse 'according to the decorum of these daies'. From the printed edition we learn that the author of the first act was Rod Staf.¹, of the second, Hen[ry] No[el], of the third, G. Al, of the fourth, Ch[ristopher] Hat[ton], of the fifth R[obert] W[ilmot]—all, presumably, members of the Inner Temple. The title of the Lansdowne manuscript, *Gismond of Salerne in Loue*, indicates the special claim of this play upon our notice, indeed, its first editor, Wilmot, drew attention to it with the remark. 'in poetiy, there is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than is the matter of love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was' This is the first English love tragedy that has survived, though it seems likely that it was not the first written. Arthur Brooke, in

¹ Probably the 'Master Stafford' who was fined £5 in 1556-7 for refusing to act as Marshal.

the preface to his poem *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, said that he had seen the same argument 'lately set foorth on stage', and Dr Harold de W. Fuller believes that there was an English play on the subject, composed between 1559 and 1562, and now represented by a Dutch version, written about 1630, entitled *Romeo en Juliette*.¹ On Feb 4, 156½, Brooke was given special admission to the Inner Temple without payment 'in consideration of certain plays and shows in Christmas last, set forth by him' Was the original *Romeo and Juliet* acted then? If so, it has perished, for though Dr Fuller's argument is ingenious, his conclusion involves too much hypothesis for us to treat this Dutch version very seriously. *Gismond of Salerne* holds its place as the first English tragedy founded on an Italian novel, and the first with two people in love with each other as hero and heroine.

The story is that of Boccaccio's first novel of the fourth day of the *Decameron*, and had been dramatized as early as 1499 by Cammelli, as already noted, but to this version our authors were in no way indebted. As I have shown elsewhere,² they went directly to the Italian of Boccaccio, and did not rely, as was formerly supposed, on the English version of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. Boccaccio's *Ghismonda* would make a magnificent tragic heroine in the hands of a capable dramatist, but the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple were at one in their determination to treat her as a victim not merely of her father's despotic cruelty, but of her own ill-regulated passions. 'Herein they all agree, commending virtue, detesting vice, and lively deciphering their overthrow that suppress not their unruly affections' Wilmot, who held two livings in Essex between the performance of the tragedy and its publication, was able to dedicate it to two 'Right Worshipful and Virtuous Ladies', and to use it, indeed, as an introduction to their notice, 'persuading myself, there is nothing more welcome to your wisdoms than the knowledge of wise, grave, and worthy matters, tending to

¹ See *Modern Philology*, vol. iv, pp. 75-120.

² *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, vol. xxi, pp. 435-61.

the good instructions of youths, of whom you are mothers.' The moral purpose of the authors is made sufficiently clear in the choruses and epilogue, so that even 'her Majesty's right Honourable maidens', who were present at the first performance, could hear it without offence. This concession to Elizabethan morality, no doubt, saved the credit of the authors and gratified their audience, but it made the task of dramatizing Boccaccio's novel far more difficult. They had to omit some passages and transpose others, and Boccaccio's conception of the character of his heroine was modified in such a way as to gain in moral significance, but to lose in artistic effect. The whole of the first act is given up to setting forth Gismond's disconsolate widowhood—not a very good beginning for a romantic heroine—and the change of the hero from 'un giovane valletto' to 'the Counté Paluine' takes away an artistic contrast and resource. The magnificent speech of Boccaccio's heroine in defiance of her father thus loses a good deal of its point and effectiveness. The gaps made by these omissions from the original story, however, had the advantage (as the authors no doubt considered it) of allowing them to fill in with material from more reputable sources. In Seneca and his Italian imitators romantic heroines were hard to find, but victims of guilty passion were common. They accordingly opened the play with a passage translated from Dolce's *Didone*, and borrowed extensively from the *Phædra* and other tragedies of Seneca. The result is a mosaic of Boccaccio, Dolce, Seneca, and English moralizing, not very skilfully fitted together, inferior in solemn eloquence to *Gorboduc*, and in dramatic effectiveness to *Jocasta*. Yet the play was regarded at the time as a remarkable achievement, for William Webbe, who as the author of *A Discourse of English Poetrie* was entitled to some consideration, says in a letter to Wilmot

The tragedy was by them [the Inner-Temple gentlemen] most pithily framed, and no less curiously acted in view of her Majesty, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as of the whole honourable audience notably applauded · yea, and of all men generally desired, as a work, either in stateliness of show, depth of conceit, or true

ornaments of poetical art, inferior to none of the best in that kind no, were the Roman Seneca the censurer

It is hard to see upon what Webbe based his judgement, unless he regarded as 'true ornaments of the poetical art' the passages copied from Seneca. We have, as in the earlier plays, a chorus of four, and there was the usual attempt to make up for the lack of dramatic gift by the provision of spectacles—'stateliness of show,' as Webbe puts it. Cupid came down from heaven to speak the prologue, and Megæia came up from hell to open Act IV. The dumb shows offered the usual combination of gorgeous vesture, elaborate allegory, and appropriate music. At the opening of the play, according to the stage direction of the printed edition, 'Cupid cometh out of the heavens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth upon the stage, in a blue twist of silk, from his left hand, Vain Hope, Brittle Joy. and with a carnation twist of silk from his right hand, Fair Resemblance, Late Repentence'. The subsequent dumb shows were more realistic in character, and set forth the incidents of the following acts in pantomime, like the dumb show of the play within the play in *Hamlet*. The *Introductio in Actum Quantum* will serve for an example.

Before this act was a dead march played, during which entered on the stage Renuchio, Captain of the Guard, attended upon by the guard. They took up Guiscard from under the stage, then after Guiscard had kindly taken leave of them all, a strangling-cord was fastened about his neck, and he haled forth by them. Renuchio bewaileth it, and then, entering in, bringeth forth a standing cup of gold, with a bloody heart reeking hot in it, and then saith, *ut sequitur*.

In Senecan sensationalism the authors were certainly not lacking, and though it seems somewhat perfunctory for the manuscript versions to inform the audience in the epilogue by way of parenthesis that Tancred 'now himself hath slayen', the final speech in Wilmot's edition, in which Tancred first puts out his eyes and then kills himself, is not altogether an improvement.

It seems almost sacrilege to suggest such a pitiful predecessor as this for *Romeo and Juliet*, but there is a good deal of bloodshed (beside much else) in Shakespeare's play, and I am inclined to agree with Mr Brooke that 'fundamentally it belongs to the progeny of Senecan tragedy'.¹ In the use of the chorus and the concentration of the action, Shakespeare shows a conscious, if inconsiderable, submission to classical convention. So much may be said without forgetting the enormous gulf in poetic and dramatic quality which sunders *Romeo and Juliet* from *Gismond of Salerne*. The earlier attempt to present an Italian love-story in the form of a tragedy leaves Shakespeare's achievement hardly less marvellous than if we regard it as having no predecessor.

The Misfortunes of Arthur.

Elaborate dumb shows, prepared by Francis Bacon and other members of Gray's Inn, formed, if one may judge from the title *Certaine deuises and shewes* &c.², the most important feature of *The Misfortunes of Arthur* at its first representation in 1588. For us the main significance of the play consists in the imitation of Seneca's form and the wholesale adoption of his material, the maintenance of the traditional blank verse, and the return to a native subject in what we now call the Arthurian legend, though the dramatist doubtless regarded it as part of the national history. Like the authors of *Gorboduc*, Thomas Hughes used Geoffrey of Monmouth as his main source, but he also consulted Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and found there some additional motives such as the incestuous birth of Mordred (who in Geoffrey is Arthur's nephew) and the mutual slaughter of father and son. These sensational situations were doubtless welcomed by Hughes as helping to bring his theme up to the proper pitch of Senecan horror. He chose as his model the most popular and the most gruesome of Seneca's tragedies, the *Thyestes*, and the shade of Tantalus appears once

¹ *The Tudor Drama*, p. 221

² See p. 219

more (this time in the shape of Gorlois) to speak the prologue, half a dozen lines of which are literally translated from the Latin. The general relation of Guenevora to Mordred is modelled upon that of Seneca's Clytemnestra to Aegisthus, but the sayings of other Senecan heroines—Phaedra, Medea, Deianira, and Jocasta—are also taken over, so that in one speech of twenty-eight lines, only one can be put down to the credit of the author, all the rest being translated from Seneca. It seems impossible to carry the borrowing of Senecan material further, and indeed Hughes was hindered in the development of his characters by the fetters he imposed upon his own invention. Not only are Arthur, Mordred, and Guenevora hedged round with confidants and counsellors, but they have apophthegms assigned to them taken from so many and so different Senecan characters that all impression of individuality is in danger of being lost. This is the more to be regretted because Hughes was not without the power of uniting dignity with pathos when the situation demanded the combination towards which English tragedy had so long been groping its way. Mordred and Guenevora are, perhaps, merely Senecan types, but Arthur in the final scenes shows some hint of that mysterious personality, which is indeed implied in Malory, but might easily have escaped the Elizabethan transcriber. The versification of the play, too, shows some advance, especially in the attempt to copy Seneca's stichomythia. The chorus, four in number according to established tradition, recite each a stanza in turn, and this division of the chorus, which occurs also in the dialogue of the fifth act, is the one innovation Hughes has introduced. He was indeed a desperate imitator, and such wholesome borrowing carried its own punishment in the defeat of its purpose—unless that purpose were merely to impress a courtly audience with the author's familiarity with Seneca. This excessive devotion to Seneca's text, as well as the late date of the play, probably robbed it of any influence on the popular stage, which had by this time begun to go its own way.

UNION OF THE CLASSICAL AND THE POPULAR IMPULSE.

The building of the Theatre and the Curtain in 1576-7 marked the formal establishment of the drama as a popular amusement, and gave opportunity for the rapid development of new types of art. Elizabethan theatre-goers were apparently omnivorous in their tastes, and willing to tolerate anything except boredom. They demanded, above all, action—rapidly moving incidents, strongly marked passions, vehement rhetoric, and they were not, as a whole, refined or scholarly enough to care about the rules of the critics. This probably counted for as much in the type of tragedy ultimately developed as the classical models which the dramatists strove to imitate, though it was natural enough that the playwrights should not begin something entirely new, but should build upon what was already established in public esteem. Seneca was read at school, and was the accepted model of tragedy as Plautus was of comedy.¹ Mediaeval tradition, Senecan example, and popular taste combined to establish an ideal of tragedy which left enduring marks on the masterpieces of the type—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*. We have a curious description of some of its earlier characteristics in the Induction to *A Warning for Faire Women* (1599)

How some damn'd tyrant to obtaine a crowne,
Stabs, hangs, unpoysons, smothers, cutteth throats,
And then a Chorus too comes howling in,
And tells us of the worrying of a cat
Then [too] a filthie whining ghost
Lapt in some fowle sheete, or a leather pilch,
Comes skreaming like a pigge halfe stickt,
And cries *Vindicta*, reuenge, reuenge.

Sensational horrors, the revenge motive, the ghost, and the chorus were all found in Seneca, and, reinforced by the other

¹ Cf. Meres: 'As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so *Shakespeare* among y^e English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage'; and Polonius in *Hamlet* II. II: 'Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.'

influences mentioned, all except the chorus became established features of English tragedy. Their adoption was probably facilitated by the publication in 1581 of *Seneca His Tenne Tragedies Translated into Englysh*, though all the plays composing the volume had been previously published except the *Hercules Oetaeus* and the *Thebais*. The *Troas* had been printed in 1559, the *Thyestes* in 1560, the *Hercules Furens* in 1561, all from the pen of Jasper Heywood, the *Oedipus* was translated by Alexander Nevyle in 1560 and published in 1563, the *Octavia* was done by Thomas Nuce in 1562 and printed in 1566, the *Medea* and *Agamemnon* by John Studley appearing in the same year, the *Hippolytus* was licensed to Henry Denham in 1556-7, and was doubtless printed, though no copy of this edition is known, the *Thebais* was added in 1581 by Thomas Newton, the editor of the whole, for the sake of completeness.

The Spanish Tragedie.

It seems probable that Senecan tragedy, modified for production on the public stage, was the first kind of drama to win a conspicuous share of public favour. Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, has this sneering reference to the prejudices of the old-fashioned theatre-goer:

He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years.

The Induction was printed in 1614, so that Jonson's twenty-five or thirty years take us back to the period 1585-9, and we have the important information that at this time *The Spanish Tragedie* (obviously referred to under the name of Jeronimo) and *Titus Andronicus* were exceedingly popular plays. Jonson's testimony to the popularity of *The Spanish Tragedie* is borne out by the numerous editions—nine or ten—printed by 1633, the long list of entries in Henslowe's Diary, the additions made to it for revival, and the parodies and quotations in later dramas. The Senecan character of this famous play has been established by

a number of investigators, so that I need not stay to labour the point. Sarrazin says that '*The Spanish Tragedie* shows almost upon every page the influence of Seneca' In addition to the quotation of lines from the *Agamemnon* and the *Troas* in the original Latin,¹ Sarrazin shows that there are scraps of lines (quoted also in the original) from the *Oedipus* and the *Octavia* Mr Boas says Kyd 'had Seneca's diamas at his fingers' ends In *The Spanish Tragedie* almost every one of them is drawn upon The beginning of the Induction is modelled upon the opening scene in the *Thyestes* . The opening eleven lines of Act III are a paraphrase of seventeen lines in the *Agamemnon*, and in I iii 7, and III xiii 72, we have reminiscences of phrases in the *Phaedra* and the *Octavia* ' Mr Brooke describes *The Spanish Tragedie* as 'in many ways a much truer representative of Seneca than confessed imitations like *Ferrex and Porrex*'. This seems to be putting the case strongly, but it is not an exaggeration in the sense intended Kyd gave Senecan tragedy currency and carrying power He adopted all the features suitable to the popular stage—the horrors and sensationalism, ghosts and furies, madmen and desperate villains, stirring rhetoric, poetical description, and philosophical reflection—so far as he could, and so far as the public would tolerate them. Andrea's ghost and Revenge, which he substituted for the Chorus, are, in a sense, also taken from Seneca, but it is obvious that they are far more effective than the Chorus as a dramatic device. Kyd saw, too, the necessity of allowing the audience to see the action with their own eyes instead of having it described by messengers, though he retained the messenger to report events that could not very well be represented, such as the battle described in the opening scene.² He elaborated and diversified the incidents, sometimes, as at the end of the play, to an extravagant extent, he added the popular motive

¹ Noted in the Appendix to my essay, *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy*.

² 'The speeches of the Senecan messenger are here Kyd's general model, but many details are borrowed from Garnier's description of the battle of Thapsus'—Boas, Introduction, p. xxxii.

of romantic passion, and showed some gift for its expression, above all, as Mr Boas rightly insists, he had a real dramatic faculty, an eye for striking situations and stage effects. He had no great gift of characterization or psychological analysis, but he was able to present a series of telling scenes which held the attention and imprinted themselves on the memory of playgoers for a whole generation.

NASHE'S ATTACK

It will be convenient to consider at this point a passage in Nashe's prefatory epistle to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589), which has been often discussed, but is too important not to be once more reproduced. Nashe's letter is addressed 'to the gentlemen students of both universities', and is directed, in the first instance, to stir up their resentment at the pretensions of those who have not had the advantage of a college education. 'Some deepe read Grammarians', who have 'no more learning in their scull, than will serue to take up a commoditie', are employed to write for the popular stage, and '(mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbraue better pens with the swelling bumbast of a biagging blanke verse'

It is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indeuors of Art, that could scarcele latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede, yet English *Seneca* read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so forth. and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches. But ô grieffe! *tempus edax rerum*, what's that will last alwaies? The sea exhaled by dropes will in continuance be drie, and *Seneca* let bloud line by line and page by page, at length must needes die to our stage which makes his famisht followers to imitate the Kidde in *Æsop*, who enamored with the Foxes newfangles, forsooke all hopes of life to leape into a new occupation; and these men renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations. wherein how poorelie they haue plodded, (as those that are neither prouenzall

men, nor are able to distinguish of Articles,) let all indifferent Gentlemen that haue trauailed in that tongue, discern by their twopenie pamphlets & no meruaile though their home-born mediocritie be such in this matter, for what can be hoped of those, that thrust *Elisium* into hell, and haue not learned so long as they haue liued in the speares, the iust measure of the Horizon without an hexameter Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verse with ifs and ands, & othei while for recreation after their candle stuffe, hauing starched their beaides most curiouslie, to make a peripateticall path into the inner parts of the Citie, & spend two or three howers in turning ouer French *Douche*, where they attract more infection in one minute. than they can do eloquence all dayes of their life, by conuersing with anie Authois of like argument

There has been a wealth of learning expended on this passage, most of which will be found summarized in Mr. R. B. McKerrow's edition of Nashe's works; but it cannot be said that the allusions have been altogether cleared up. The main points advanced in support of the view that Kyd is the person or one of the persons against whom the attack is directed may, however, be indicated

(1) Kyd was not, so far as is known, a university man. He attended the Merchant Taylors' School, and might therefore be included among the 'deepe read Grammarians . . . that neuer ware gowne in the Universitie'

(2) His father was a scrivener.

(3) He wrote blank verse for the popular stage and imitated Seneca. There is nothing to prove that he used the English translation, but he might have done so, if he had needed it

(4) *The Spanish Tragedie* was an exceedingly popular play at the time of Nashe's attack.

(5) In *The Spanish Tragedie* I. i. 73 'the faire Elizian Greene' is associated with 'the deepest hell'.

(6) In *The Spanish Tragedie* II. i. 120-3, there are four consecutive lines beginning with 'and', and in III. III. 99-101, three beginning with 'if'. In II. i. 77 Lorenzo exclaims 'what, Villaine, ifs and ands'?

(7) Kyd is identified by Mr Boas as the T.K. who in 1588 published a slim pamphlet translating Tasso's *Padre di Famiglia* with many mistakes

(8) The allusion to 'the Kidde in *Æsop*' is paralleled by Jonson's reference to 'sporting Kyd'.

It is, of course, not necessary for the identification that Nashe's taunts should be well founded, but merely that they should be as near the truth as this unscrupulous pamphleteer was in the habit of sailing. One important fact we glean from the passage quoted is that there was in 1589 a play on the subject of *Hamlet* containing many 'tragical speeches' imitated from Seneca. The most likely way of access to the story of *Hamlet* would be through Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques* (1571), and this is possibly what is meant by the reference to 'French *Doudie*', who is evidently an author, and not, as some have supposed, a woman, of ill-fame. But we must not allow ourselves to be drawn aside into a discussion of the *Ur-Hamlet* problem. It is enough to say that the play upon which presumably Shakespeare's masterpiece was founded was obviously a drama of *The Spanish Tragedie* type with Kyd's sensational incidents—murders, plots, madness, real and assumed—and Kyd's favourite devices—the ghost and the play within the play.

Titus Andronicus AND THE HISTORY PLAYS.

Andronicus, which Jonson mentions as the other popular success of 1585-9, must have been either a play on which Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* was founded, or a competing tragedy on the same subject. It seems unnecessary to our purpose to discuss Shakespeare's share in the *Titus Andronicus* published in 1594, or the relation of this to the German and Dutch dramas which have been so carefully analysed by Dr. Fuller¹. Those who deny the Shakespearean authorship seem to lose sight of the popularity of this type of play at the beginning of Shakespeare's career, and to disregard its excellence

¹ *Modern Language Association Publications*, vol. xvi, pp. 1-65.

in its kind, because they do not like the kind. The inclusion of *Titus Andronicus* in the list of Meires as well as in the first folio would be in any case hard to get over, and Professor G. P. Baker's appreciation of its dramatic qualities¹ should carry conviction to any one who has made himself familiar with the literary and dramatic conditions of the time. I should be inclined to give to this play rather than to *The Spanish Tragedie* the attainment of perfection in the Senecan style. Mr. Boas (Introduction, lxxi) makes a series of very careful distinctions between the characteristics of the two dramas, and some of his points are surely well taken. In general the two dramas belong to the same Senecan school: there are quotations from Seneca's Latin text in *Titus Andronicus*, as there are in *The Spanish Tragedie*, and there are also passages imitated from Seneca. There are in both plays sensational horrors, but Kyd 'never glances at the grosser side of sexual relationships'. *Titus Andronicus* deals largely with this theme, and so does Seneca: the source of the horrible banquet of v. iii is obviously the *Thyestes*. The highly polished versification, the lively touches of natural description, and the weight and beauty of the reflective passages—the redeeming qualities of *Titus Andronicus* which are absent from Kyd's work—are Senecan characteristics. Churton Collins, commenting upon the passages imitated from Seneca in *Titus Andronicus*,² pointed out that the resemblance in tone and style was no less striking than the identity of content. 'In his earlier plays, where the influence of Seneca is most perceptible, Shakespeare's style is often as near a counterpart in English of Seneca's style in Latin as can be.'³

The most important advance in *Titus Andronicus* and the group of early history plays with which it is naturally associated is in characterization. Aaron and Richard of Gloucester may well have owed something to Seneca's Atreus, but the main

¹ *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*

² As noted in my essay *u. s.*

³ *Studies in Shakespeare*, p. 26

impulse to the development of these tremendous villains was doubtless due to the master hand of Marlowe. Professor Schelling in *The English Chronicle Play* points out that *The True Tragedie of Richard III* (1594) is 'tinged with a colour of Senecan influence whereby the play becomes alike a history and a tragedy of revenge . . . The influence of Seneca traditions and models is clear'. The same influence is to be discerned more distinctly in Thomas Legge's Latin play *Richardus Tertius* (acted at St John's College, Cambridge, in 1573, and apparently repeated in 1579 and 1582) and to a less extent in Shakespeare's *Richard III*. This is not surprising if we accept the view of Professor Churchill¹ that *Richardus Tertius* affected *The True Tragedie of Richard III*, and that this in turn was imitated by Shakespeare, but he seems to push his conclusions too far when he says that 'to Legge was due the turning of the drama in England in an entirely new direction'. The distinction he makes between 'mythical' and 'actual' English history was probably not recognized by Elizabethan dramatists, and *Gorboduc* can hardly be barred out on this plea. Meres classes *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *King John*, and even *Henry IV* among Shakespeare's tragedies, and it is hard to believe that the Elizabethans saw any difference in kind between *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* and *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*, both published in 1595. It would be tempting to build a theory on the difference between 'true' and 'lamentable', but in 1605 we have *The True Chronicle History of King Lear*. All these plays have marks of Senecan influence, especially *Locrine*, which brought on the popular stage the dumb shows of academic tragedy, with Até as chorus, two ghosts, and a duplicated revenge motive, there are numerous transcripts from Seneca, and the opening scene is imitated from *Gorboduc*. In its present shape, *Locrine* must be later than 1591,² but it is likely enough that the printed edition represents a revision of an older play. In any case it

¹ *Richard the Third up to Shakespeare, Palaestra*, vol. 2.

² *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. v, pp. 94-8.

c EARLY ENGLISH CLASSICAL TRAGEDIES

is sufficiently remarkable to find these classical features retained at so late a date along with the rough humour and stirring battle scenes derived from the older histories, which applied to the chronicles the methods of the miracle plays. In plays of this type, as in the tragedies founded upon other sources, we must recognize the combination of two very different streams of influence—that of the native drama with its vigorous hold on popular taste and tradition, and that of Senecan tragedy, which the amateur dramatists of the Inns of Court and the Universities introduced into England, and which the professional playwrights succeeded in adapting to the public stage.

I

GORBODVC

OR FERREX AND PORREX

BY

THOMAS NORTON AND THOMAS SACKVILLE

The text is that of 1570-1 (Q_2) the title-page of which is reproduced in facsimile opposite All departures from this are enclosed in square brackets except corrections of obvious misprints and minor changes in punctuation, which are noted below. In the variants of Q_1 and Q_3 from Q_2 , mere differences in spelling are not included.

Q_1 =The TRAGEDIE OF GORBODVC, Where of three Actes were wrytten by Thomas Noitone, and the two laste by Thomas Sackuyle Sett forthe as the same was shewed before the QVENES most excellent Maiestie, in her highnes Court of Whitehall, the .xviij day of Ianuary, Anno Domini. 1561. By the Gentlemen of Thynner Temple in London.

IMPRYNTED AT LONDON in Fletestrete, at the Signe of the Faucon by William Griffith And are to be sold at his Shop in Sancte Dunstones Churchyarde in the West of London. Anno 1565. Septemb. 22.

Q_3 =The Serpent of Deuision Wherein is contained the true History or Mappe of Romes ouerthrowe . . Whereunto is annexed the Tragedye of Gorboduc, sometime King of this Land, and of his two Sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. E Alde for I Perrin London, 1590

Pt. II: (separate title) The Tragedie of Gorboduc, whereof three Actes were written by Thomas Norton, and the two last by Thomas Sackuyle. Set forth as the same was shewed before the Queenes most excellent maiesty, in her highnes Court of Whitehall, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple

AT LONDON, Printed by Edward Alde for Iohn Perrin, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell 1590

¶ The Tragidie of Ferrex
and Porrex,

set forth without addition or alteration
but altogether as the same was shewed
on stage before the Queenes Maiestie,
about nine yeares past, *vz.* the
xviij day of Ianuarie 1561
by the gentlemen of the
Innes Temple.

Seen and allowed, &c.

✚ Imprinted at London by
Iohn Daye, dwelling ouer
Aldersgate.

¶ The argument of the Tragedie.

Gorboduc king of Brittain, diuided his realme in his life time to his sonnes, *Ferrex* and *Porrex*. The sonnes fell to discention The yonger killed the elder The mother that more dearly loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger The people moued with the ciueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew 5 both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels And afterwarde for want of issue of the prince whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill waire, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time 10 almost desolate and miserably wasted

2 discention] dyuision and discention *Q*₁. deuision and dissention *Q*₂,

¶ The P. to the Reader.

WHere this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand
Christmasse in the Inner Temple first written about
nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas now Loide
Buckherst, and by T Norton, and after shewed before her
Maiestie, and neuer intended by the authors therof to be pub-
lished yet one W G getting a copie thei of at some yongmans
hand that lacked a litle money and much discretion, in the last
great plague an. 1565. about v yeares past, while the said Lord
was out of England, and T Norton faire out of London, and
neither of them both made priuie, put it forth exceedingly
corrupted euen as if by meanes of a broker for hire, he should
haue entised into his house a faire maide and done her villanie,
and after all to bescratched her face, torne her apparell, beayed
and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of dores dishonested.
In such plight after long wandring she came at length home to
the sight of her frendes who scant knew her but by a few tokens
and markes remayning They, the authois I meane, though
they were very much displeased that she so ranne abroad with-
out leaue, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet
seing the case as it is remediesse, haue for common honestie
and shamefastnesse new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her
in such forme as she was before In which better forme since
she hath come to me, I haue harbored her for her frendes sake
and her owne, and I do not dout her parentes the authors
will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you
good readers, so it be in honest companie For she is by my
encouragement and others somewhat lesse ashamed of the dis-
honestie done to her because it was by fraude and force If
she be welcome among you and gently entertained, in fauor
of the house from whence she is descended, and of her owne
nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will
thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched
with her former missehap, or quarelled at by enuious persons,
she poore gentlewomā wil surely play Lucieces part, & of her
self die for shame, and I shall wishe that she had taried still
at home with me, where she was welcome for she did neuer
put me to more charge, but this one poore blacke gowne lined
with white that I haue now geuen her to goe abroad among you
withall

§ The names of the speakers.

- Gorboduc*, King of great Brittain.
Videna, Queene and wife to king *Gorboduc*
Ferrex, elder sonne to king *Gorboduc*
Porrex, yonger sonne to king *Gorboduc*.
Cloyton, Duke of Cornewall 5
Fergus, Duke of Albanye
Mandud, Duke of Loegris
Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland
Eubulus, Secretarie to the king
Arostus, a counsellor to the king. 10
Dordan, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest sonne
Ferrex.
Philander, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yonger
sonne *Porrex*
{ Both being of the olde 15
{ kinges counsell before.
Hermion, a parasite remaining with *Ferrex*.
Tyndar, a parasite remaining with *Porrex*
Nuntius, a messenger of the elder brothers death.
Nuntius, a messenger of Duke *Fergus* rising in armes 20
Marcella, a lady of the Queenes priue chamber
Chorus, foure auncient and sage men of Brittain.

5 *Cloyton*] Clotyn $Q_1 Q_3$ 7 *Loegris*] Leagre $Q_1 Q_3$ 8 Q_2 comma
at end of line 9 king] king *Gorboduc* $Q_1 Q_3$ 10 to the king] of
king *Gorboduc* $Q_1 Q_3$ 13 yonger] yonger $Q_1 Q_3$

¶ The order of the domme shew
before the first act, and the
signification therof.

¶ First the Musicke of Violenze began to play, during which came
in vpon the stage sixe wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom
the first bare in his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all
both seuerally and together assayed with all their strengthes to
breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one 5
of them plucked out one of the stickes and brake it. And the
rest plucking out all the other stickes one after an other did
easely breake them, the same being seuered. which being
conioyned they had before attempted in vaine. After they had
this done, they departed the stage, and the Musicke ceased. 10
Hereby was signified, that a state knit in vnitie doth continue
strong against all force. But being diuided, is easely destroyed
As befell vpon Duke Gorboduc diuiding his land to his two
sonnes which he befoie held in Monarchie And vpon the dis-
cention of the brethren to whom it was diuided 15

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Viden. Ferrer.

*V*iden. The silent night, that brings the quiet pawse,
From painefull trauailes of the wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes, and makes me blame
The slowe *Aurora*, that so for loue or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face, 5

* Title sig- signification Q₂ 3 in] on Q₂ 6 plucked] pulled Q₃
8 them] om Q₁ Q₃

And now the day renewes my gneifull plaint

Ferrex My gracious lady and my mother deare,
Pardon my gneife for your so gneued minde,
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart

Viden. So great a wrong, and so vniust despite, 10
Without all cause, against all couise of kinde¹

Ferrex Such causelesse wrong and so vniust despite,
May haue redresse, or at the least, reuenge

Viden Neither, my sonne such is the froward will,
The person such, such my missehappe and thine 15

Ferrex Mine know I none, but grief for your distresse

Viden. Yes · mine for thine my sonne A father? no
In kinde a father, not in kindnesse

Ferrex. My father? why? I know nothing at all,
Wherein I haue misdona vnto his grace 20

Viden Therefore, the more vnkinde to thee and mee.

For, knowing well (my sonne) the tender loue
That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,
He greued thereat, is not content alone,
To spoile thee of my sight my chieftest ioye, 25

But thee, of thy birthright and heritage
Causelesse, vnkindly, and in wrongfull wise,
Against all lawe and right, he will bereaue
Halfe of his kingdome he will geue away

Ferrex. To whom?

Viden Euen to *Porrex* his yonger sonne, 30
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,

That being raised to equall rule with thee,
Mee thinkes I see his enuious hart to swell,
Filled with disdaine and with ambitious hope,
The end the Goddes do know, whose altars I 35
Full oft haue made in vaine, of cattell slaine
To send the sacred smoke to heauens throne,
For thee my sonne, if thinges do so succede,

7 my] om. Q₁ Q₃ 18 not] but not Q₁ Q₃ 34 hope] pride Q₁ Q₃
38 do] om. Q₁ Q₃

As now my ielous minde misdemeth sore

Ferrex Madame, leaue caie & carefull plaint for me, 40

Iust hath my father bene to euery wight :

His first vniustice he will not extend

To me I trust, that geue no cause therof

My brothers pride shall hurt him selfe, not me.

Viden. So graunt the Goddes But yet thy father so 45

Hath firmly fixed his vnmoued minde,

That plantes and prayers can no whit auaille,

For those haue I assaied, but euen this day,

He will endeuour to procure assent

Of all his counsell to his fonde deuise 50

Ferrex. Their ancestors from race to race haue borne

True fayth to my forefathers and their seede .

I trust they eke will beare the like to me.

Viden There resteth all. But if they faile thereof, 55

And if the end bring forth an ill successe

On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,

And so I pray the Goddes requite it them,

And so they will, for so is wont to be

When lordes, and trusted rulers vnder kinges,

To please the present fancie of the prince, 60

With wrong transpose the course of gouernance,

Murders, mischief, or ciuill sword at length,

Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge,

When right succeding line returnes againe,

By *Ioues* iust iudgement and deserued wrath, 65

Bringes them to cruell and reprochfull death,

And rootes their names and kindiedes from the earth.

Ferrex Mother, content you, you shall see the end

Viden. The end ? thy end I feare, *Ioue* end me first

*Actus primus. Scena secunda.**Gorboduc Arostus Philander Eubulus*

G*Orb* My lords, whose graue aduise & faithful aide,
 Haue long vpheld my honoui and my realme,
 And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
 Guidyng so great estate with great renowme
 Nowe moie importeth mee, than erst, to vse 5
 Your fayth and wisdom, whereby yet I reigne
 That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
 The kingdome yet may with vnbroken course,
 Haue certayne prince, by whose vndoubted right,
 Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay, 10
 And eke that they whome nature hath preparde,
 In time to take my place in princely seate,
 While in their fathes tyme their pliant youth
 Yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernance,
 Maye so be taught and trayned in noble artes, 15
 As what their fathers which haue reigned before
 Haue with great fame deriued downe to them,
 With honour they may leaue vnto their seede
 And not be thought for their vnworthy life,
 And for their lawlesse swaruyng out of kinde, 20
 Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gaue
 But that they may preserue the common peace,
 The cause that first began and still mainteines
 The lyneall course of kinges inheritance
 For me, for myne, for you, and for the state, 25
 Whereof both I and you haue charge and care,
 Thus do I meane to vse your wonted fayth
 To me and myne, and to your natie lande.

3 to] from $Q_1 Q_2$ from] and Q_2 5 than] the $Q_1 Q_2$ 10 in] at Q_2
 19 thought] taught $Q_1 Q_2$

The other shall the yonger *Porrex* rule
 That both my purpose may more firmly stande,
 And eke that they may better rule their charge,
 I meane forthwith to place them in the same 65
 That in my life they may both learne to rule,
 And I may ioy to see their ruling well.
 This is in summe, what I woulde haue ye wey
 First whether ye allowe my whole deuise,
 And thinke it good for me, for them, for you, 70
 And for our countrey, mother of vs all
 And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,
 Then for their guydinge and their gouernaunce,
 Shew forth such meanes of circumstance,
 As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept. 75
 Loe, this is all, now tell me your aduise
Aros And this is much, and asketh great aduise,
 But for my part, my soueraigne lord and kyng,
 This do I thinke Your maiestie doth know,
 How vnder you in iustice and in peace, 80
 Great wealth and honour, long we haue enjoyed,
 So as we can not seeme with gredie mindes
 To wisse for change of Prince or gouernaunce
 But if we lyke your purpose and deuise,
 Our lyking must be deemed to proceede 85
 Of rightfull reason, and of heedefull care,
 Not for our selues, but for the common state.
 Sithe our owne state doth neede no better change.
 I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide
 Firste when you shall vnloose your aged mynde 90
 Of heuye care and troubles manifolde,
 And laye the same vpon my Lordes your sonnes,
 Whose growing yeres may beare the burden long,
 And long I pray the Goddes to graunt it so,
 And in your life while you shall so beholde 95

62 yonger] other $Q_1 Q_3$ 63 firmly] frameli Q_1 68 ye] you Q_3
 84 we] ye $Q_1 Q_2$ 87 the] ou Q_1

Then rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
 Suche as their kinde behighteth to vs all,
 Great be the profites that shall growe therof,
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last
 Your lasting age shalbe then longer stay, 100
 For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue ruled,
 For publique wealth and not for priuate ioye,
 Do wast mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked age,
 With furrowed face and with enfeeble lymmes,
 To draw on creepyng death a swifter pace 105
 They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
 With greater ease, than one, nowe olde, alone,
 Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
 With lessened strength the double weight to beare.
 Your eye, your counsell, and the graue regarde 110
 Of Father, yea of such a fathers name,
 Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
 When is the hazarde of their whole successe,
 Shall bridle so their force of youthfull heates,
 And so restreine the rage of insolence, 115
 Whiche most assailes the yonge and noble minds,
 And so shall guide and traine in tempred stay
 Their yet greene bending wittes with reuerent awe,
 As now inured with vertues at the first,
 Custome (O king) shall bring delightfulnessse. 120
 By vse of vertue, vice shall growe in hate,
 But if you so dispose it, that the daye,
 Which endes your life, shall first begin their reigne,
 Great is the perill what will be the ende,
 When such beginning of such liberties 125
 Voide of suche stayes as in your life do lye,
 Shall leaue them free to randon of their will,
 An open prairie to traiterous flatterie,

106 parted] partie Q₁ Q₃ 111 Father] fathers Q₁ Q₃ 113 is the]
 it is Q₁ Q₃ 119 As] And Q₁ Q₃ 123 their] the Q₃ 124 will]
 shall Q₃ 127 free to] to free Q₁ Q₃

The greatest pestilence of noble youthe
 Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life, 130
 Their tempted youthe with aged fathers awe,
 Be brought in vie of skilfull stayednesse
 And in your life their liues disposed so,
 Shall length your noble life in ioyfulnesse
 Thus thinke I that your grace hath wisely thought, 135
 And that your tender care of common weale,
 Hath bred this thought, so to diuide your lande,
 And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule,
 While you yet liue to see their ruinge well,
 That you may longer lyue by ioye therein 140
 What furder meanes behouefull are and meete
 At greater leisure may your grace deuise,
 When all haue said, and when we be agreed
 If this be best to part the realme in twaine,
 And place your sonnes in present gouvernement. 145
 Whereof as I haue plainly said my mynde,
 So woulde I here the rest of all my Lordes.

Philand In part I thinke as hath bene said before,
 In parte agayne my minde is otherwise.
 As for diuiding of this realme in twaine, 150
 And lotting out the same in egall partes,
 To either of my lordes your graces sonnes,
 That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,
 For profite and aduauncement of your sonnes,
 And for your comfoite and your honour eke 155
 But so to place them, while your life do last,
 To yelde to them your royall gouernaunce,
 To be aboue them onely in the name
 Of father, not in kingly state also,
 I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs. 160
 This kingdome since the bloudie cruell field
 Where *Morgan* slaine did yeld his conquered parte

Vnto his cosins sworde in *Camberland*,
 Conteineth all that whilome did suffice
 Thiee noble sonnes of your forefather *Brute*. 165
 So your two sonnes, it maye suffice also
 The moe, the stronger, if they gree in one.
 The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde,
 The easier is the swey thereof to welde,
 The nearer Iustice to the wronged poore, 170
 The smaller charge, and yet ynoughe for one.
 And whan the region is diuided so,
 That brethren be the lordes of either parte,
 Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both,
 In sondrie bodies by conioyned loue, 175
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Eche is to other as a sure defence.
 The noblenesse and glory of the one
 Doth shaipe the courage of the others mynde,
 With vertuous enuie to contende for praise. 180
 And suche an egalnesse hath nature made,
 Betwene the brethren of one fathers seede,
 As an vnkindly wrong it seemes to bee,
 To throwe the brother subiect vnder feete
 Of him, whose peere he is by course of kinde, 185
 And nature that did make this egalnesse,
 Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong,
 That ofte she rayseth vp a grudginge griefe,
 In yonger brethren at the elders state
 Wherby both townes and kingdomes haue ben rased, 190
 And famous stockes of royall bloud destroied
 The brother, that shoulde be the brothers aide,
 And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
 Gapes for his death, and blames the lyngering yeres
 That draw not forth his ende with faster course 195
 And oft impacient of so longe delayes,

163 *Camberland*] Cumberland Q₃ 166 suffice also] also suffice Q₁ Q₂
 174 them] the Q₁ 184 brother] other Q₁ Q₃ 187 Ofte so] Oft sore
 Q₃ 195 draw] brings Q₁ Q₃

With hatefull slaughter he preuientes the fates,
 And heapes a iust rewarde for brothers bloode,
 With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for aye
 Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette withall, 200
 If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
 Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
 But nowe the head to stoupe beneth them bothe,
 Ne kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.
 And oft it hath ben seene, where natures course 205
 Hath ben peruerted in disordered wise,
 When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
 The children cease to know they should obey
 And often ouerkindly tendernesse
 Is mother of vnkindly stubbornnesse 210
 I speake not this in enuie or reproche,
 As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,
 Whose honour I besech the Goddes encrease :
 Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
 So filthie cankers in their noble brestes, 215
 Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise)
 Vndoubted children of so good a kyng.
 Onelie I meane to shewe by certeine rules,
 Whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
 That nature hath her ordie and her course, 220
 Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state
 Of myndes and thinges, euen in the best of all.
 My lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you
 Your owne example in your noble courte
 Is fittest gyuder of their youthfull yeares. 225
 If you desire to see some present ioie
 By sight of their well rulynge in your lyfe,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule,
 Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse

197 preuientes] presentes Q_1 presents Q_2 198 heapes] keeps Q_1 Q_2
 205 where natures course] that where Nature Q_1 Q_2 208 The] And
 Q_1 Q_2 209 ouerkindly] our vnkindly Q_1 Q_2 213 encrease] to
 encrease Q_1 · to increase Q_2 218 by] my Q_1 Q_2 226 see] seeke Q_1 Q_2

Will rule with outrage and with insolence. 230
 Longe maye they rule I do beseche the Goddes,
 But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule
 If kinde and fates woulde suffre, I would wisse
 Them aged princes, and immortall kinges
 Wherefore most noble kynge I well assent, 235
 Betwene your sonnes that you diuide your realme,
 And as in kinde, so match them in degree.
 But while the Goddes prolong your royall life,
 Prolong your reigne: for therto lyue you here,
 And therefore haue the Goddes so long forborne 240
 To ioyne you to them selues, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weale.
 They when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them rouse, and will remoue you hence,
 That yours in right ensuyng of your life 245
 Maye rightly honour your immortall name.

Eub. Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes,
 Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume,
 To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
 Although the same do not agree at all 250
 With that which other here my lordes haue said,
 Nor which your selfe haue seemed best to lyke.
 Pardon I craue, and that my wordes be demed
 To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your grace,
 And to the safetie of your common weale 255
 To parte your realme vnto my lordes your sonnes,
 I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
 But worste of all for this our natue lande,
 Within one land, one single rule is best:
 Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes. 260
 But peace preserues the countrey and the prince.
 Suche is in man the gredy munde to reigne,
 So great is his desire to climbe alofte,

233 fates] saies Q₃ 235 well] will Q₃ 246 immortall] mortall
 Q₁ Q₃ 259 Within] For with Q₁ Q₃ 260 reignes] Regions Q₃

In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
 That faith and iustice and all kindly loue, 265
 Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignitie,
 Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
 To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
 Your grace remembreth how in passed yeres
 The mightie *Brute*, first prince of all this lande, 270
 Possessed the same and ruled it well in one,
 He thinking that the compasse did suffice,
 For his three sonnes three kingdoms eke to make,
 Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine
 But how much Britnish bloud hath since bene spilt, 275
 To ioyne againe the sondred vntie?
 What princes slaine before their timely houre?
 What wast of townes and people in the lande?
 What treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles?
 Whose iust reuenge euen yet is scarcely ceased, 280
 Ruthefull remembrance is yet rawe in munde
 The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe.
 And you (O king) geue not the cause therof
 My Lord *Ferrex* your elder sonne, perhappes
 Whome kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope 285
 To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
 Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater wrong
 Than he perchaunce will beare, if power serue.
Porrex the younger so vpraised in state,
 Perhappes in courage will be raysed also. 290
 If flatterie then, which fayles not to assaile
 The tendie mindes of yet vnskilfull youth,
 In one shall kindle and encrease disdaine,
 And enuie in the others harte enflame,
 This fire shall waste their loue, their liues, their land, 295
 And ruthefull ruine shall destroy them both.

275 Britnish] Brutish Q₁ Q₃ since] sithence Q₁ Q₃ 277 houre]
 honour Q₁ Q₃ 281 iawe] had Q₁ Q₃ 289 vpraised] vnpraised
 Q₁ Q₃ 294 And] In Q₃

I wishe not this (O kyng) so to befall,
 But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre.
 Geue no beginning to so dreadfull ende.
 Kepe them in order and obedience 300
 And let them both by now obeying you,
 Learne such behauour as beseemes their state,
 The elder, myldenesse in his gouernaunce,
 The yonger, a yelding contentednesse.
 And kepe them neare vnto your presence still, 305
 That they restreyned by the awe of you,
 May liue in compasse of well tempred staye,
 And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares
 Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
 Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare 310
 The trauailes that in youth you haue susteyned,
 Both in your persones and your realmes defence
 If planting now your sonnes in furdur partes,
 You sende them furdur from your present reach,
 Lesse shall you know how they them selues demeane 315
 Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth,
 Shall haue vnspied a muche more free accesse,
 And if ambition and inflamed disdain
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
 To ciuill warre, or to vsurping pride, 320
 Late shall you rue, that you ne recked before.
 Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,
 But not to liue still dreadlesse of the worst
 So truste the one, that the other be forsene.
 Arme not vnskilfulnesse with princely power. 325
 But you that long haue wisely ruled the reignes
 Of royaltie within your noble realme,
 So holde them, while the Gods for our auayles
 Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies.
 To soone he clambe into the flaming carre, 330
 Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.

315 demeane] demaund Q₁ Q₂ 330 carre] Caste Q₁ Q₂

Time and example of your noble giace,
 Shall teach your sonnes both to obey and rule,
 When time hath taught them, time shal make thē place,
 The place that now is full . and so I pray 335
 Long it remaine, to comfote of vs all

Gorboduc. I take your faithful harts in thankful part
 But sithe I see no cause to draw my minde,
 To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,
 Or to misdeme that enuie or disdaine, 340
 Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue
 In one selfe purpose do I still abide.

My loue extendeth egally to both,
 My lande suffiseth for them both also
Humber shall parte the marches of theyr realmes 345

The Sotherne part the eldei shall possesse
 The Notherne shall *Porrex* the yonger rule
 In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
 Free from the trauaile and the painefull caies,
 That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges. 350

But lest the fraude, that ye do seeme to feare,
 Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
 And wrythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
 To climyng pride, or to reuenging hate,
 Or to neglecting of their carefull charge, 355
 Lewdely to lyue in wanton recklesnesse,

Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
 Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
 To treade downe truth, or fauour false deceite
 I meane to ioine to eyther of my sonnes 360

Some one of those, whose long approued faith
 And wisdom tryed, may well assure my harte :
 That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
 Into their fensed eares with graue aduise.

This is the ende, and so I pray you all 365
 To beare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie

That I haue founde within your faithfull biestes

Arostus You, nor your sonnes, our soueraign lord shal want,
Our faith and seruice while our liues do last.

Chorus When settled stay doth holde the royall throne
In stedfast place, by knowen and doubtles right,
And chiefly when discent on one alone
Makes single and vnparted reigne to light
Eche chaunge of course vnioynt the whole estate, 5
And yeldes it thrall to ruyne by debate
The strength that knit by faste accorde in one,
Against all forrein power of mightie foes,
Could of it selfe defende it selfe alone,
Disioyned once, the former force doth lose 10
The stickes, that sondied brake so soone in twaine,
In faggot bounde attempted were in vaine
Oft tender minde that leades the parciall eye
Of ering parentes in their childrens loue,
Destroyes the wrongly loued childe thereby 15
This doth the proude sonne of *Apollo* proue,
Who rasshely set in chariot of his sire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heauens fire.
And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunge the course of his descending crowne, 20
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,
From blisfull state of ioye and great renowne,
A myrrour shall become to Princes all,
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a fall.

4 Makes] Make Q₁ Q₃ 7 faste] laste Q₁ last Q₃ 15 wrongly]
wrongfull Q₁ Q₃ 20 chaunge] chaunged Q₁ . chaungde Q₃

¶ The order and signification of the domme shew before the se- cond acte

¶ First the Musicke of Cornettes began to playe, during which came in vpon the stage a King accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen And after he had placed him self in a chaire of estate prepared for him there came and kneled before him a graue and aged gentelman and offred vp a cuppe 5 vnto him of wyne in a glasse, which the King refused After him commes a braue and lustie yong gentleman and presentes the King with a cup of golde filled with poyson, which the King accepted, and drinking the same, immediatly fell downe dead vpon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his Lordes 10 and gentelmen, and then the Musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no poyson, but is clere and may easely be seen through, ne boweth by any arte So a faythfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yeldeth to any vndiscrete affection, but geueth holsome 15 counsell, which the yll aduised Prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with poyson betokeneth flattery, which vnder faire seeming of pleasaunt wordes beareth deadly poyson, which destroyed the Prince that receyueth it. As befell in the two brethren Ferrex and Porrex, who refusing the holsome aduise of 20 graue counsellours, credited these yong Paracites, and brought to them selues death and destruction therby.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan.

F*errex.* I meruaile much what reason ledde the king
My Father, thus without all my desert,
To reue me halfe the kingdome, which by couse
Of law and nature should remayne to me.

Hermon. If you with stubborne and vntamed pryde 5

6, 10 the] the the Q₂ 8 of] om Q₃ 15 geueth] gueth any Q₃
21 to] vnto Q₃

Had stood against him in rebelling wise,
 Or if with grudging minde you had enuied
 So slow a slidyng of his aged yeres,
 Or sought before your time to haste the course
 Of fatall death vpon his royall head, 10
 Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn .
 Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed,
 To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.

Ferrex. The wrekeful Gods powre on my cursed head
 Eternall plagues and neuer dying woes, 15
 The hellish prince, adiudge my dampned ghost
 To *Tantaies* thüste, or proude *Ixiens* wheele,
 Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte,
 To during tormentes and vnquenched flames,
 If euer I conceyued so foule a thought, 20
 To wisse his ende of life, or yet of reigne

Dordan Ne yet your father (O most noble Prince)
 Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you.
 For he, with more than fathers tendie loue,
 While yet the fates do lende him life to rule, 25
 (Who long might lyue to see your ruling well)
 To you my Lorde, and to his other sonne
 Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie
 Which neuer would so wise a Prince haue done,
 If he had once misdemed that in your haite 30
 There euer lodged so vnkinde a thought.
 But tendie loue (my Lorde) and setled truste
 Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
 Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
 And now to geue you half his realme to guide, 35
 Yea and that halfe which in abounding store
 Of things that serue to make a welthy realme,
 In stately cities, and in frutefull soyle,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,

6 rebell[ing] rebellious Q₁ Q₃ 18 grow[ing] groa[un]g Q₃ 36 which
 in] within Q₁ Q₃

In thinges of nedefull vse, which frendly sea,
Transportes by traffike from the forreine partes,
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
Doth passe the double value of the parte,
That *Porrex* hath allotted to his reigne
Such is your case, such is your fathers loue 45

Ferrex Ah loue, my fiendes? loue wrongs not whō he loues.

Dordan. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that geueth you
So large a reigne, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdome by discended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before. 50

Ferrex. Is this no wrong, say you, to leaue from me
My natue right of halfe so great a realme?
And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
In egall power, and in as great degree?
Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride 55
Woulde neuer yelde one poinct of reuerence,
Whan I the elder and apparaunt heire
Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the whole,
Yea and that sonne which from his childish age
Enueth myne honour and doth hate my life. 60
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindefull malice of his grudging harte,
Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

Hermon. Was this not wrong, yea yll aduised wrong,
To gue so mad a man so sharpe a sworde, 65
To so great perill of so great missechappe,
Wide open thus to set so large a waye?

Dordan. Alas my Lord, what griefull thing is this,
That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
I neuer saw him vtter likelie signe, 70
Whereby a man might see or once misdeme
Such hate of you, ne such vnyelding pride.
Ill is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
That raising such mistrustfull feare in you,

Sowing the seede of such vnkindly hate,
 Trauaile by treason to destroy you both 75
 Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
 Worthie to welde a large and mightie realme
 So much a stronger frende haue you therby,
 Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one. 80

Hermon If nature and the Goddes had pinched so
 Their flowing bountie, and their noble giftes
 Of princelie qualities, from you my Lorde,
 And powrde them all at ones in wastfull wise
 Vpon your fathers yonger sonne alone · 85
 Perhappes there be that in your p̄iudice
 Would say that birth should yeld to worthinesse
 But sithe in eche good gift and p̄incelie arte
 Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all
 In mildenesse and in sobie gouernaunce 90
 Ye farre surmount. And sith there is in you
 Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse
 To weld the whole, and match your elders prayse
 I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe
 Ne would I wisse you yelde to such a losse 95
 Lest you milde sufferance of so great a wronge,
 Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade
 Which shall geue courage to the fierie head
 Of your yonge brother to inuade the whole.
 While yet therfore stickes in the peoples minde 100
 The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce,
 And ere your brothei haue by settled power,
 By guile full cloke of an alluring showe,
 Got him some force and fauour in the realme,
 And while the noble Queene your mother lyues, 105
 To worke and practise all for your auaile,
 Attempt rediesse by armes, and wreake your self
 Vpon his life, that gayneth by your losse,
 Who nowe to shame of you, and grieve of vs,

In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you 110
 Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
 That they which haue auowed to spend they goods,
 Their landes, their liues and honours in your cause,
 May be the bolder to mainteyne your parte,
 When they do see that cowarde feare in you, 115
 Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull hartes
 If once the death of *Porrex* ende the strife,
 And pay the price of his vsurped reigne,
 Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng,
 The Lords your frends eke shall appease his rage 120
 For they be wise, and well they can foisee,
 That ere longe time your aged fathers death
 Will bryng a time when you shall well requite
 Their frendlie fauour, or then hatefull spite,
 Yea, or their slackenesse to auauance your cause 125
 „ Wise men do not so hang on passing state
 „ Of present Princes, chiefly in their age,
 „ But they will further cast their reaching eye,
 „ To viewe and weye the times and reignes to come
 Ne is it likely, though the kyng be wrothe, 130
 That he yet will, or that the realme will beare,
 Extreme reuenge vpon his onely sonne.
 Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterpryse?
 And here you be now placed in your owne, 135
 Amyd your frendes, your vassalles and your strength.
 We shall defende and kepe your person safe,
 Till either counsell turne his tender minde,
 Or age, or sorrow end his werie dayes.
 But if the feare of Goddes, and secrete grudge 140
 Of natures law, repining at the fact,
 Withholde your courage from so great attempt.
 Know ye, that lust of kingdomes hath no law.
 The Goddes do beare and well allow in kinges,
 The thinges they abhorre in rascall routes. 145

, When kinges on slender quarrells runne to waries,
 , And then in cruell and vnkindely wise,
 , Commaund theftes, rapes, murders of innocentes,
 , The spoile of townes, ruines of mighty realmes
 , Thinke you such princes do suppose them selues 150
 , Subiect to lawes of kinde, and feare of Gods ?
 Murders and violent theftes in priuate men,
 Are hainous crimes and full of foule reproch,
 Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
 Of noble conquestes, in the handes of kinges 155
 But if you like not yet so hote deuise,
 Ne list to take such vauntage of the time,
 But though with perill of your owne estate,
 You will not be the first that shall inuade
 Assemble yet your force for your defence, 160
 And for your safetie stand vpon your garde.

Dordan. O heauen was there euer heard or knowen,
 So wicked counsell to a noble prince ?
 Let me (my Lorde) disclose vnto your grace
 This hainous tale, what mischief it containes, 165
 Your fathers death, your brothers and your owne,
 Your present murder and eternall shame
 Heare me (O king) and suffer not to sinke
 So high a treason in your princely brest.

Ferrex. The mightie Goddes forbid that euer I 170
 Should once conceaue such mischief in my hart.
 Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
 And beare perhappes to me an hatefull minde
 Shall I reuenge it, with his death therefore ?
 Or shall I so destroy my fathers life 175
 That gaue me life ? the Gods forbid, I say.
 Cease you to speake so any more to me
 Ne you my frend with answere once repeat

148 murders] murder Q₁ Q₂ 149 The] To Q₁ Q₂ ruines] and reignes
 Q₁ Q₂ 150 suppose] suppress Q₁ Q₂ 154-5 come before 152-3 in Q₁ Q₂
 158 with] with great Q₁ Q₂ owne estate] state Q₁ Q₂ 173 an] and Q₁

So foule a tale In silence let it die
 What lord or subiect shall haue hope at all, 180
 That vnder me they safely shall enioye
 Their goods, then honours, landes and liberties,
 With whom, neither one onely brother deare,
 Ne father dearer, could enioye their lues?
 But sith, I feare my yonger brothers rage, 185
 And sith perhappes some other man may geue
 Some like aduise, to moue his grudging head
 At mine estate, which counsell may perchaunce
 Take greater force with him, than this with me,
 I will in secrete so prepare my selfe, 190
 As if his malice or his lust to reigne
 Breake forth in armes or sodeine violence,
 I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.
Dordan. I feare the fatall time now draweth on,
 When ciuil hate shall end the noble line 195
 Of famous *Brute* and of his royall seede.
 Great *Ioue* defend the mischiefes now at hand.
 O that the Secretaries wise aduise
 Had erst bene heard when he besought the king
 Not to diuide his land, nor send his sonnes 200
 To further partes from presence of his court,
 Ne yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce
 Lo such are they now in the royall throne
 As was rashe *Phaeton* in *Phebus* care.
 Ne then the fiery stedes did draw the flame 205
 With wilder randon through the kindled skies,
 Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
 The youthfull heades of these vnskilfull kinges.
 But I hereof their father will enforme.
 The reueience of him perhappes shall stay 210
 The growing mischiefes, while they yet are greene.
 If this helpe not, then woe vnto them selues,
 The prince, the people, the diuided land.

*Actus secundus. Scena secunda.**Porrex. Tyndar. Philander.*

*P*orrex. And is it thus? And doth he so prepare,
 Against his brother as his mortall foe?
 And now while yet his aged father liues?
 Neither regards he him? nor feares he me?
 Warre would he haue? and he shall haue it so.

5

Tyndar. I saw my selfe the great prepared store

Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there,
 Ne bring I to my lorde reported tales
 Without the ground of seen and searched trouth.

Loe secrete quarrels runne about his court,

10

To bring the name of you my lorde in hate.

Ech man almost can now debate the cause,

And aske a reason of so great a wrong,

Why he so noble and so wise a prince,

Is as vnworthy reft his heritage?

15

And why the king, misseledde by craftie meanes,

Diuided thus his land from course of right?

The wiser sort holde downe their griefull heades.

Eche man withdrawes from talke and company,

Of those that haue bene knowne to fauour you.

20

To hide the mischiefe of their meaning there,

Rumours are spread of your preparing here.

The rascall numbers of vnskilfull sort

Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours

In secrete I was counselled by my frendes,

25

To hast me thence, and brought you as you know

Letters from those, that both can truly tell,

And would not write vnlesse they knew it well

Philand. My lord, yet ere you moue vnkindly warre,

Send to your brother to demaund the cause.

30

Perhappes some traitorous tales haue filled his eares

7 armour] Armours Q₁ Q₃
 the Q₃ 29 moue] nowe Q₁ : now Q₃

14 Why] While Q₁ Q₃

23 of] of

With false reportes against your noble grace
 Which once disclosed, shall end the growing strife,
 That els not stayed with wise foresight in time
 Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your liues 35
 Send to your father eke, he shall appease
 Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex Ridde me of feare? I feare him not at all
 Ne will to him, ne to my father send.
 If danger were for one to tary there, 40
 Thinke ye it safetie to returne againe?
 In mischiefes, such as *Ferrex* now intendes,
 The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
 Are not obserued, which in iust warre they vse
 Shall I so hazard any one of mine? 45
 Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him,
 That haue disclosed his treason vnto me?
 Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not.
 Or shall I to the king my father send?
 Yea and send now, while such a mother liues, 50
 That loues my brother, and that hateth me?
 Shall I geue leasure, by my fonde delayes,
 To *Ferrex* to oppresse me all vnware?
 I will not, but I will inuade his realme,
 And seeke the traitour prince within his court. 55
 Mischiefe for mischief is a due reward
 His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.
 Shall I abide, and treat, and send and pray,
 And holde my yelden throate to traitours knife? 60
 While I with valiant minde and conquering force,
 Might rid my selfe of foes · and winne a realme?
 Yet rather, when I haue the wretches head,
 Then to the king my father will I send
 The bootelesse case may yet appease his wrath. 65

46 frendes] friende *Q*₁ · frend *Q*₂ 47 haue] hath *Q*₁ *Q*₂ 53 all]
 at *Q*₁ *Q*₂ 59 and treat] entreate *Q*₁ : intreat *Q*₂

If not, I will defend me as I may

Philand Lo here the end of these two youthful kings,
 The fathers death, the ruine of their realmes.
 „ O most vnhappy state of counsellors,
 „ That light on so vnhappy lordes and times, 70
 „ That neither can their good aduise be heard,
 „ Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe
 But I will to the king their father haste,
 Ere this mischiefe come to the likely end,
 That if the mindfull wrath of wrekefull Gods, 75
 Since mightie *Ilions* fall not yet appeased
 With these poore remnantes of the Troian name,
 Haue not determined by vnmoued fate
 Out of this realme to rase the Brittishe line,
 By good aduise, by awe of fathers name, 80
 By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
 May yet be quentched, ere it consume vs all

Chorus. When youth not bridled with a guiding stay
 Is left to randon of their owne delight,
 And welds whole realmes, by force of soueraign sway,
 Great is the daunger of vnmaistred might,
 Lest skillesse rage throwe downe with headlong fall 5
 Their lands, their states, their liues, them selues & al.
 When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,
 And gredy lust doth rayse the climbing minde,
 Oh hardlie maye the perill be repress,
 Ne feare of angrie Goddes, ne lawes kinde. 10
 Ne countries care can fiered hartes restrayne,
 Whan force hath armed enuie and disdain
 When kinges of foresette will neglect the rede
 Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasing tales,
 That do their fansies noysome humour feede, 15

68 ruine of their realmes] reigne of their two realmes Q₁ Q₃ 74 the]
 that Q₁ Q₃ 77 remnantes] remnant Q₁ Q₃ Troian] Troians Q₁ Q₃
 78 determined by] determinedlie Q₁ determinedly Q₃
 3 sway] fiare Q₁: fiay Q₃ 11 countries] Countrie Q₁ Country Q₃

Ne reason, nor regarde of right auailes
 Succeding heapes of plagues shall teach to late,
 To learne the mischiefes of misguided state
 Fowle fall the traitour false, that vndermines
 The loue of brethren to destroye them both 20
 Wo to the prince, that plant eare enclynēs,
 And yeldes his mind to poysonous tale, that floweth
 From flattering mouth And woe to wretched land
 That wastes it selfe with ciuil sworde in hand.
 Loe, thus it is, poyson in golde to take, 25
 And holsome drinke in homely cuppe forsake.

¶ The order and signification

of the domme shewe before the thirde act

¶ Firste the musicke of flutes began to playe, during which came
 in vpon the stage a company of mourners all clad in blacke
 betokening death and sorowe to ensue vpon the ill aduised mis-
 gouernement and discention of bretherne, as befell vpon the
 murder of Ferrex by his yonger brother. After the mourners 5
 had passed thryse about the stage, they departed, and than the
 musicke ceased.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Gorboduc. Eubulus. Arostus. Philander. Nuntius.

GOrb. O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of Goddes,
 Whose vengeance neither *Simois* stayned streames
 Flowing with bloud of *Troian* princes slaine,
 Nor *Phrygian* fieldes made ranck with corpses dead
 Of *Asian* kynges and lordes, can yet appease, 5
 Ne slaughter of vnhappie *Pryams* race,

18 misguided] misguydinge Q₁. misguiding Q₃
 5 murder] murderer Q₂ 7 ceased] caused Q₃
 2 stayned] streined Q₁ Q₂

Nor *Thons* fall made leuell with the soile
 Can yet suffice . but still continued rage
 Pursues our lyues, and from the farthest seas
 Doth chase the issues of destroyed *Troye* 10
 „ Oh no man happie, till his ende be seene.
 If any flowing wealth and seemyng ioye
 In present yeres might make a happy wight,
 Happie was *Hecuba* the wofullest wretch
 That euer lyued to make a myrrour of, 15
 And happie *Pryam* with his noble sonnes.
 And happie I, till nowe alas I see
 And feele my most vnhappye wretchednesse
 Beholde my lordes, read ye this letter here.
 Loe it conteins the ruine of our realme, 20
 If timelie speede prouide not hastie helpe.
 Yet (O ye Goddes) if euer wofull kyng
 Might moue ye kings of kinges, wreke it on me
 And on my sonnes, not on this giltlesse realme.
 Send down your wasting flames frō wiathful skies, 25
 To reue me and my sonnes the hatefull breath.
 Read, read my lordes . this is the matter why
 I called ye nowe to haue your good aduysse.

¶ The letter from *Dordan* the Counsellour of the elder prince.

Eubulus readeth the letter.

MY soueraigne lord, what I am loth to write,
 But lothest am to see, that I am forced 30
 By letters nowe to make you vnderstande.
 My lord *Ferrex* your eldest sonne misledde
 By traitoiours fraude of yong vntempied wittes,
 Assembleth force agaynst your yonger sonne,
 Ne can my counsell yet withdrawe the heate 35

7 *Q₂ period at end of line* 9 Pursues] Pursue *Q₁ Q₂* lyues] lyues
Q₁· liues *Q₃* 10 chase] chast *Q₁ Q₃* 20 our] this *Q₃* 23 ye]
 you *Q₁ Q₃* 33 traitoiours fraude] traitours framde *Q₁ Q₃*

And furiyous panges of hys enflamed head
 Disdaine (sayth he) of his disheritance
 Armes him to wieke the great pretended wrong,
 With ciuyll sword vpon his brothers life.
 If present helpe do not restraine this rage, 40
 This flame will wast your sonnes, youi land, & you
 Your maiesties faithfull and most
 humble subiect Doidan.

A *Rostus*. O king, appease your grieve and stay your plaint
 Great is the matter, and a wofull case
 But timely knowledge may bring timely helpe.
 Sende for them both vnto your presence here 45
 The reuerence of your honour, age, and state,
 Your graue aduice, the awe of fathers name,
 Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken peace.
 And if in either of my lordes your sonnes,
 Be suche vntamed and vnyelding pride, 50
 As will not bende vnto your noble hestes :
 If *Ferrex* the elder sonne can beare no peere,
 Or *Porrex* not content, aspires to more
 Than you him gaue aboue his natue right
 Ioyne with the iuster side, so shall you force 55
 Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay

Eub. What meaneth this ? Loe yonder comes in hast
Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

Gorb. The Goddes sende ioyfull newes.

Phil

The mightie *Ioue*

Preserue your maiestie, O noble king 60

Gorb Philander, welcome but how doth my sonne ?

Phil. Your sonne, sir, lyues, and healthie I him left.

But yet (O king) the want of lustfull health
 Could not be halfe so griefefull to your grace,
 As these most wretched tidynges that I bryng. 65

Gorb. O heauens, yet more ? not ende of woes to me ?

⁴⁴ timely helpe] manly help *Q*₂ ⁴⁶ honour, age] honourage *Q*₂
⁶³ the] this *Q*₁ *Q*₂ ⁶⁶ not] no *Q*₁ *Q*₂

Phil Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
 Of *Ferrex*, to my lord your yonger sonne,
 And made repoite of great prepared store
 For warre, and sayth that it is wholly ment 70
 Agaynst *Porrex*, for high disdayne that he
 Lyues now a king and egall in degree
 With him, that claimeth to succede the whole,
 As by due title of discending right.
Porrex is nowe so set on flaming fire, 75
 Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,
 Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
 That he in hast prepareth to inuade
 His brothers land, and with vnkindely waire
 Threatens the murder of your elder sonne, 80
 Ne could I him perswade that first he should
 Send to his brother to demaunde the cause,
 Nor yet to you to staie this hatefull strife.
 Wherefore sithe there no more I can be hearde,
 I come my selfe now to enforme your grace, 85
 And to beseche you, as you loue the life
 And safetie of your children and your realme,
 Now to employ your wisdom and your force
 To stay this mischiefe ere it be to late.

Gorb Are they in armes? would he not sende to me? 90
 Is this the honour of a fathes name?
 In vaine we trauaile to asswage their mindes,
 As if their hartes, whome neither brothers loue,
 Nor fathers awe, nor kingdomes cares, can moue,
 Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat 95
Ioue slay them both, and end the cursed line.
 For though perhappes feare of such mightie force
 As I my lordes, ioyned with your noble aides,
 Maye yet raise, shall repress their present heate,
 The secret grudge and malice will remayne, 100

70 For] Of $Q_1 Q_3$ 83 this] his $Q_1 Q_3$ 90 to] for $Q_1 Q_3$ 94
 cares] care $Q_1 Q_3$ 99 repress] expresse Q_3

The fire not quenched, but kept in close restraint,
 Fedde still within, breakes forth with double flame.
 Their death and myne must peaze the angrie Gods

Phil. Yelde not, O king, so much to weake dispenne

Your sonnes yet lyue, and long I trust, they shall. 105

If fates had taken you from earthly life,

Before beginning of this ciuyll strife.

Perhaps your sonnes in their vnmaistered youth,

Loose from regarde of any lyuing wight,

Would runne on headlong, with vnbridled race, 110

To their owne death and ruine of this realme.

But sith the Gods, that haue the care for kinges,

Of thinges and times dispose the order so,

That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth.

While yet your lyfe, your wisdom, and your power 115

May stay the growing mischiefe, and repress

The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate

It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme thereof,

That louyng *Ioue* hath tempred so the time

Of this debate to happen in your dayes, 120

That you yet lyuing may the same appeaze,

And adde it to the glory of your latter age,

And they your sonnes may learne to lue in peace

Beware (O king) the greatest harme of all,

Lest by your waylefull plants your hastened death 125

Yelde larger rouble vnto their growing rage.

Preserue your life, the onely hope of stay.

And if your highnes herein list to vse

Wisdom or force, counsell or knightly aide :

Loe we, our persons, powers and lyues are yours, 130

Vse vs tyll death, O king, we are your owne.

Eub. Loe here the perill that was erst foresene,

When you, (O king) did first deuide your lande,

And yelde your present reigne vnto your sonnes,

103 *Q₂ no period at end of line*

117 inkindled] vnkindled *Q₃*

112, 115 *Q₂ period at end of line*

123 your] our *Q₂*

But now (O noble prince) now is no time 135
 To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life.
 Now is the time for present good aduise
 Sorow doth darke the iudgement of the wytte
 „ The hart vnbroken and the courage free
 „ From feble faintnesse of bootelesse despenne, 140
 „ Doth either ryse to safetie or renowme
 „ By noble valure of vnuanquisht minde,
 „ Or yet doth perishe in more happy sort.
 Your grace may send to either of your sonnes
 Some one both wise and noble personage, 145
 Which with good counsell and with weightie name,
 Of father, shall present before their eyes
 Youi hest, your life, your safetie and their owne,
 The present mischiefe of their deadly strife
 And in the while, assemble you the force 150
 Which your commaundement and the speddy hast
 Of all my lordes here present can prepare
 The terrour of youi mightie power shall stay
 The iage of both, or yet of one at lest 154

Nun O king the greatest grieve that euer pünce dyd heare,
 That euer wofull messenger did tell,
 That euer wretched lande hath sene before,
 I bryng to you. *Porrex* your yonger sonne
 With soden foice, inuaded hath the lande
 That you to *Ferrex* did allotte to rule, 160
 And with his owne most bloudy hand he hath
 His brother slaine, and doth possesse his realme

Gorb O heauens send down the flames of your reuenge,
 Destroy I say with flash of wrekefull fier
 The traitour sonne, and then the wretched sire 165
 But let vs go, that yet perhappes I may
 Die with reuenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

Chor The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred faith,
 No rule of reason, no regarde of right,

No kindly loue, no feare of heauens wrath :
 But with contempt of Goddes, and mans despite,
 Through blodie slaughter, doth prepare the waies 5
 To fattall scepter and accursed reigne
 The sonne so lothes the fathers lingering daies,
 Ne dreads his hand in brothers blode to staine
 O wretched prince, ne doest thou yet reorde
 The yet fiesh muithers done within the lande 10
 Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde
 Bereft *Morgan* his life with cosyns hand ?
 Thus fattall plagues pursue the guiltie race,
 Whose murderous hand imbrued with giltlesse blood
 Askes vengeance still before the heauens face, 15
 With endlesse mischiefes on the cursed broode
 The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull sune
 The mournfull plantes, to wast his very life
 Thus do the cruell flames of ciuyl fier
 Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife 20
 And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
 The dead black streames of mourning, plants & woe

¶ The order and signification

of the domme shew before the fourth act.

¶ First the musick of Howboies begā to plaie, during which there
 came from vnder the stage, as though out of hell three furies.
 Alecto, Mēgera, and Ctesiphone, clad in black garments
 sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes,
 their heds spred with serpentes in stead of heare, the one bearing 5
 in her hand a Snake, the other a Whip, and the third a burning
 Firebrand. ech driuing before them a king and a queene, which
 moued by furies vnnaturally had slaine their owne children.
 The names of the kings and queenes were these Tantalus,
 Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea, after that the furies and 10
 these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed and than

15 still] omit Q₁ Q₃ 17 thus] this Q₁ Q₃ 18 very] wery Q₁
 weary Q₃ 2 came] came forth Q₁ Q₃

the musicke ceased. hereby was signified the vnnatural murders
to follow, that is to say. Porrex slaine by his owne mothei
And of king Gorboduc and queene Viden, killed by their owne
subiectes.

15

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Viden sola

V^{*Id*} Why should I lyue, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distresse ?
O me most wofull wight, whom no mishappe
Long ere this day could haue bereued hence.
Mought not these handes by fortune, or by fate, 5
Haue perst this brest, and life with iron left ?
Or in this palace here, where I so long
Haue spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Once, once haue hapt in which these hugie flames
With death by fall might haue oppressed me ? 10
Or should not this most hard and cruell soile,
So oft where I haue prest my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruthe of myne accursed life,
To iende in twayne swallow me therin ?
So had my bones possessed now in peace 15
Their happie graue within the closed groundes,
And greadie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart
Without my feeling payne so should not now
This lyuing brest remayne the ruthfull tombe,
Wherin my hart yelden to death is grieved 20
Nor driery thoughts with panges of pining griefe
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.
O my beloued sonne O my swete childe,
My deare *Ferrex*, my ioie, my lyues delyght
Is my beloued sonne, is my sweete childe, 25
My deare *Ferrex*, my ioie, my lyues delight
Murdered with cruell death ? O hatefull wretch,

7 long] long Q₂ 22 had] hath Q₃ 25 beloued] wel beloued Q₁ Q₈
26 Q₂ period at end of line

O heynous traitour both to heauen and caith
 Thou *Porrex*, thou this damned dede hast wrought,
 Thou *Porrex*, thou shalt dearely bye the same 30
 Traitour to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,
 To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thy selfe
 The Gods on thee in hell shall wieke their wrath,
 And here in earth this hand shall take reuenge,
 On thee *Porrex*, thou false and caritife wight 35
 If after blood, so eigre were thy thurst,
 And muiderous minde had so possessed thee,
 If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint
 Lived in thy brest, that nothing els could like
 Thy cruell tyrantes thought but death and blood 40
 Wilde sauage beasts, mought not their slaughter serue
 To fede thy gredie will, and in the midst
 Of their entrailes to staine thy deadly handes
 With blood deserued, and drinke thereof thy fill?
 Or if nought els but death and blood of man 45
 Mought please thy lust, could none in Brittain land,
 Whose hart betorne out of his panting brest
 With thine owne hand, or worke what death thou wouldest,
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze
 That deadly minde and muiderous thought in thee? 50
 But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,
 Where thou in dismall howe receuedst life?
 Or if nedes, nedes, thy hand must slaughter make,
 Moughtest thou not haue reached a mortall wound,
 And with thy sword haue pearsed this cursed wombe, 55
 That the accursed *Porrex* brought to light,
 And geuen me a iust reward therefore?
 So *Ferrex* yet sweete life mought haue enjoyed,
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 With some yong sonne in whom they both might lue. 60

30 bye] abyde Q₁ Q₂ 41 their] the Q₁ Q₂ 47 panting] lonyng Q₁
 loung Q₂ 49 peaze] appeaze Q₁ appeaze Q₂ 53 thy] thie Q₁
 this Q₂ must] might Q₂ 58 yet] if Q₁ Q₂

But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speche,
 To thee that hast thy brothers bloud thus shed?
 Shall I still thinke that frō this wombe thou sprong?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
 No traitour, no I thee refuse for mine, 65
 Murtherer I thee renounce, thou art not mine
 Neuer, O wretch, this wombe conceiued thee,
 Nor neuer bode I painfull throwes for thee.
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
 Nor to no wight, that sparke of pitie knew 70
 Ruthlesse, vnkinde, monster of natures worke,
 Thou neuer suckt the milke of womans brest,
 But from thy birth the cruell Tigers teates
 Haue nursed thee, nor yet of fleshe and bloud
 Formde is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought, 75
 And wilde and desert woods bredde thee to life
 But canst thou hope to scape my iust reuenge?
 Or that these handes will not be wiooke on thee?
 Doest thou not know that *Ferrex* mother liues
 That loued him more dearly than her selfe? 80
 And doth she liue, and is not venged on thee?

Actus quartus. Scena secunda.

Gorboduc Arostus. Eubulus Porrex Marcella

GOrb We maruell much wherto this lingring stay
*G*Falles out so long *Porrex* vnto our court
 By order of our letters is returned,
 And *Eubulus* receaued from vs by hest
 At his arriuall here to geue him charge 5
 Before our presence straight to make repaire,
 And yet we haue no woide whereof he stayes

Arostus. Lo where he commes & *Eubulus* with him.

Eubulus. According to your highnesse hest to me,

62 hast] hath Q₃ 74 thee] om Q₁ Q₃ 78 wrooke] wrekte Q₃
 7 haue] heare Q₃

Here haue I *Porrex* brought euen in such sort 10
 As from his werrid hoise he did alight,
 For that your gracie did will such hast therein
Gorboduc We like and praise this speddy will in you,
 To worke the thing that to your charge we gaue
Porrex, if we so faile should swarue from kinde, 15
 And from those boundes which lawe of nature sets,
 As thou hast done by vile and wretched deede,
 In cruell muider of thy brothers life,
 Our present hand could stay no longer time,
 But straight should bathe this blade in bloud of thee 20
 As iust reuenge of thy detested crime.
 No we should not offend the lawe of kinde,
 If now this sworde of ours did slay thee here
 For thou hast muidered him, whose heinous death
 Euen natures force doth moue vs to reuenge 25
 By bloud againe and iustice forceth vs
 To measure death for death, thy due desert
 Yet sithens thou art our childe, and sith as yet
 In this hard case what worde thou canst alledge
 For thy defence, by vs hath not bene heard, 30
 We are content to staye our will for that
 Which iustice biddes vs presently to worke,
 And geue thee leaue to vse thy speche at full
 If ought thou haue to lay for thine excuse.
Porrex. Neither O king, I can or will denie 35
 But that this hand from *Ferrex* life hath reft
 Which fact how much my dolefull hart doth waile,
 Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight
 As inward grieve doth poure it forth to me.
 So yet perhappes if euer ruthfull hart 40
 Melting in teares within a manly brest,
 Through depe repentance of his bloody fact,
 If euer grieve, if euer wofull man
 Might moue regreite with sorrowe of his fault,

16 those] these Q₁ Q₂ lawe] lawes Q₁ Q₂ 26 and] But Q₁ Q₂
 43 man] men Q₂

I thinke the toiment of my mournfull case 45
 Knownen to your grace, as I do feele the same,
 Would force euen wrath her selfe to pitie me.
 But as the water troubled with the mudde
 Shewes not the face which els the eye should see
 Euen so your irefull minde with stirred thought, 50
 Can not so perfectly discerne my cause
 But this vnhappy, amongst so many heapes,
 I must content me with, most wretched man,
 That to my selfe I must reserue my woe
 In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact, 55
 Since I may not shewe here my smallest grieve
 Such as it is, and as my brest endures,
 Which I esteeme the greatest miserie
 Of all missehappes that fortune now can send
 Not that I rest in hope with plaint and teares 60
 To purchase life for to the Goddes I clepe
 For true recorde of this my faithfull speche,
 Neuer this hart shall haue the thoughtfull dread
 To die the death that by your graces dome
 By iust desert, shall be pronounced to me. 65
 Nor neuer shall this tongue once spend the speche
 Pardon to craue, or seeke by sute to lue.
 I meane not this, as though I were not touchde
 With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
 Life in contempt but that I know, the minde 70
 Stoupes to no dread, although the fleshe be fraile,
 And for my gilt, I yelde the same so great
 As in my selfe I finde a feare to sue,
 For graunt of life
Gorboduc. In vaine, O wretch, thou shewest
 A wofull hart, *Ferrex* now lies in graue, 75
 Slaine by thy hand.

Porrex. Yet this, O father, heare

54 reserue] referre *Q*₁ *Q*₃ 56 Since] Sithens *Q*₁ Sithence *Q*₃ 59
*Q*₂ comma at end of line 61 To] Should *Q*₁ *Q*₃ 66 the] this *Q*₁ *Q*₃

And then I end. Your maiestie well knowes,
 That when my brother *Ferrex* and my selfe
 By your owne hest were ioyned in gouernance
 Of this your graces realme of Brittain land, 80
 I neuer sought nor trauailed for the same,
 Nor by my selfe, nor by no fiend I wrought,
 But from your highnesse will alone it spiong,
 Of your most gracious goodnesse bent to me
 But how my brothers hart euen then repined 85
 With swollen disdaine against mine egall rule,
 Seing that realme, which by discent should grow
 Wholly to him, allotted halfe to me?
 Euen in your highnesse court he now remaines,
 And with my brother then in nearest place, 90
 Who can recorde, what prooffe thereof was shewde,
 And how my brothers enuious hart appeaide
 Yet I that iudged it my part to seeke
 His fauour and good will, and loth to make
 Your highnesse know, the thing which should haue brought 95
 Grief to your grace, & your offence to him,
 Hoping my earnest sute should soone haue wonne
 A louing hart within a brothers brest,
 Wrought in that sort that for a pledge of loue
 And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hand 100
 This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite
 All rancour from his thought and bare to me
 Such hartie loue, as I did owe to him.
 But after once we left your graces count,
 And from your highnesse presence liued apart, 105
 This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so
 That now those enuious sparkes which erst lay iaked
 In liuing cinders of dissembling brest,
 Kindled so farre within his hart disdaine,
 That longer could he not refraine from prooffe 110

Of secrete practise to depriue me life
 By poysons force, and had bereft me so,
 If mine owne seruant hired to this fact
 And moued by trouth with hate to worke the same,
 In time had not bewrayed it vnto me. 115
 Whan thus I sawe the knot of loue vnknitte,
 All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
 The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in twaine,
 His hart on mischiefe set, and in his brest
 Blacke treason hid, then, then did I despenne 120
 That euer time could winne him frend to me.
 Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
 Wrapped vnder cloke, then saw I depe deceite
 Luike in his face and death prepared for me .
 Euen nature moued me than to holde my life 125
 More deare to me than his, and bad this hand,
 Since by his life my death must nedes ensue,
 And by his death my life to be preserued,
 To shed his blood, and seeke my safetie so
 And wisdomme willed me without protract 130
 In spedie wise to put the same in vre
 Thus haue I tolde the cause that moued me
 To worke my brothers death and so I yeld
 My life, my death, to iudgement of your grace
Gorb. Oh cruell wight, should any cause preuaile 135
 To make thee staine thy hands with brothers blood?
 But what of thee we will resolute doe,
 Shall yet remaine vnknownen . Thou in the meane
 Shalt from our royall presence banisht be,
 Vntill our princely pleasure further shall 140
 To thee be shewed Depart therefore our sight
 Accursed childe. What cruell destenie,
 What froward fate hath sorted vs this chaunce,
 That euen in those where we should comfort find,
 Where our delight now in our aged dayes 145

Sould rest and be, euen there our onely grieve
 And depest sorrowes to abridge our life,
 Most pynning cares and deadly thoughts do grow ?

Aros Your giace should now in these graue yeies of yours
 Haue found ere this y^e price of mortall ioyes, 150
 How short they be, how fading here in earth,
 How full of chaunge, how brittle our estate,
 Of nothing sure, saue onely of the death,
 To whom both man and all the world doth owe
 Their end at last, neither should natures power 155
 In othei sort against your hart preuaile,
 Than as the naked hand whose stroke assayes
 The armed brest where force doth light in vaine

Gorbod. Many can yelde right sage and graue aduise
 Of pacient sprite to others wrapped in woe, 160
 And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
 Who if by prooffe they might feele natures force,
 Would shew them selues men as they are in dede,
 Which now wil nedes be gods But what doth meane
 The sory chere of her that here doth come ? 165

Marcella. Oh where is ruth ? or where is pitie now ?
 Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled ?
 Are they exiled out of our stony biestes,
 Neuer to make returne ? is all the world
 Drowned in bloud, and soncke in crueltie ? 170
 If not in women mercy may be found,
 If not (alas) within the mothers brest,
 To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and bloud,
 If ruthe be banished thence, if pitie there
 May haue no place, if there no gentle hart 175
 Do lue and dwell, where should we seeke it then ?

Gorb Madame (alas) what meanes your woful tale ?

Marcella. O sillie woman I, why to this houre
 Haue kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
 That I should lue to see this dolefull day ? 180

148 grow] graue Q₁ Q₂ 155 should] shall Q₁ Q₂ 165 of her] omz Q₃

Will euer wight beleue that such hard hart
 Could rest within the cruell mothers brest,
 With hei owne hand to slay her onely sonne?
 But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
 They saw the driery sight, and are becomē 185
 Most ruthfull recordes of the bloudy fact

Porrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,
 And with her hand, a wofull thing to tell,
 While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes
 His hart stabde in with knife is left of life. 190

Gorboduc O *Eubulus*, oh draw this sword of ours,
 And pearce this hart with speed O hatefull light,
 O lothsome life, O sweete and welcome death.
 Deare *Eubulus* worke this we thee besech

Eubulus. Pacient your grace, perhappes he liueth yet, 195
 With wound receaued, but not of certaine death.

Gorboduc. O let vs then repayre vnto the place,
 And see if *Porrex* liue, or thus be slaine

Marcella Alas he liueth not, it is to true,
 That with these eyes of him a perelesse pünce, 200
 Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
 Euen with a twinke a senselesse stocke I saw.

Arostus. O damned deede.

Marcella. But heare hys ruthefull end.

The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,
 Out of his wretched slumber hastely start, 205
 Whose strength now fayling straight he ouerthrew,
 When in the fall his eyes euen new vnclosed
 Behelde the Queene, and cryed to hei for helpe.
 We then, alas, the ladies which that time
 Did there attend, seing that heynous deede, 210
 And hearing him oft call the wretched name
 Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,
 Whose direfull hand gaue him the mortall wound,

190 stabde] stalde Q₁ Q₂ 198 if] if that Q₁ Q₂ liue] om Q₁ Q₂
 203 hys] this Q₁ Q₂ 204 wound] wounde Q₁ wounds Q₂

Pitying (alas) for nought els could we do
 His ruthfull end, ianne to the wofull bedde, 215
 Dispoyled straight his biest, and all we might
 Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand,
 The sodeine streames of bloud that flushed fast
 Out of the gaping wound O what a looke,
 O what a ruthfull stedfast eye me thought 220
 He fixt vpon my face, which to my death
 Will neuer part fro me, when with a briaide
 A deepe fet sigh he gaue, and therewithall
 Claspig his handes, to heauen he cast his sight
 And straight pale death pressing within his face 225
 The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke
Arostus Neuer did age bring forth so vile a fact.
Marcella. O hard and cruell happe, that thus assigned
 Vnto so worthy a wight so wretched end
 But most hard cruell hart, that could consent 230
 To lend the hatefull destenies that hand,
 By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.
 O Queene of adamant, O marble brest,
 If not the fauour of his comely face,
 If not his princely chere and countenance, 235
 His valiant actiue armes, his manly brest,
 If not his faire and seemely personage,
 His noble limmes in such proportion cast
 As would haue wrapt a sillie womans thought,
 If this mought not haue moued thy bloudy hart 240
 And that most ciuell hand the wretched weapon
 Euen to let fall, and kiste him in the face,
 With teares for ruthe to reauue such one by death :
 Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne ?
 O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe ? 245
 Euen *Ioue* with iustice must with lightning flames
 Fro heauen send downe some strange reuenge on thee.

214 Q_1 Q_3 no bracket after alas Q_1 bracket before alas : Q_3 before for
 215 ruthfull] iufull Q_3 233, 240 Q_2 period at end of line 238
 proportion] preparacion Q_1

Ah noble p^rince, how oft haue I behelde
 Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling stede,
 Shining in armour bright before the tilt, 250
 And with thy mistresse sleue tied on thy helme,
 And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eye,
 That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe?
 How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace?
 How oft in armes on foote to breake the sworde, 255
 Which neuer now these eyes may see againe

Arostus. Madame, alas, in vaine these plants are shed,
 Rather with me depart, and helpe to swage,
 The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king
 Must needes by nature growe, by death of this 260
 His onely sonne, whom he did holde so deare

Marcella. What wight is that which saw y^t I did see,
 And could refraine to waile with plaint and teares?
 Not I, alas, that hart is not in me.
 But let vs goe, for I am greued anew, 265
 To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.

Chorus. Whan greedy lust in royall seate to reigne
 Hath reft all care of Goddes and eke of men,
 And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and disdaine
 Within ambitious brest are lodged, then
 Beholde how mischiefe wide her selfe displayes, 5
 And with the brothers hand the brother slayes
 When blood thus shed, doth staine the heauens face,
 Crying to *Ioue* for vengeance of the deede,
 The mightie God euen moueth from his place,
 With wrath to wreke · then sendes he forth with spede 10
 The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
 With Serpentes girt, carying the whip of ire,
 With heare of stinging Snakes, and shining bright
 With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.
 These for reuenge of wretched murder done, 15

257 *Q₂ comma after Arostus* 4 Within] Within the *Q₁ Q₃* 7 the]
 this *Q₁ Q₃* 10 sendes] send *Q₃*

Do make the mothei kill her onely sonne
 Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite
Ioue by his iust and euerlasting dome
 Iustly hath euei so requited it.
 The times before recorde, and times to come
 Shall finde it true, and so doth present prooffe
 Present before our eyes for our behoofe
 O happy wight that suffres not the snare
 Of muiderous minde to tangle him in blood.
 And happy he that can in time bewaie
 By others harmes and turne it to his good.
 But wo to him that fearing not to offend
 Doth serue his lust, and will not see the end

20

25

¶ The order and signification

of the domme shew before the fifth act.

¶ First the drommes & flutes, began to sound, during which there came forth vpon the stage a company of Hargabusiers and of Armed men all in order of battaile. These after their peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drommes and fluits did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, aimes and ciuill warres to follow, as fell in the realme of great Brittainne, which by the space of fiftie yeares & more continued in ciuill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death of king Gorboduc, and of his issues, for want of certayne limitation in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchie

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Clotyn. Mandud Gwenard. Fergus Eubulus.

Clot. Did euer age bring forth such triants haits?
 The brother hath bereft the brothers life,
 The mothei she hath died her cruell handes

16 Do make] Dooth cause Q₃ 20 The] These Q₁ Q₃
 comma at end of line 10 in] in the Q₁ Q₂

28 Q₂

In bloud of her owne sonne, and now at last
 The people loe forgetting trouth and loue, 5
 Contemning quite both law and loyall hait,
 Euen they haue slaine their soueraigne lord & queene.

Mand. Shall this their traitorous crime vnpunished rest?
 Euen yet they cease not, caryed on with rage,
 In their rebellious routes, to threaten still 10
 A new bloud shed vnto the princes kinne,
 To slay them all, and to vproote the race
 Both of the king and queene, so are they moued
 With *Porrex* death, wherin they falsely charge
 The guiltlesse king without desert at all, 15
 And traitorously haue murdered him therfore,
 And eke the queene.

Gwena. Shall subiectes dare with force
 To worke reuenge vpon their princes fact?
 Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
 The deede was fowle, the queene to slay her sonne, 20
 Shall yet the subiect seeke to take the sworde,
 Arise agaynst his lord, and slay his king?
 O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
 Aie not rent out euen from their liuing breastes,
 And with the body throwen vnto the foules 25
 As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Ferg There can no punishment be thought to great
 For this so greuous cryme. let spede therfore
 Be vsed therein for it behoueth so.

Eubulus. Ye all my lordes, I see, consent in one 30
 And I as one consent with ye in all
 I holde it more than neede with sharpest law
 To punish this tumultuous bloody rage.
 For nothing more may shake the common state,
 Than sufferance of vproares without rediesse, 35
 Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power

After great conquestes made, and flourishing
 In fame and wealth, haue ben to ruine brought,
 I pray to *Ioue* that we may iather wayle
 Such happe in them than wisse in ouer selues 40
 Eke fully with the duke my minde agrees,
 Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
 Yet subiectes must obey as they are bounde
 But now my lordes, before ye farther wade,
 Or spend your speach, what shalpe reuenge shall fall 45
 By iustice plague on these rebellious wightes,
 Me thinkes ye rather should first search the way,
 By which in time the rage of this vproare
 Mought be repressed, and these great tumults ceased
 Euen yet the life of *Brittayne* land doth hang 50
 In traitous balaunce of vnegall weight
 Thinke not my lordes the death of *Gorboduc*,
 Nor yet *Videnaes* bloud will cease their rage
 Euen our owne lyues, our wiues and children deare,
 Our countrey dearest of all, in daunger standes, 55
 Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
 And by our selues a conquest to ensue.
 For geue once swey vnto the peoples lustes,
 To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
 And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll, 60
 So will they headlong ronne with raging thoughtes
 From bloud to bloud, from mischiefe vnto moe,
 To ruine of the realme, them selues and all,

41 After this line *Q*₁ has the following

That no cause serues, wherby the Subiect maye
 Call to accompt the doynges of his Prince,
 Muche lesse in bloode by sworde to worke reuenge,
 No more then maye the hande cut of the heade,
 In Acte nor speache, no, not in secrete thoughte
 The Subiect maye rebell against his Lorde,
 Or Judge of him that sittes in *Cesar's* Seate
 With grudging mind <to> damne those He mislikes.

Instead of to in the last line, *Q*₁ has do, and *Q*₃ doo. *Q*₁ and *Q*₃ agree
 in this passage except for differences of spelling. See explanatory notes for
 reasons of the omission in *Q*₂ 54 deare] om. *Q*₁ *Q*₃

So giddy are the common peoples mindes,
 So glad of chaunge, more wauering than the sea 65
 Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles haue,
 What hugie nombie is assembled still,
 For though the traiterous fact, for which they rose
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field
 So that how farre then furies yet will stretch 70
 Great cause we haue to dreade That we may seeke
 By present battaile to repress their power,
 Speede must we vse to leuie force þneifore
 For either they forthwith will mischiefe worke,
 Or their rebellious ioares forthwith will cease 75
 These violent thinges may haue no lasting long.
 Let vs therfore vse this for present helpe,
 Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace
 With gift of pardon saue vnto the chiefe,
 And that vpon condicion that forthwith 80
 They yelde the captaines of their enterprise,
 To beare such guerdon of their traiterous fact,
 As may be both due vengeance to them selues,
 And holsome terrour to posteritie.
 This shall, I thinke, scatter the greatest part, 85
 That now are holden with desire of home,
 Weried in field with cold of winters nightes,
 And some (no doubt) stricken with dread of law
 Whan this is once proclaimed, it shall make
 The captaines to mistrust the multitude, 90
 Whose safetie biddes them to betray their heads,
 And so much more bycause the rascall routes,
 In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,
 Are neuer trustie to the noble race.
 And while we treate and stand on termes of grace, 95
 We shall both stay their furies rage the while,
 And eke game time, whose onely helpe sufficeth

Withouten waire to vanquish rebelles power
 In the meane while, make you in redynes
 Such band of hoisemen as ye may piepare. 100
 Horsemen (you know) are not the commons strength,
 But are the force and store of noble men,
 Wherby the vnchosen and vnarmed sort
 Of skillesse rebelles, whome none other power
 But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force, 105
 With sodeyne brunt may quickly be opprest.
 And if this gentle meane of proffered giace,
 With stubborne hartes cannot so farie auayle,
 As to asswage their desperate couages,
 Then do I wish such slaughter to be made, 110
 As present age and eke posteritie
 May be adrad with horrou of reuenge,
 That iustly then shall on these rebelles fall
 This is my lordes the summe of mine aduise
Clotyn Neither this case admittes debate at large, 115
 And though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd
 Hath well abridged the tale I would haue tolde.
 Fully with *Eubulus* do I consent
 In all that he hath sayd and if the same
 To you my lordes, may seeme for best aduise, 120
 I wish that it should streight be put in vre
Mandud. My lordes than let vs presently depart,
 And follow this that liketh vs so well.
Fergus If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
 Were offred man, now it is offred mee 125
 The realme is reft both of their king and queene,
 The ofspring of the prince is slaine and dead,
 No issue now remaines, the heire vnknownen,
 The people are in armes and mutynies,
 The nobles they are busied how to cease 130
 These great rebellious tumultes and vproaires,
 98 *Q₂ no stop at end of line* 109 *Q₂ period at end of line* 114
 lordes *Q₁ Q₃* lord *Q₂*

And *Brittayne* land now desert left alone
 Amyd these bioyles vnceitayne where to rest,
 Offers her selfe vnto that noble hart
 That will or dare puisue to beare her crowne. 135
 Shall I that am the duke of *Albanye*
 Discended from that line of noble bloud,
 Which hath so long florished in worthy fame,
 Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble brestes
 Of right should rest aboue the baser sort, 140
 Refuse to venture life to winne a crowne?
 Whom shall I finde enmies that will withstand
 My fact heerein, if I attempt by armes
 To seeke the same now in these times of broyle?
 These dukes power can hardly well appease 145
 The people that already are in armes.
 But if perhappes my force be once in field,
 Is not my strength in power aboue the best
 Of all these lordes now left in *Brittayne* land?
 And though they should match me with power of mē, 150
 Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of batailles ioyned.
 If victors of the field we may depart,
 Ours is the scepter then of great *Brittayne*
 If slayne amid the playne this body lye,
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this, 155
 But that I dyed geuing the noble charge
 To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.
 Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
 To *Albanye*, and raise in armour there
 All power I can : and here my secret friendes, 160
 By secret practise shall sollicite still,
 To seeke to wynne to me the peoples hartes.

140 the] the the Q₂ 141 venture] aduenture Q₁ Q₃
 Fame Q₁ Q₂ 154 lye] be Q₁ Q₂

144 same]

*Actus quintus. Scena secunda.**Eubulus. Clotyn Mandud Gwenard Arostus. Nuntius*

EVb O *Ioue*, how are these peoples harts abusde ?
 What blind fury, thus headlong caries them ?
 That though so many bookes, so many rolles
 Of auncient time recoide, what greuous plagues
 Light on these rebelles aye, and though so oft 5
 Their eares haue heard their aged fathes tell,
 What iuste reward these traitours still receyue,
 Yea though them selues haue sene depe death & bloud,
 By strangling coid and slaughter of the sword,
 To such assigned, yet can they not beware, 10
 Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
 But suffring loe fowle treason to distaine
 Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
 Reiect all truth and rise against then prince
 A ruthefull case, that those, whom duties bond, 15
 Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith,
 Bound to preserue their countrey and their king,
 Borne to defend their common wealth and prince,
 Euen they should geue consent thus to subuert
 Thee Brittain land, & from thy wombe should spring 20
 (O native soile) those, that will needs destroy
 And ruyne thee and eke them selues in fine
 For lo, when once the dukes had offred grace
 Of pardon sweete, the multitude misslédde
 By traitorous fraude of their vngiacious heades, 25
 One sort that saw the dangerous successe
 Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,
 And knew the difference of princes power
 From headlesse nombre of tumultuous routes,
 Whom common countreies care, and priuate feare, 30

4 time] time of *Q*₃ 11 can] can they *Q*₁ *Q*₃ lewde] om *Q*₁ *Q*₃
 12 loe] to *Q*₁ · too *Q*₃ 15 bond] bounde *Q*₁ bound *Q*₃ 20 thy]
 the *Q*₁ *Q*₃ spring] bring *Q*₁ *Q*₃

Taught to repent the errour of their rage,
 Layde handes vpon the captaines of their band,
 And brought them bound vnto the mightie dukes.
 And other sort not trusting yet so well
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more 35
 Their owne offence than that they could conceue
 Such hope of pardon for so foule misdede,
 Oi for that they their captaines could not yeld,
 Who fearing to be yelded fled before,
 Stale home by silence of the secret night. 40
 The thirde vnhappy and enraged sort
 Of desperate haites, who stained in princes bloud
 From trayterous furour could not be withdrawn
 By loue, by law, by grace, ne yet by feare,
 By proffered life, ne yet by threatned death, 45
 With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of death,
 Carelesse of countrey, and awelesse of God,
 Stood bent to fight, as furies did them moue,
 With violent death to close their traiterous life.
 These all by power of horsemen were opprest, 50
 And with reuenging sworde slayne in the field,
 Or with the strangling cord hangd on the tree,
 Where yet their carryen carcasses do peach
 The frutes that rebelles reape of their vproares,
 And of the murder of their sacred prince. 55
 But loe, where do approche the noble dukes,
 By whom these tumults haue ben thus appeasde.

Clotyn I thinke the world will now at length bewaie
 And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince

Mand If not? those trayterous hartes that dare rebell, 60
 Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
 With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles slayne,
 The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead

31 error] terrour Q₁ Q₃ 34 And other] An other Q₁ · Another Q₂
 36 could] should Q₃ 40 Q₂ comma at end of line 52 tree] trees
 Q₁ Q₃ 53 their] the Q₁ Q₃ 60 daie] doo Q₃ 62 bodies] bodie
 Q₁ Q₃ of] with Q₁ Q₃ 63 lofty] lustie Q₁ Q₃ the] omit Q₁ Q₃

That strangled with the corde do hang theron.

Arostus A iust rewaide, such as all times before 65

Haue euer lotted to those wretched folkes

Given But what meanes he that commeth here so fast?

Nun My lordes, as dutie and my trowth doth moue

And of my country worke a care in mee,

That if the spending of my breath auailed 70

To do the seruice that my hart desires,

I would not shunne to embrace a present death

So haue I now in that wherein I thought

My trauaile mought performe some good effect,

Ventred my life to bring these tydings here. 75

Fergus the mightie duke of Albanye

Is now in armes and lodgeth in the fieelde

With twentie thousand men, hether he bendes

His spedy marche, and mindes to inuade the crowne.

Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad 80

That to this realme no certeine heue remaines,

That Brittain land is left without a guide,

That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els

But to preserue the people and the land,

Which now remaine as ship without a sterne. 85

Loe this is that which I haue here to say

Cloyton Is this his fayth? and shall he falsely thus

Abuse the vauntage of vnhappie times?

O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,

His cruell and vntempered wilfulnesse, 90

His deepe dissembling shewes of false pretence,

Should once attaine the crowne of Brittain land.

Let vs my lordes, with timely force resist

The new attempt of this our common foe,

As we would quench the flames of common fire. 95

Mand Though we remaine without a certain pünce,

To weld the realme or guide the wandring rule,

64 theron] therein Q₁ therein Q₃ 69 a] and Q₁ Q₃ 70 auailed]
 auale Q₁ Q₃ 86 here to say] hereto saide Q₁ . hereto said Q₃

Yet now the common mother of vs all,
 Our natue land, our countrey, that contenes
 Our wiues, children, kindied, our selues and all 100
 That euer is or may be deare to man,
 Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her.
 Let vs aduaunce our powers to repress
 This growing foe of all our liberties

Gwenard Yea let vs so, my lordes, with hasty speede. 105
 And ye (O Goddes) send vs the welcome death,
 To shed our bloud in field, and leaue vs not
 In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes,
 To see the hugie hcapes of these vnhappes,
 That now roll downe vpon the wretched land, 110
 Where emptie place of princely gouernaunce,
 No certaine stay now left of doubtlesse heire,
 Thus leaue this guidelesse realme an open play,
 To endlesse stormes and waste of ciuill warre

Arostus That ye (my lordes) do so agree in one, 115
 To saue your countrey from the violent reigne
 And wrongfully vsuiped tyrannie
 Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
 To saue your realme, and in this realme your selues,
 From forreine thraldome of so proud a prince, 120
 Much do I prayse, and I besech the Goddes,
 With happy honour to requite it you.
 But (O my lordes) sith now the heauens wrath
 Hath reft this land the issue of then prince,
 Sith of the body of our late soueraigne lorde 125
 Remaines no moe, since the yong kinges be slaine,
 And of the title of discended crowne
 Vncertainly the diuerse mindes do thinke
 Euen of the learned sort, and more vncertainly
 Will parciall fancie and affection deeme 130
 But most vncertainly will climbing pride

108 dayes] lyues Q₁ lues Q₃ 109 vnhappes] mishaps Q₃ 127
 of] of the Q₁ Q₃

And hope of reigne withdriaw to sundry partes
 The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne
 When once this noble seruice is atchieued
 For Brittain land the mother of ye all, 135
 When once ye haue with aimed force represt
 The proude attemptes of this Albanian prince,
 That threatens thialdome to your natue land,
 When ye shall vanquishers returne from field,
 And finde the princely state an open pray 140
 To gredie lust and to vsurping power,
 Then, then (my lordes) if euer kindly caie
 Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
 Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
 Yea of the liues and safetie yet to come 145
 Of your deare wiues, your children, and your selues,
 Might moue your noble haites with gentle ruth,
 Then, then, haue pitie on the toine estate,
 Then helpe to salue the welneare hopelesse sore
 Which ye shall do, if ye your selues withholde 150
 The slaying knife from your owne mothers throate
 Her shall you saue, and you, and yours in her,
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear
 Once to lay hand or take vnto your selues
 The crowne, by colour of pretended right, 155
 Or by what other meanes so euer it be,
 Till first by common counsell of you all
 In Parliament the regall diademe
 Be set in certaine place of gouernaunce,
 In which your Parliament and in your choise, 160
 Preferre the right (my lordes) without respect
 Of strength or frendes, or what soeuer cause
 That may set forward any others part
 For right will last, and wrong can not endure
 Right meane I his or hers, vpon whose name 165
 The people rest by meane of natue line,

Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
 Already made their title to aduaunce
 Such one (my lordes) let be your chosen king,
 Such one so borne within your natue land, 170
 Such one pferre, and in no wise admitte
 The heaue yoke of forreine gouernance,
 Let forreine titles yelde to publike wealth
 And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare
 Thus to withstand the proude inuading foe, 175
 With that same hart (my lordes) keepe out also
 Vnnaturall thraldome of strangers reigne,
 Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde
 Your mother land to serue a forreine prince
Eubulus. Loe here the end of *Brutus* royall line, 180
 And loe the entry to the wofull wracke,
 And vtter ruine of this noble realme
 The royall king, and eke his sonnes are slaine,
 No ruler restes within the regall seate,
 The heire, to whom the scepter longes, vnknownen, 185
 That to eche force of forreine princes power,
 Whom vauntage of our wretched state may moue
 By sodeine armes to gaine so riche a realme,
 And to the proud and gredie minde at home,
 Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire, 190
 Loe Brittain realme is left an open pray,
 A present spoyle by conquest to ensue.
 Who seeth not now how many rising mindes
 Do feede their thoughts, with hope to reach a realme?
 And who will not by force attempt to winne 195
 So great a gaine, that hope perswades to haue?
 A simple colour shall for title serue.
 Who winnes the royall crowne will want no right,
 Nor such as shall display by long discent
 A lineall race to proue him lawfull king. 200

187 our] your Q₁ Q₂ may moue] omit Q₁ Q₂ 200 lawfull] selfe a
 Q₁ Q₂

In the meane while these ciuil armes shall rage,
 And thus a thousand mischiefes shall vnfolde,
 And faire and neare spread thee (O Brittain land)
 All right and lawe shall cease, and he that had
 Nothing to day, to morrowe shall enioye 205
 Great heapes of golde, and he that flowed in wealth,
 Loe he shall be bereft of life and all,
 And happiest he that then possesseth least,
 The wiues shall suffer rape, the maides defloured,
 And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waile, 210
 With fire and sworde thy natue folke shall perishe,
 One kinsman shall bereaue an others life,
 The father shall vnwitting slay the sonne,
 The sonne shall slay the sire and know it not,
 Women and maides the cruell souldiers sword 215
 Shall perse to death, and sillie children loe,
 That playnge in the streetes and fieldes are found,
 By violent hand shall close their latter day.
 Whom shall the fierce and bloody souldier
 Reserue to life? whom shall he spare from death? 220
 Euen thou (O wretched mother) halfe aliue,
 Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
 Slaine with the swoide while he yet suckes thy brest.
 Loe, guiltlesse bloud shall thus eche where be shed
 Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite, 225
 But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.
 The townes shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
 The peopled cities shall waxe desolate,
 And thou, O Brittain, whilome in renowme,
 Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne, 230
 Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed,
 These be the fruites your ciuil warres will bring.
 Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent

206 golde] good $Q_1 Q_3$ 207 bereft] reft $Q_1 Q_3$ 212 others] other Q_1
 217 playnge] play Q_2 229 Brittain] *Brittain* Land $Q_1 Q_3$

To graue aduse, but followe wilfull will. 235
 This is the end, when in fonde princes hautes
 Flattery pieuailes, and sage rede hath no place
 These are the plagis, when murder is the meane
 To make new heires vnto the royall crowne.
 Thus wreke the Gods, when that the mothers wrath 240
 Nought but the bloud of her owne childe may swage
 These mischiefes spring when rebells will aise,
 To worke reuenge and iudge their princes fact
 This, this ensues, when noble men do faile
 In loyall trouth, and subiectes will be kinges 245
 And this doth growe when loe vnto the prince,
 Whom death or sodeine happe of life bereaues,
 No certaine heire remaines, such certaine heire,
 As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
 But to the realme is so made knowne to be, 250
 And trouth therby vested in subiectes hartes,
 To owe fayth there where right is knowne to rest
 Alas, in Parliament what hope can be,
 When is of Parliament no hope at all?
 Which, though it be assembled by consent, 255
 Yet is not likely with consent to end,
 While eche one for him selfe, or for his frend,
 Against his foe, shall trauaile what he may
 While now the state left open to the man,
 That shall with greatest force inuade the same, 260
 Shall fill ambitious mindes with gaping hope,
 When will they once with yelding hartes agree?
 Or in the while, how shall the realme be vsed?
 No, no · then Parliament should haue bene holden,
 And certaine heires appointed to the crowne, 265
 To stay the title of established right,
 And in the people plant obedience,

236 fonde] yonge Q₁. yong Q₃ 242 spring] springs Q₁ springes Q₃
 248 such certaine heire] suche certentie Q₁ such certentie Q₃ 250
 knownen] vnknownen Q₁ vnknowne Q₃ 251 Q₃ *period at end of line*
 256 is] is it Q₁ Q₃ 266 the] their Q₁ Q₃ 267 in the people plant]
 plant the people in Q₁ Q₃

While yet the prince did liue, whose name and power
 By lawfull sommons and authoritie
 Might make a Parliament to be of force,
 And might haue set the state in quiet stay
 But now O happie man, whom spedie death
 Depriues of life, ne is enforced to see
 These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
 These ciuil waies, these muiders & these wronges
 Of iustice, yet must God in fine restore
 This noble crowne vnto the lawfull heire :
 For right will alwayes lue, and rise at length,
 But wrong can neuer take deepe roote to last.

²⁷¹ state] Realme *Q*₃ ²⁷² whom] whome *Q*₁. what *Q*₃
 God] *Ioue* *Q*₁ *Q*₃ ²⁷⁹ *Q*₁ *Q*₃ *below*

¶ The ende of the Tragedie of Kynge *Gorboduc*.

II

JOCASTA

BY

GEORGE GASCOIGNE AND FRANCIS
KINWELMERSH

The text is that of 1575 (Q_2)

Q_1 =A Hundreth sundrie Flowres bounde vp in one small Poesie Gathered partely (by translation) in the fyne outlandish Gardins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others and partly by inuention out of our owne frutefull Oricaydes in Englande Yelding sundrie sweete sauours of Tragical, Comical, and Morall Discourses, bothe pleasaunt and profitable to the well smellyng noses of learned Readers Meritum petere, graue At London, Imprinted for Richarde Smith. [1573.]

Q_2 =THE POSIES of George Gascoigne Esquie Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour. 1575 Tam Marti quam Mercurio. Printed at London for Richard Smith, and are to be solde at the Northwest doore of Paules Church

Q_3 =The pleasauntest workes of Georice Gascoigne Esquyre. Newlye compyled into one Volume, That is to say His Flowers, Heaibes, Weedes, the Frutes of warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Iocasta, the Steele glasse, the Complaint of Phylomene, the Storie of Ferdinando Ieronimi, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London Imprinted by Abell Ieffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, neere vnto Grub-streete 1587.

MS.=B M Additional MSS. 34063, the title-page of which is reproduced in facsimile opposite.

I O C A S T A :
A Tragedie vvritten in
Greeke by *Euripides*, translated
and digested into Acte by George Gas-
coygne, and Francis Kinvvelmeishe
of Grayes Inne,
and there by them presented,
1566.

The argument of the Tragedie.

To scourge the cryme of vvicked Laus,
And vvrecke the foule Incest of Oedipus,
The angry Gods styrr'd vp theyr sonnes, by stufe
VVith blades embrevved to reauē eache others life .
The vvife, the mother, and the concubyne, 5
(VVhose fearefull hart foiedrad theyr fatall fine,)
Hir sonnes thus dead, disdayneth longer lyfe,
And slayes himself vvith selfsame bloudy knyfe
The daughter she, surprisde vvith childish dreade
(That dust not dye) a lothsome lyfe doth leade, 10
Yet rather chose to guide hir banisht sire,
Than cruell Cæon should haue his desire
Creon is King, the * type of Tyianny, * Fyfigure
And Oedipus, myiour of misery.

Fortunatus Infelix 15

Title 8 1566] An 1566 Q₃
3 theyr] his MS 4 blades] blade MS. 5 The . the . . the]
his his . . his MS 13 is King, the] the king ys 15 * Fyfigure]
MS and Q₁ omit this and all subsequent side-notes 15 *Fortunatus*
Infelix] MS omits

The names of the Interloquutors.

<i>Iocasta</i> , the Queene	
<i>Seruus</i> , a noble man of the Queenes traine.	
<i>Baulo</i> , gouernour to the Queenes sonnes.	
<i>Antygone</i> , daughter to the Queene	
<i>Chorus</i> , foure <i>Thebane</i> dames.	5
<i>Pollynices</i> & } <i>Eteocles</i> }	sonnes to <i>Oedipus</i> & the Queene.
<i>Creon</i> , the Queenes brother	
<i>Menecus</i> , sonne to <i>Creon</i>	
<i>Tyresias</i> , the diuine priest.	10
<i>Manto</i> , the daughter of <i>Tyresias</i>	
<i>Sacerdos</i> , the sacrificing priest	
<i>Nuntij</i> , three messangers from the campe.	
<i>Oedipus</i> , the olde King father to <i>Eteocles</i> and <i>Pollynices</i> , sonne and husbände to <i>Iocasta</i> the Queene	15

The Tragedie presented as it were
in *Thebes*.

16-17 The . . *Thebes*] The tragedie represented in *Thebes MS. and Q₁*

¶ The order of the dumme shewes and Musickes before euery Acte

FIrste, before the beginning of the first Acte, did sounde
 a dolefull & straunge noyse of violles, Cythren, Ban-
 duriion, and such like, during the whiche, there came in vppon
 the Stage a king with an Imperial crown vppon his head, very
 richely apparelled: a Scepter in his righte hande, a Mounde 5
 with a Crosse in his lefte hande, sitting in a Chariote vey
 richely furnished, drawne in by foure Kinges in their Dublettes
 and Hosen, with Crownes also vpon their heades Representing
 vnto vs Ambition, by the hystorie of *Sesostres* king of *Egypt*,
 who beeing in his time and reigne a mightie Conquerour, yet 10
 not content to haue subdued many princes, and taken from
 them their kingdomes and dominions, did in like maner cause
 those Kinges whome he had so ouercome, to draw in his
 Chariote like Beastes and Oxen, theieby to content his
 vnbrideled ambitious desue After he had beene drawne twyce 15
 about the Stage, and retyred, the Musicke ceased, and *Iocasta*
 the Queene issued out of hir house, beginning the firste Acte,
 as followeth. *Iocasta* the Queene issueth out of hir Pallace,
 before hir twelue Gentlemen, following after hir eight Gentle-
 women, whereof foure be the *Chorus* that remayne on the Stage 20
 after hir departure At hir entuance the Trumpettes
 sounded, and after she had gone once about
 the Stage, she turneth to one of hir most
 trustie and esteemed seruauents, and
 vnto him she discloseth 25
 hir grieve, as
 foloweth

5 righte] *MS omits*
 appareled

19 Gentlemen] *MS and Q₁ add* very brauely

The first Act. The first Scene

IOCASTA SERVVS.

O Faithfull seruaunt of mine auncient sire,
 Though vnto thee, sufficiently be knowne
 The whole discourse of my recurelesse grieve
 By seing me from Princes royall state
 Thus basely brought into so great cōtempt, 5
 As mine own sonnes repine to heare my plaint,
 Now of a Queene but barely bearing name,
 Seyng this towne, seing my fleshe and bloude,
 Against it selfe to leuie threatning armes,
 (Whereof to talke my heart it rendes in twaine) 10
 Yet once againe, I must to thee recompte
 The wailefull thing that is already spied,
 Bicause I know, that pitie will compell
 Thy tender hait, more than my naturall childe,
 With ruthfull teares to mone my mourning case. 15

Ser. My gracious Queene, as no man might suimount
 The constant faith I beare my souraine Lorde,
 So doe I thinke, for loue and trustie zeale,
 No Sonne you haue, doth owe you more than I.
 For hereunto I am by dutie bounde, 20
 With seruice meete no lesse to honor you,
 Than that renoumed Prince your deere father
 And as my duties be most infinite,
 So infinite, must also be my loue.
 Then if my life or spending of my bloude 25
 May be employde to doe your highnesse good,
 Commaunde (O Queene) commaund this carcasse here,
 In spite of death to satisfie thy will,
 So, though I die, yet shall my willing ghost
 Contentedly forsake this withered corps, 30

For ioy to thinke I neuer shewde my selfe
Ingrateful once to such a worthy Queene

Ioca. Thou knowst what care my carefull father tooke,
In wedlockes sacred state to settle me
With *Lams*, king of this vnhappy *Thebs*, 35
That most vnhappy now our Citie is.
Thou knowst, how he, desirous still to searche
The hidden secrets of supernall powers,
Vnto Diuines did make his ofte recourse,
Of them to learne when he should haue a sonne, 40
That in his Realme might after him succede
Of whom receiuing answer sharpe and sowie,
That his owne sonne should worke his wailfull ende,
The wretched king (though all in vayne) did sake
For to eschew that could not be eschewed 45
And so, forgetting lawes of natures loue,
No sooner had this paynfull wombe brought forth
His eldest sonne to this desired light,
But straight he chargde a trustie man of his
To beare the childe into a desert wood, 50
And leaue it there, for Tigers to deuoure
Ser O lucklesse babe, begot in wofull houe
Ioc His seruant thus obedient to his hest,
Vp by the heeles did hang this faultlesse Impe,
And percing with a knife his tender feete, 55
Through both the wounds did drawe the slender twigs,
Which being bound about his feeble limmes,
Were strong inough to holde the little soule.
Thus did he leaue this infant scarcely borne,
That in short time must needes haue lost his life, 60
If destenie (that for our greater griefes
Decreede before to keepe it still aloue)
Had not vnto this childe sent present helpe
For so it chaunst, a shepheard passing by,
With pitie moude, did stay his guiltlesse death 65
He tooke him home, and gaue him to his wife,

With homelie fare to feede and foster vp
 Now harken how the heauens haue wrought the way
 To *Laius* death, and to mine owne decay.
 „ *Ser* Experience proues, and daily is it seene, 70
 „ In vaine (too vaine) man striues against the heauens
 Ioca. Not farre fio thence, the mightie *Polibus*,
 Of *Corinth* King, did keepe his princely court,
 Vnto whose wofull wife (lamenting muche
 Shee had no ofspring by hir noble pheere) 75
 The curteous shepheird gaue my little sonne
 Which gratefull gift, the Queene did so accept,
 As nothing seemde more precious in hir sight
 Partly, for that, his fautures were so fine,
 Partly, for that, he was so beautifull, 80
 And partly, for bicause his comely grace
 Gaue great suspicion of his royall bloude
 The infant grewe, and many yeares was demde
Polibus sonne, till time, that *Oedipus*
 (For so he named was) did vnderstande 85
 That *Polibus* was not his sire in deede,
 Whereby forsaking frendes and countrie there,
 He did returne to seeke his natue stocke .
 And being come into *Phocides* lande,
 Toke notice of the cursed oracle, 90
 How first he shoulde his father doe to death,
 And then become his mothers wedded mate
 Ser. O fierce aspect of cruell planets all,
 That can decree such seas of heynous faultes
 Ioca. Then *Oedipus*, fraught full of chilling feare, 95
 By all meanes sought t'auoyde this furious fate,
 But whiles he weende to shunne the shameful deede,
 Vnluckly guided by his owne mishappe,
 He fell into the snare that most he feared
 For loe, in *Phocides* did *Laius* lye, 100
 To ende the broyles that cuill discorde then

Had rayed vp in that vnquiet lande,
 By meanes whereof my wofull *Oedipus*,
 Affording ayde vnto the other side,
 With murdring blade vnwares his father slewe. 105
 Thus heauenly doome, thus fate, thus powers diuine,
 Thus wicked reade of Prophets tooke effect
 Now onely restes to ende the bitter happe .
 Of me, of me his miserable mother
 Alas, how colde I feele the quaking bloud 110
 Passe too and fro within my trembling brest?
Oedipus, when this bloody deede was doone,
 Forst foorth by fatall doome, to *Thebes* came,
 Where as full soone with gloiy he atchieude
 The crowne and scepter of this noble lande, 115
 By conquering *Sphinx* that cruell monster loe,
 That earst destroyde this goodly flouring soyle .
 And thus did I (O hatefull thing to heare)
 To my owne sonne become a wretched wife

Ser. No meruayle, though the golden Sunne withdrew 120
 His glittering beames from suche a sinfull facte

Ioca. And so by him that from this belly sprang.
 I brought to light (O cursed that I am)
 Aswell two sonnes, as daughters also twaine
 But when this monstious mariage was disclosde, 125
 So sore began the rage of boyling wrath
 To swell within the furious brest of him,
 As he him selfe by stresse of his owne nayles,
 Out of his head did teare his gneifull eyne,
 Vnworthy more to see the shining light 130

Ser. How could it be, that knowing he had done
 So foule a blot, he would remayne aliue?
 „ *Ioca.* So deeply faulteth none, the which vnwares
 „ Doth fall into the crime he can not shunne
 And he (alas) vnto his greater greefe, 135
 Prolongs the date of his accursed dayes,

Knowing that life doth more and more increase
 The cruell plages of his detested gilte,
 „Where stroke of guesly death dothe set an ende
 „Vnto the pangs of mans increasing payne. 140

Ser. Of others all, moste cause haue we to mone
 Thy wofull smarte (O miserable Queene)
 Such and so many are thy greeuous harmes.

Ioca Now to the ende this blinde outiageous sue,
 Should reape no ioye of his vnnaturall fruite, 145
 His wretched sons, pickt forth by furious spight,
 Adiudge their father to perpetuall prison
 There buried in the depthe of dungeon darke,
 (Alas) he leades his discontented life,
 Accursing still his stony harted sonnes, 150
 And wishing all th'infernall spites of hell,
 To breathe suche poysned hate into then brestes,
 As eche with other fall to bloody warres,
 And so with pricking poynt of piercing blade,
 To rippe their bowels out, that eche of them 155
 With otheis bloud might strayne his giltie hands,
 And bothe at once by stroke of speedie death
 Be forthwith throwne into the *Stigian* lake

Ser. The mightie Gods preuent so fowle a deede,

Ioca They to auoyde the wicked blasphemies, 160
 And sinfull prayer of their angrie sue,
 Agreed thus, that of this noble realme,
 Vntill the course of one ful yere was runne,
Eteocles should sway the kingly mace,
 And *Polynice* as exul should departe, 165
 Till time expyrde · and then to *Polynice*

Eteocles should yeelde the scepter vp
 Thus yere by yere the one succeeding other,
 This royall crowne should vnto bothe remayne

Ser. Oh thunbridled mindes of ambicious men. 170

Ioca Eteocles thus plast in princely seate,
 Drunke with the sugred taste of kingly raigne,
 Not onely shut his brother from the crowne,
 But also from his natiue country soyle
 Alas poore *Polynice*, what might he doe, 175
 Vniustly by his brother thus betrayed?
 To *Argos* he, with sad and heaue cheere
 Forthwith conuayde him selfe, on whom at length
 With fauning face good fortune smyled so,
 As with *Adrastus* king of *Argues* there, 180
 He founde such fauour and affinitie,
 As (to restore my sonne vnto his raigne,)
 He hath besiedge this noble citie *Thebes*,
 And hence proceedes my most extreme annoye
 For, of my sonnes, who euer doe preuaile, 185
 The victorie will tune vnto my grieve
 Alas, I feare (such is the chaunce of waire)
 That one, or both shall purchase death therby
 Wherefore, to shunne the worst that may befall,
 Thoughe comfortlesse, yet as a pitifull mother 190
 Whom nature binds to loue hir louing sonnes,
 And to prouide the best for their auaile,
 I haue thought good by prayers to entreate
 The two biethren (nay rather cruel foes)
 A while to staie their fierce and furious fight, 195
 Till I haue tried by meanes for to appease
 The swelling wrath of their outraging willes,
 And so with much to doe, at my request
 They haue foiborne vnto this onely houre
Ser. Small space God wot, to stint so great a strife 200
Ioca And euen ight now, a trustie man of mine,
 Returned from the campe, enforming me
 That *Polynice* will straight to *Thebes* come,
 Thus of my woe, this is the wailefull sūme.

171 *Eteocles*] *Eteocles MS and Q₂* 183 besiedge] beseedgde *MS*
 besedgde *Q₁* besiedge *Q₃* 200 God wot] god wot *MS Q₁ Q₃* good wot *Q₂*

And for bycause, in vaine and bootelesse plainte 205
 I haue small neede to spend this litle time,
 Here will I cease, in wordes more to bewray
 The restlesse state of my afflicted minde,
 Desiring thee, thou goe to *Eteocles*,
 Hartly on my behalfe beseching him, 210
 That out of hand according to his promise,
 He will vouchsafe to come vnto my courte,
 I know he loues thee well, and to thy wordes
 I thinke thou knowst he will giue willing eare
Ser (O noble Queene) sith vnto such affayres 215
 My spedie diligence is requisite,
 I will applie effectually to doe
 What so your highnesse hath commaunded me.
Ioca I will goe in, and pray the Gods therwhile,
 With tender pitie to appease my grieve 220

*Iocasta goeth off the stage into hir pallace, hir foure
 handmaides follow hir, the foure Chorus also follow
 hir to the gates of hir pallace, after comming on the
 stage, take their place, where they cōtinue to the end
 of the Tragedie.*

SERVVS SOLVS

„**T**He simple man, whose meruaile is so great
 „ At stately courts, and princes regall seate,
 „ With gasing eye but onely doth regarde
 „ The golden glosse that outwardly appeares,
 The courte „ The crownes bedeckt with pearle and precious stones, 225
 liuely „ The riche attire imboast with beaten golde,
 painted. „ The glittering mace, the pompe of swarming tiaine,
 „ The mightie halles heapt full of flattering frendes,
 „ The chambers huge, the goodly gorgeous beddes,
 „ The gilted roofes embowde with curious worke, 230
 „ The faces sweete of fine disdayning dames,

229 chambers huge] huge chambers *MS Q₁*
 sweete faces *MS. Q₁*

231 faces sweete]

„The vaine suppose of wanton raigne at luste .
 „But neuer viewes with eye of inward thought,
 „The painefull toile, the great and greuous cares,
 „The troubles still, the newe increasing feares, 235
 „That princes nourish in their iealous brestes
 „He wayeth not the charge that *Ioue* hath laid
 „On princes, how for themselues they raigne not .
 „He weenes, the law must stoope to princely will,
 „But princes frame their noble wills to lawe 240
 „He knoweth not, that as the boystrous winde
 „Doth shake the toppes of highest reared towres,
 „So doth the foice of fiwarde fortune strike
 „The wight that highest sits in haughtie state.
 Lo *Oedipus*, that sometime raigned king 245
 Of *Thebane* soyle, that wonted to suppress
 The mightest Prince, and kepe him vnder checke,
 That fearefull was vnto his forraine foes,
 Now like a poore afflicted prisoner,
 In dungeon darke, shut vp from cheerefull light, 250
 In euery part so plagued with annoy,
 As he abhorrs to leade a longer life,
 By meanes wherof, the one against the other
 His wrathfull sonnes haue planted all their force,
 And *Thebes* here, this auncient worthy towne, 255
 With threatning siege girt in on euerie side,
 In daunger lyes to be subuerted quite,
 If helpe of heuenly *Ioue* vpholde it not,
 But as darke night succedes the shining day,
 So lowring griefe comes after pleasant ioy 260
 Well now the chaige hir highnesse did commaund
 I must fulfill, though haply all in vaine.

*Seruus goeth off the stage by the gates called Electræ.
 Antygone attended with .iij. gentlewomen and hir
 gouernour commeth out of the Queene hir mothers
 Pallace.*

(*Scena 2*)

BAILLO ANTIGONE.

O Gentle daughter of King *Oedipus*,
 O sister deare to that vnhappie wight
 Whom brothers rage hath reaued of his right,
 To whom, thou knowst, in yong and tender yeares
 I was a friend and faithfull gouenour, 5
 Come forth, sith that hir grace hath graunted leaue,
 And let me knowe what cause hath moued nowe
 So chaste a maide to set hir daintie foote
 Ouer the thresholde of hir secrete lodge?
 Since that the towne is furnishte euey where 10
 With men of armes and warlike instrumentes,
 Vnto our eares there cōmes no other noyse,
 But sounde of tiumpe, and neigh of trampling stedes,
 Which running vp and downe from place to place,
 With hideous cries betoken bloude and death 15
 The blasing sunne ne shineth halfe so brighte,
 As it was wont to doe at dawne of day.
 The wretched dames throughout the wofull towne,
 Together clustring to the temples goe,
 Beseeching *Ioue* by way of humble plainte, 20
 With tender ruthe to pitie their distresse.
An. The loue I beare to my sweete *Polynce*,
 My deare brother, is onely cause hereof
Bai. Why daughter, knowst thou any remedie
 How to defend thy fathers citie here 25
 From that outrage and fierce repynng wrathe,
 Which he against it, iustly hath co(n)ceiued?
An. Oh gouernour might this my faultlesse bloude
 Suffise to stay my brethrens dyre debate,
 With glad content I coulde afford my life 30
 Betwixte them both to plant a perfect peace.

But since (alas) I cannot as I woulde,
A hote desire enflames my feruent mind
To haue a sight of my sweete *Polynice*.
Wherefore (good guide) vouchsafe to guide me vp 35
Into some tower about this hugie court,
From whence I may behold our enmies campe,
Therby at least to feede my hungry eyes
But with the sight of my beloued brother
Then if I die, contented shall I die 40

Bar. O princely dame, the tender care thou takste
Of thy deare brother, deserueth double praise
Yet crau'st thou that, which cannot be obtainde,
By reason of the distance from the towne
Vnto the plaine, where tharmie lies incampte 45
And furthermore, besemeth not a maide
To shew hir selfe in such vnseemly place,
Whereas among such yong and lustie troupes
Of harebrande souldiers marching to and fro,
Both honest name and honour is empaired 50
But yet reioyce, sith this thy great desire,
Without long let, or yet without thy paine,
At wishe and will shortly may be fulfild
For *Polynice* forthwith will hither come,
Euen I my selfe was lately at the campe, 55
Commaunded by the Queene to bid him come,
Who laboureth still to linke in frendly league,
Hir iarring sonnes (which happe so hoped for,
Eftsones I pray the gracious gods to graunt)
And sure I am, that ere this hour passe, 60
Thou shalt him here in person safely see

Anti. O louing frend, doest thou then warrant me,
That *Polynice* will come vnto this court?

Bar. Ere thou be ware thou shalt him here beholde.

Anti. And who (alas) doth warrant his aduenture, 65
That of *Eteocles* he take no harme?

Bai. For constant pledge, he hath his brothers faith,
He hath also the truce that yet endures.

An. I feare alas, alas I greatly feare,
Some trustlesse snare his cruell brother layes 70
To trappe him in

Bai Daughter, god knowes how willing I would be
With sweete reliefe to comforte thy distresse,
But I cannot impart to thee, the good
Which I my selfe doe not as yet enioye 75
The wailefull cause that moues *Eteocles*
With *Polynce* to enter ciuil warres
Is ouergreat, and for this onely cause
Full many men haue broke the lawes of truth,
And topsieturue turned many townes, 80
„To gredie (daughter) too too gredie is
„Desire to rule and raigne in kingly state
Ne can he bide, that swaise a realme alone
To haue another ioynde with him therin
Yet must we hope for helpe of heauenly powers, 85
Sith they be iuste, their mercy is at hand,
To helpe the weake when worldly force doth faile.

An As both my brethren be, so both I beare
As much good will as any sister may,
But yet the wrong that vnto *Polynce* 90
This trothlesse tyrant hath vniustlie shewd,
Doth leade me more, to wishe the prosperous life
Of *Polynce*, than of that cruell wretch,
Besides that, *Polynce* whiles he remainde
In *Thebes* here, did euei loue me more, 95
Than did *Eteocles*, whose swelling hate
Is towards me increased moie and more
Wherof I partely may assure my selfe,
Considering he disdaynes to visite me,
Yea, happily he intends to reauue my life, 100

71 To m] *MS.* adds (—) at the end of this line
MS puts () instead of (,) at end of line

And hauing power he will not sticke to doe it.
 This therefore makes me earnestly desire
 Oft tymes to see him yet euer as I thinke
 For to discharge the duetie of a sister,
 The feare I haue of hurt, doth chaunge as fast 105
 My doubtfull loue into disdainefull spight.

Bai Yet daughter, must ye trust in mightie *Ioue*,
 His will is not, that for thoffence of one
 So many suffer vnderdeserued smarte
 I meane of thee, I meane of *Polynice*, 110
 Of *Iocasta* thy wofull aged mother,
 And of *Ismena* thy beloued sister
 Who though for this she doth not outwardly
 From drearie eyen distill lamenting teares,
 Yet do I thinke, no lesse afflicting grieve 115
 Doth inwardly torment hir tender brest

An Besides all this, a certaine ielousie,
 Lately conceyde (I know not whence it springs)
 Of *Creon*, my mothers brother, appaules me much,
 Him doubt I more than any danger else. 120

Bai. Deare daughter, leaue this foolishe ielousie,
 And seeing that thou shalt heere shortly finde
 Thy brother *Polynice*, go in agayne.

An O ioifull would it be to me therwhile,
 To vnderstande the order of the hoste, 125
 Whether it be such as haue sufficient power
 To ouerthrowe this mightie towne of *Thebes*.
 What place supplies my brother *Polynice*?
 Where founde ye him? what answere did he gue?
 And though so great a care perteineth not 130
 Vnto a mayde of my vnskillfull yeres,
 Yet, forbicause my selfe partaker am
 Of good and euill with this my countrey soyle,
 I long to heare thee tell those fearefull newes,

126 Whether] *Marked* 'read if' in '*Faultes escaped correction*' *Q*₁, but
*Q*₂ *Q*₃ leave it unchanged 131 vnskillfull *MS* *Q*₁ vnskill *Q*₂ *Q*₃

Which otherwise I cannot vnderstand.

135

Bai So noble a desire (O worthy dame)

I much commend and briefly as I can,

Will satisfie thy hungry minde herein.

The power of men that *Polynice* hath brought,

(Wherof he, (being *Adrastus* sonne in lawe)

140

Takes chiefest charge) is euen the floure of *Greece*,

Whose hugie traine so mightie seemes to be,

As I see not, how this our drouping towne

Is able to withstand so strong a siege.

Entring the fieldes their armie did I finde

145

So orderly in forme of battaile set,

As though they would forthwith haue giuen the charge.

In battailes seauen the host deuided is,

To eche of which, by order of the king,

A valiant knight for captaine is assignde

150

And as you know this citie hath seuen gates,

So euerie captaine hath his gate prescribe,

With fierce assault to make his entrie at.

And further, passing through our frowning foes

(That gaue me countnaunce of a messenger)

155

Harde by the King I spied *Polynice*,

In golden glistring armes most richely cladde,

Whose person many a stately prince enpalde,

And many a comely crowned head enclosde

At sight of me his colour straight he chaungde,

160

And like a louing childe, in clasped armes

He caught me vp, and frendly kist my cheke,

Then hearing what his mother did demaunde

With glad consent according to hir hest

Gaue me his hand, to come vnto the court,

165

Of mutuall truce desirous so he seemde,

He askt me of *Antygone* and *Ismena*,

But chiefelie vnto thee aboue the rest

He gaue me charge most heartly to commend him.

An. The gods giue grace he may at length possesse

170

His kingly right, and I his wished sight.

Bai. Daughter no more, t'is time ye nowe returne

It standes not with the honor of your state

Thus to be seene suspiciously abrode

„For vulgar tongues are armed euermore 175

„With slaunderous brute to blemishe the renoume

„Of vertues dames, which though at first it spring

„Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,

„As in short space it filleth euerie eare

A glasse
for yong
women

„With swifte reporte of vnderued blame 180

„You cannot be to curious of your name

„Fond shewe of euill (though still the minde be chast)

„Decayes the credite oft, that Ladies had,

„Sometimes the place presumes a wanton mynde

„Repayre sometymes of some, doth hurt their honor 185

„Sometimes the light and garshe proude attue

„Persuades a yelding bent of pleasing youthe.

The voyce that goeth of your vnspotted fame,

Is like a tender floure, that with the blast

Of euerie little winde doth fade away. 190

Goe in deere childe, this way will I goe see

If I can meete thy brother *Polynice*.

*Antigone with hir maides returneth into hir mothers
pallace, hir gouernour goeth out by the gates Homo-
loydes*

CHORVS.

IF greedie lust of mans ambitious eye
(That thirsteth so for swaye of earthly things)

Would eke foresee, what mischefes growe therby,

What carefull toyle to quiet state it brings,

What endlesse grieve from such a fountaine springs 5

Then should he swimme in seas of sweete delight,

173 standes] standith MS 177 vertues] vertuous MS. 180 reporte]
reporte Q₂

That nowe complaines of fortunes cruell spight.

For then he would so safely shielde himselfe
With sacred rules of wisdomes sage aduise,
As no alluring trayne of trustles pelfe,
To fonde affectes his fancie should entise,
Then warie heede would quickly make him wise
Where contray (such is our skillesse kind)
We most doe seeke, that most may hurt the minde

Amid the troupe of these vnstable toyes,
Some fancies loe to beautie must be bent,
Some hunt for wealth, and some set all their ioyes,
In regall power of princely gouernement,
Yet none of these from care are cleane exempt
For either they be got with grieuous toyle,
Or in the end forgone with shamefull foyle

This fitting world doth firmly nought retaine,
Wherin a man may boldly rest his trust,
Such fickle chaunce in fortune doth remaine,
As when she lust, she threatneth whom she lust,
From high renoume to throwe him in the dust :
Thus may we see that eche triumphing ioye
By fortunes froune is turned to annoye

Those eldely heades may well be thought to erre,
The which for easie life and quiet dayes,
The vulgar sorte would seeme for to preferre,
If glorious *Phæbe* with-holde his glistring rayes,
From such a peere as crowne and scepter swayes,
No meruaile though he hide his heauenly face,
From vs that come of lesse renoumed race.

*Argu-
mentū à
maiore*

Selde shall you see the ruine of a Prince,
But that the people eke like brunt doe beare,
And olde recordes of auncient time long since,
From age to age, yea almost euerie where,
With prooffe herof hath glutted euery eare

13 Where] When *MS.*
fickle *MS.*

16 must] most *MS.* *Q*₁

24 fickle]

Thus by the follies of the princes hart,
The bounden subiect still receiueth smart

Loe, how vnbrideled lust of priuat raigne,
Hath pricked both the brethren vnto warre
Yet *Polymne*, with signe of lesse disdaine, 45
Against this lande hath brought from countries farie,
A forraine power, to end this cruell iarre,
Forgetting quite the dutie, loue, and zeale,
He ought to beare vnto this common weale

But whosoeuer gets the victorie, 50
We wretched dames, and thou O noble towne,
Shall feele therof the wofull miserie,
Thy goigeous pompe, thy glorious high renoume,
Thy stately towers, and all shal fall a downe,
Sith raging *Mars* will eache of them assist 55
In others brest to bathe his bloudie fist

But thou (*) O sonne of *Semel*, and of *Ioue*, Bacchus
(That tamde the proude attempt of giaunts strong)
Doe thou defende, euen of thy tender loue,
Thy humble thialls from this afflicting wrong, 60 Bacchus
Whom wast of warre hath now tormented long was the
So shall we neuer faile ne day ne night God whom
With reuerence due thy prayses to resight. they most
Thebes honored in

Finis Actus primi

Done by F Kinwelmarshes

The order of the second dumbe shevve.

BEfore the beginning of this seconde Acte dyd soūd a very dolefull noise of flutes during the which there came in vpon the stage two coffines couered with hearclothes, & brought in by .viij in mourning weed & accōpanied with .viij other mourners & after they had caūed the coffins about the stage, 5 there opened & appeared a Graue, wherin they buried y^e coffins & put fire to them but the flames did seuer & parte in twaine, signifying discord by the history of two brethrē, whose discord in their life was not onely to be wondred at, but being buried both in one Tombe (as some witeis affirme) the flames 10 of their funeialls did yet parte the one frō the other in like maner, and would in no wise ioyne into one flame. After the Funerals were ended & the fire cōsumed, the graue was closed vp again, the mourners withdrew thē off the stage, & immediately by y^e gates *Homoloydes* entred *Pollinyces* accompanied with vj 15 gentlemen and a page that carried his helmet and Target he & his men vnarmed sauing their gorgets, for that they were permitted to come into the towne in time of truce, to the end *Iocasta* might bring the two brethrē to a parle · and *Pollinyces* after good regard takē round about him, speake as foloweth 20

Actus .2. Scena .1

POLINICES CHORVS IOCASTA
ETEOCLES.

LOe here mine owne citie and natue soyle,
Loe here the nest I ought to nestle in,
Yet being thus entrencht with mine owne towres,
And that, from him the safe conduct is giuen

4 weed] weeds *Q*₃

8 two] the two *MS*.

Which doth enioye as much as mine should be,
 My feete can treade no step without suspect ·
 For where my brother bides, euen there behoues
 More warie scout than in an enmies campe.
 Yet while I may within this right hand holde
 This (1) bronde, this blade, (vnyeldē euer yet) 10 {Sworde.}
 My life shall not be lefte without reuenge
 But here beholde the holy sancturie,
 Of *Baccus* eke the worthie Image, loe
 The aultars where the sacred flames haue shone,
 And where of yore these guiltlesse hands of mine 15
 Full oft haue offered to our mightie gods
 I see also a worthie companie
 Of *Thebane* dames, resembling vnto me
 The traine of *Iocasta* my deare mother :
 Beholde them clad in clothes of griesly blacke, 20
 That hellishe hewe that (*) nay for other harmes
 So well besemed wretched wightes to weaie
 For why, ere long their selues, themselues shall see
 (Gramercy to their princes tyrannie)
 Some spoyled of their sweete and sucking babes, 25
 Some lese their husband, other some their sire,
 And some their friends that were to them full dere
 But now tis time to lay the sworde aside,
 And eke of them to knowe where is the Queene .
 O woorthie dames, heaueie, vnhappie ye, 30
 Where resteth now the restlesse queene of *Thebes* ?
Chor. O woorthie impe sprong out of worthie race,
 Renoumed Prince, whom wee haue lookt for long,
 And now in happie houie arte come to vs,
 Some quiet bring to this vnquiet realme. 35
 O queene, O queene, come foorth and see thy sonne,
 The gentle frute of all thy ioyfull seede

9 within] wthin Q₂ 10, 21 (margin) Sworde Neuer] Q₂ reverses the
 order of the two side-notes, the mistake is corrected in Q₂ 28 the] this
 MS. Q₁ 30 ye] you MS.

Iocast. My faithfull fiends, my deare beloued maydes,
 I come at call, and at your wordes I moue
 My feeblede feete with age and agonie 40
 Where is my sonne? O tell me where is he,
 For whome I sighed haue so often syth,
 For whom I spende both nightes and dayes in teares?

Pol. Here noble mother, here, not as the king,
 Nor as a Citizen of stately *Thebes*, 45
 But as a straunger nowe, I thanke my brother

Iocast. O sonne, O sweete and my desyred sonne,
 These eyes thee see, these handes of myne thee touche,
 Yet scarsly can this mynde beleue the same,
 And scarsly can this brused breast susteyne 50
 The sodeyne ioye that is inclosde therein
 O gladsome glasse, wherein I see my selfe

Chor. So graunt the Gods, <that> for our common good,
 You frendly may your sonnes both frendes beholde

Iocast. At thy departe, O louely chylde, thou lefte 55

*Lament-
ing* My house in teares, and mee thy wretched dame,
 Myrrour of martirdome, (*) waymenting still
 Th'vnworthie exile thy brother to thee gaue.
 Ne was there euer sonne or friende farre off,
 Of his deare frendes or mother so desyred, 60
 As thy returne, in all the towne of *Thebes*
 And of my selfe more than the rest to speake,
 I haue as thou mayste see, cleane cast asyde
 My princely robes, and thus in wofull weede,
 Bewrapped haue these lustlesse limmes of myne. 65
 Naught else but teares haue trickled from myne eyes,
 And eke thy wretched blynde and aged syre,
 Since first he hearde what warre tweene you there was,
 As one that did his bitter curse repent,
 Or that he playd to Ioue for your decaye, 70

48 thee see] they see Qg MS. puts they in both cases, but the y was
 afterwards marked out 53 that MS Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ omit 57 way-
 menting] lamenting MS 58 to] MS. omits

With stretching string, or else with bloudie knyfe
 Hath sought full ofte to ende his loathed lyfe.
 Thou this meane whyle my sonne, hast linged long
 In farre and forreyn coastes, and wedded eke,
 By whome thou mayste, (when heauens appoyntes it so) 75
 Straunge issue haue by one a stranger borne,
 Which greeues me sore, and much the more deare chylde,
 Bicause I was not present at the same,
 There to performe thy louing mothers due
 But for I fynde thy noble matche so meete, 80
 And wooithie bothe for thy degree and byrthe,
 I seeke to comforte thee by myne aduise,
 That thou retuine this citie to inhabite,
 Whiche best of all may seeme to be the bowie,
 Bothe for thy selfe and for thy noble spouse. 85
 Forget thou then thy brothers iniuries,
 And knowe deare chylde, the harme of all missehap
 That happes twixt you, must happe likewise to mee
 Ne can the cruell sworde so slightly touche
 Your tender fleshe, but that the selfe same wounde 90
 Shall deeply bruse this aged brest of myne
 „ *Cho* There is no loue may be comparde to that,
 „The tender mother beares vnto hir chyld
 „For euen somuche the more it dothe encrease,
 „As their grieve growes, or contentations cease. 95
Poli I knowe not mother, if I prayse deserue,
 (That you to please, whome I ought not displease)
 Haue traynde my selfe among my trustlesse foes .
 But Nature drawes (whether he will or nill)
 Eche man to loue his natue countrey soyle 100
 And who shoulde say, that otherwise it were,
 His tounge should neuer with his hearte agree.
 This hath me drawne besyde my bounden due,
 To set full light this lucklesse lyfe of myne .
 For of my brother, what may I else hope, 105
 75 appoyntes] appoint *MS*

But traynes of treason, force and falshood bothe ?
 Yet neyther perill present, nor to come,
 Can holde me from my due obedience
 I graunte I can not grieffesse, wel beholde
 My fathers pallace, the holie aultars, 110
 Ne louely lodge wherein I fostred was .
 From whence diuened out, and chaste vnworthily,
 I haue to long aboade in forreyn coastes
 And as the growing greene and pleasant plante,
 Dothe beare freshe braunches one aboue another 115
 Euen so amidde the huge heape of my woes,
 Doth growe one grudge more greuous than the rest,
 To see my deare and dolefull mother, cladde
 In mourning tyre, to tyre hir mourning minde,
 Wretched alonely for my wretchednesse, 120
 So lykes that enimie my brother best
 Soone shall you see that in this wandring worlde,
 No enmitie is equal vnto that
 That darke disdayne (the cause of euery euill)
 Dooth breede full ofte in consanguinitie. 125
 But Ioue, he knowes what dole I doe endure,
 For you and for my fathers wretched woe,
 And eke how deeply I desire to knowe
 What wearie lyfe my louing sisters leade,
 And what anoye myne absence them hath guen. 130

Iocast. Alas, alas, howe wrekefull wrath of Gods
 Dooth still afflict *Oedipus* progenie
 The fyrste cause was thy fathers wicked bedde,
 And then (oh why doe I my plagues recompte ?)
 My burden borne, and your vnhappie both 135
 „But needes we must with pacient heartes abyde,
 „What so from high the heauens doe prouide.
 With thee my chylde, fayne would I question yet
 Of certaine things . ne woulde I that my wordes
 Might thee anoye, ne yet renewe thy griefe. 140

Poh. Saye on, deare mother, say what so you please :

What pleaseth you, shall neuer mee disease.

Iocast. And seemes it not a heauie happe my sonne,
To be depriued of thy countrey coastes?

Poly. So heauie happe as tounge can not expresse 145

Iocast And what may moste molest the mynde of man
That is exiled from his natue soyle?

Poli The libertie hee with his countrey loste,
„And that he lacketh freedome for to speake,
„What seemeth best, without controll or checke 150

Iocast Why so? eche seruant lacketh libertie
To speake his munde, without his maisters leaue

„ *Poli* In exile, euery man, or bonde or free, All exyles
„Of noble race, or meaner parentage, are like
„Is not in this vnlike vnto the slaue, bondmen. 155

„That muste of force obey to eche mans will,
„And prayse the peeuishnesse of eche mans pyde

Iocast And seemed this so grieuous vnto thee?

Poli What grieve can greater be, than so constraynde
Slauelike to serue gaynst right and reason bothe, 160
Yea muche the moire, to him that noble is,
By stately lyne, or yet by vertuous lyfe,
And hath a heart lyke to his noble mynde

Iocast. What helpeth moste in suche aduersitie? Hope the

Poli Hope helpeth moste to comfort miserie 165 help in
miserye.

Ioca Hope to returne from whence he fyrst was driuen?

Poli. Yea, hope that happeneth oftentymes to late,
And many die before such hap may fall

Iocast. And howe didst thou before thy mariage sonne,
Manteyne thy lyfe, a straunger so bestad? 170

Poli Sometime I founde (though seldome so it were)
Some gentle heart, that coulede for curtesye,
Contente himselfe to succour myne estate

Iocast. Thy fathers friends and thyne, did they not helpe
For to releue that naked neede of thyne? 175

„ *Poli* Mother, he hath a foolishe fantasie,

Few friends „That thinks to fynd a fiende in miserie
in miserie

Iocast. Thou mightest haue helpe by thy nobilitie

„ *Poli* Couered alas, in cloake of pouertie ?

„ *Iocast.* Wel ought we then that are but mortall heere, 180

„Aboue all treasure counte our cuntry deare

Yea let me knowe my sonne, what cause thee moued
To goe to *Grece* ?

Poli The flying fame that thundred in myne eares

How King *Adrastus*, gouernour of *Greece*, 185

Was answered by Oracle, that he

Shoulde knitte in linkes of lawfull marriage,

His two faire daughters, and his onely hienes,

One to a Lyon, th'other to a Boare .

An answee suche as eche man wondred at. 190

Iocast And how belongs this answee now to thee ?

Poli I toke my gesse euen by this ensigne heere,

A Lyon loe, which I did alwayes beare

Yet thinke I not, but Ioue alonely brought

These handes of myne to suche an high exploite 195

Iocast. And howe yet came it to this straunge effect ?

Poli The shining day had runne his hasted course,

And deawie night bespread hir mantell darke,

When I that wandred after wearie toyle,

To seke some harbrough for myne irked limmes, 200

Gan fynde at last a little cabbín, close

Adioyned faste vnto the stately walles,

Where king *Adrastus* held his royall towres

Scarce was I there in quiet well ycought,

But thither came another exile eke, 205

Named *Tydeus*, who straue perforce to driue

Mee from this sorie seate, and so at laste,

We settled vs to fell and bloudie fight,

Whereof the iumour grewe so great foorthwith,

That straight the king enformed was therof, 210

Who seeing then the ensignes that wee bare,

Smal
causes may
moue the
needy to
contend

To be euen such as were to him foiesayde,
Chose eche of vs to be his sonne by lawe,
And sithens did solemnize eke the same

Iocast. Yet woulde I know, if that thy wyfe be suche 215
As thou canst ioy in hir? or what she is?

Pol. O mother deare, fayrer ne wyse dame
Is none in *Greece*, *Argia* is hir name

Iocast. Howe couldst thou to this doubtfull enterprise,
So many bring, thus armed all at once? 220

Pol. *Adrastus* swaie, that he woulde soone restore
Vnto ouir right both *Tydeus*, and me
And fyrst for mee, that had the greater neede,
Whereby the best and boldest blouds in *Greece*
Haue followed me vnto this enterpryse. 225

A thing both iust and grieuous vnto me,
Greeuous I saye, for that I doe lament
To be constrayned by such open wrong,
To waire agaynst myne owne deare countrey fees
But vnto you (O mother) dothe pertain 230

To stinte this stryfe, and both deliuer mee
From exile now, and eke the towne from siege.
For otherwise, I sweare you here by heauens,
Eteocles, who now doth me disdayne
For brother, shortly shall see me his lorde. 235

I aske the seate, wherof I ought of right
Possesse the halfe, I am *Oedipus* sonne,
And yours, so am I true sonne to you both.
Wherfore I hope that as in my defence,
The worlde will weygh, so Ioue wil me assiste 240

*Eteocles commeth in here by the gates Electræ, himself
armed, and before him .xxx. gentlemen in armour, his
two pages, wherof the one beareth his Target, the other
his helme*

Chor. Beholde O queene, beholde O woorthie queene,
Vnwoorthie he, *Eteocles* here comes,

The dames
did loue
Polynice
and hate
Eteocles

So, woulde the Gods, that in this noble realme
Shoulde neuer long vnnoble tyrant reigne,
Or that with wrong the right and doutlesse heire, 245
Shoulde banisht be out of his princely seate
Yet thou O queene, so fyle thy sugred tounge,
And with such counsell decke thy mothers tale,
That peace may both the brothers hartes inflame,
And rancour yelde, that erst possesse the same 250
Eteocl Mother, beholde, your hestes for to obey,
In person nowe am I resorted hither .
In haste therefore, fayne woulde I knowe what cause
With hastie speede, so moued hath your minde
To call me nowe so causelesse out of time, 255
When common wealth moste ciaues my onely ayde .
Fayne woulde I knowe what quent commoditie
Perswades you thus to take a truce for tyme,
And yeld the gates wide open to my foe,
The gates that myght our stately state defende, 260
And now are made the path of our decay.
„ *Ioca.* Represse deare son, those raging stormes of wrath,
„ That so bedimme the eyes of thine intent,
„ As when the tongue (a redy Instrument)
„ Would fayne pronounce the meaning of the minde, 265
„ It cannot speake one honest seemely worde.
„ But when disdayne is shrunke, or sette asyde,
„ And mynde of man with leysure can discourse
„ What seemely wordes his tale may best beseeme,
„ And that the tounge vnfoldes without affectes 270
„ Then may proceede an answer sage and graue,
„ And euery sentence sawst with sobernesse :
Wherefore vnbende thine angrie browes deare childe,

243 noble] noble *Q₂* 247 *Q₂* has period at end of line 256 my]
myne *MS.* 264 the] thie *MS.* 264-6 As when . . seemely
worde] om. in *Q₁* 265 fayne pronounce] faynest tell *MS* the
minde] thy minde *MS.* 266 It cannot . . . worde *MS.*

This swelling hart pufte vp with wicked ire
Can scarce procure one inward loving thought.

And caste thy rolling eyes none other waye,
 That here doest not *Medusaes* (a) face beholde,
 But him, euen him, thy bloud and brother deare.
 And thou behold, my *Polinices* eke,
 Thy brothers face, wherein when thou mayst see
 Thine owne image, remember therewithall,
 That what offence thou wouldst to him were done
 The blowes thereof rebounde vnto thy selfe.
 And hereof eke, I would you both forewarne,
 When frendes or brethren, kinsfolke or allies,
 (Whose hastie hearts some angrie moode had moued)
 Be face to face by some of pitie brought,
 Who seekes to ende their discorde and debate.
 They onely ought consider well the cause
 For which they come, and cast out of their minde
 For euermore the olde offences past.
 So shall sweete peace drue pleading out of place.
 Wherefore the first shall *Polinices* be,
 To tell what reason first his minde did rule,
 That thus our walles with forrein foes enclosde
 In sharpe reuenge of causelesse wrongs receiu'd,
 As he alledgeth by his brothers doome.
 And of this wicked woe and dire (b) debate,
 Some God of pitie be the equall iudge,
 Whome I beseeche, to breath in both your breasts
 A yelding heart to deepe desire of peace.
 „ *Pol.* My woorthie dame, I finde that tried truthe
 „Doth beste beseeme a simple naked tale,
 „Ne needes to be with painted proces prickt,
 „That in hir selfe hath no diuersitie,
 „But alwayes shewes one vndisguised face,
 „Where deepe deceipt and lies must seeke the shade,
 „And wrap their wordes in guilefull eloquence,
 „As euer fraught with contrarietie

275 One of the
furies

280

285

Rehersall
of olde
grudges
doth hinder
al recon-
ciliation.

290

295

(b) Cruell
or
vengeable

300

Truth
pleadeth
simply
when falsse
hood vseth
eloquence

305

291 (margin) reconciliation] reconciliation Q₂
MS. Q₃

294 wrongs] wrong

So haue I often sayde, and say againe,
 That to auoide our fathers foule reproche
 And bitter curse, I parted from this lande 310
 With right good will, yet thus with him agreed,
 That while the whirling wings of flying time
 Might roll one yeare aboute the heauenly spheare,
 So long alone he might with peace possesse
 Our fathers seate in princely (c) Diademe, 315
 And when the yeare should eke his course renue,
 Might I succede to rule againe as long
 And that this lawe might still be kept for aye,
 He bound him selfe by vowe of solemne othe
 By Gods, by men, by heauen, and eke by earth 320
 Yet that forgot, without all reuerence
 Vnto the Gods, without respect to right,
 Without respect that reason ought to rule,
 His faith and troth both troden vnder foote,
 He still vsurps most tyrantlike with wrong 325
 The right that doth of right to me belong.
 But if he can with equall doome consent,
 That I retourne into my natue soyle
 To sway with him alike the kingly seate
 And euenly beare the bridle both in hand, 330
 Deare mother mine I sweare by all the Gods
 To raise with speede the siege from these our walles,
 And send the souldiers home from whence they came :
 Which if he graunt me not, then must I do
 (Though loth) as much as right and reason would, 335
 To venge my cause that is both good and iust.
 Yet this in heauen the Gods my records be,
 And here in earth each mortall man may know,
 That neuer yet my giltlesse heart did fayle
 Brotherly duetie to *Eteocles*, 340
 And that causlesse he holdes me from mine owne.
 Thus haue I said O mother, euen as much

As needefull is, wherein I me assure
 That in the iudgement both of good and badde,
 My words may seeme of reason to proceede, 345
 Constrained thus in my defence to speake

Chor. None may denie, O pere of princely race,
 But that thy words, are honest, good and iust,
 And such as well beseeme that tong of thine.
 „ *Eteo.* If what to some seemes honest good and iust, 350
 „Could seeme euen so in euery doubtfull mind,
 „No darke debate nor quarell could arise .
 „But looke, how many men so many minds,
 „And that, that one man iudgeth good and iust,
 „Some other deemes as deeply to be wrong. 355
 To say the truth (mother) this minde of mine
 Doth fleete full farre from that farfetch of his,
 Ne will I longer couer my conceit .

If I could rule or reigne in heauen aboue,
 And eke commaund in depth of darksome hell, 360
 No toile ne trauell should my sprites abashe,
 To take the way vnto my restlesse will,
 To climbe aloft, nor downe for to descend
 Then thinke you not, that I can giue consent
 To yeld a part of my possession, 365

Wherin I liue and lead the (*) monarchie
 „A witlesse foole may euery man him gesse,
 „That leaues the more and takes him to the lesse.
 With this, reproch might to my name redound,
 If he, that hath with forren power spoilde 370
 Our pleasaunt fields, might reauue from me perforce,
 What so he list by force of armes demand.

No lesse reproofe the citizens ensewes,
 If I, for dread of Greekish hosts, should graunt
 'That he might climbe to heighth of his desire. 375
 In fine, he ought not thus of me to craue
 Accord, or peace, with bloody sword in hand,

362 take] make *MS Q*₁ 364 giue] yelde *MS Q*₁

- But with humilitie and prayer both,
 For often is it seene, and prooffe doth teach,
 „Swete words preuaile, where sword and fire do faile. 380
 Yet this, if here within these stately walles
 He list to lue, the sonne of *Oedipus*,
 And not as king of *Thebes*, I stand content
 But let him thinke, since now I can commaunde,
 This necke of mine shall neuer yeld to yoke 385
 Of seruitude let bring his banners splayde,
 Let speare and shield, sharpe sworde, and cynding flames
 Procure the parte that he so vainely claimes .
 As long as life within this brest doth last,
 Wil not. I nill (*) consent that he should reigne with me. 390
 If lawe of right may any way be broke,
 „Desire of rule within a climbing brest
 Tullyes „To breake a vow may beare the buckler best.
 opinyon „ *Cho* Who once hath past the bounds of honestie
 „In earnest deedes, may passe it well in words. 395
Ioca. O sonne, amongst so many miseries
 This benefite hath croked age, I find,
 That as the tracke of trustlesse time hath taught,
 Youth „It seeth much, and many things discernes,
 seeth not „Which recklesse youth can neuer rightly iudge, 400
 so much „Oh, cast aside that vaine ambition,
 as age That corosiue, that cruell pestilence,
 That most infects the minds of mortall men :
 Ambition „In princely palace and in stately townes
 doth „It crepeth ofte, and close with it conuayes, 405
 destroye al „(To leaue behind it) damage and decayes .
 equalytie „By it be loue and amitie destroyde,
 doth „It breakes the lawes and common concord beates,
 maynteyne al things „Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turuie turnes,
 „And now, euen thee, hu gall so poisoned hath, 410
 That the weake eies of thine affection
 Are blinded quite, and see not to them selfe

But worthy childe, driue from thy doubtfull brest
 This monstrous mate, in steade wherof embrace
 „Equalitie, which stately states defends 415
 „And binds the minde with true and trustie knots
 „Of frendly faith which neuer can be broke,
 „This man, of right should properly possesse,
 And who that other doth the more embrace,
 Shall purchase paine to be his iust reward 420
 By wrathfull wo, or else by cruell death.
 „This, first deuided all by equall bonds
 „What so the earth did yeld for our auaille
 „This, did deuide the nightes and dayes alike,
 „And that the vaile of darke and dreadfull night 425
 „(Which shrowds in misty clouds the pleasaunt light,)
 „Ne yet the golden beames of *Phæbus* rayes
 „(Which cleares the dimmed ayre with gladsome gleams)
 „Can yet heape hate in either of them both
 If then the dayes and nightes to serue our turne 430
 Content themselues to yeld each other place,
 Well oughtest thou with waightie dome to graunt
 Thy brothers right to rule the reigne with thee,
 Which heauens ordeyned common to you both
 If so thou nill O sonne, O cruell sonne, 435
 „In whose high brest may iustice builde hir boure
 „When princes harts wide open lye to wrong?
 Why likes thee so the tipe of tyrannie
 With otheis losse to gather greedy gaine?
 „Alas how farre he wanders from the truth 440
 „That compts a pompe, all other to command,
 „Yet can not rule his owne vnbridled will,
 „A vaine desire much riches to possesse
 „Whereby the brest is brusde and battered still,
 „With dread, with daunger, care and cold suspecte 445
 „Who seekes to haue the thing we call inough,
 „Acquainte him first with contentation,

If the head
 be euill the
 body
 cannot be
 good.

Content is
 riche

„For plenteousness is but a naked name
 „And what suffiseth vse of mortall men,
 „Shall best apay the meane and modest hearts. 450
 „These hoorded heapes of golde and worldly wealth
 „Are not the proper goods of any one,
 Riches are but
 borrowed
 ware. „But pawnes which *Ioue* powres out abundantly
 „That we likewise might use them equally,
 „And as he seemes to lend them for a time, 455
 „Euen so in time he takes them home agayne,
 „And would that we acknowledge euery houre,
 „That from his handes we did the same receiue
 „There nothing is so firme and stayde to man,
 „But whyrles about with wheeles of restlesse time. 460
 Now if I should this one thing thee demaunde,
 Which of these two thou wouldest chuse to keepe,
 The towne quiet or vnquiet tyrannie?
 And wouldest thou say I chuse my kingly chayre?
 O witlesse answere sent from wicked heart, 465
 For if so fall (which mightie God defende)
 Thine enemies hand should ouercome thy might,
 And thou shouldest see them sacke the towne of *Thebes*,
 More care to loose
 than
 plesure to
 posses. The chastest virgins rauished for wrecke,
 The worthy children in captiuitie, 470
 „Then shouldest thou feele that scepter, crowne, & wealth
 „Yelde deeper care to see them tane away,
 „Than to possesse them yeldeth deepe content.
 Now to conclude my sonne, Ambition
 Is it that most offends thy blynded thought, 475
 Blame not thy brother, blame ambition
 From whome if so thou not redeeme thy selfe,
 I feare to see thee buy repentance deare.
Cho Yea deare, too deare when it shal come too late.
Ioc. And now to thee my *Polnices* deare, 480
 I say that sillie was *Adrastus* reade,

465 sent] sent *Q*₂ 475 Is it . . thought] Is it that most of all offends
 thy thought *MS* . Is it that most offendes thy thought *Q*₁

And thou God knowes a simple sillie soule,
 He to be ruled by thy heady wil,
 And thou, to warre against the *Thebane* walls,
 These walls I say whose gates thy selfe should garde 485
 Tell me I pray thee, if the Citie yeelede,
 Or thou it take by force in bloudie fight,
 (Which neuer graunt the Gods I them beseeke)
 What spoyles? what Palmes? what signe of victorie
 Canst thou set vp to haue thy countrie woonne? 490
 What title worthie of immortall fame,
 Shall blased be in honor of thy name?
 O sonne, deare sonne, beleuee thy trustie dame,
 The name of glorie shall thy name refuse,
 And flie full farre from all thy fonde attemptes 495
 But if so fall thou shouldst be ouercome,
 Then with what face canst thou returne to *Greece*,
 That here hast lefte so many *Greekes* on grounde?
 Eache one shall curse and blame thee to thy face,
 As him that onely caused their decaye, 500
 And eke condemne *Adrastus* simple heade,
 That such a pheere had chosen for his childe
 So may it fall, in one accused houre,
 That thou mayst loose thy wife and countrie both,
 Both which thou mayst with little toyle attaine, 505
 If thou canst leaue high minde and darke disdaine
Cho. O mightie Gods of goodnesse, neuer graunt
 Vnto these euilles, but set desired peace
 Betwene the hearts of these two friendly foes
Ete The question that betwixt vs two is growen, 510
 Beleuee me mother, can not ende with words
 You waste your breath, and I but loose my time,
 And all your trauell lost and spent in vaine.
 For this I sweare, that peace you neuer get
 Betweene vs two, but with condition, 515
 That whilst I lue, I will be Lord of *Thebes*
 Then set aside these vaine forwasted wordes,

And yeelde me leaue to go where neede doth presse
 And now good sir, get you out of these walles,
 Vnlesse you meane to buy abode with bloude 520

Po And who is he that seekes to haue my bloude,
 And shall not shed his owne as fast as myne?

Ete By thee he standes, and thou standst him before
 Loe here the sworde that shall perfourme his worde.

Po. And this shall eke mainteine my rightfull cause 525

Ioc. O sonnes, dear sonnes, away with glittering armes
 And first, before you touch eache others flesh,
 With doubled blowes come pierce this brest of mine.

Po Ah wretch, thou art both vile and cowarde like,
 Thy high estate esteemes thy life to deare 530

Ete If with a wretch or coward shouldst thou fighte,
 Oh dastard villaine, what first moued thee
 With swaines of Greekes to take this enterprise?

Po. For well I wist, that cankred heart of thine
 Coulede safely kepe thy heade within these walles, 535
 And flee the field when combate should be calide.

Ete This truce assueth thee *Polynces*,
 And makes thee bolde to giue such bosting wordes
 So be thou sure, that had this truce not bene,
 Then long ere this, these handes had bene embrude, 540
 And eke this soyle besprinkled with thy bloude

Po. Not one small drop of my bloude shalt thou spill,
 But buy it deare against thy cankred will.

Ioc. O sonnes, my sonnes, for pittie yet refrayne.

Ch Good Gods, who euer sawe so strange a sight? 545
 True loue and frindship both be put to flight.

Po Yelde villain, yelde my right which thou withholdst

Ete. Cut of thy hope to reigne in *Thebane* walles,
 Nought hast thou here, nor nought shal euer haue,
 Away. *Po* O aultars of my countrie soyle. 550

521 And . . bloude] *MS.* adds in margin they draw theyr swordes
 524 worde] wordes *MS.* 526 O sonnes . . armes] *MS.* adds in margin
 thy mother steppes betwene them 537 assureth] assured *MS.* Q₁
 547 withholdst] with-holds Q₁

Ete. Whome thou art come to spoyle and to deface.

Po O Gods, giue eare vnto my honest cause.

Ete. With forreine power his countrie to inuade

Po O holy temples of the heauenly Gods.

Ete That for thy wicked deedes do hate thy name. 555

Po Out of my kingdome am I driuen by force

Ete Out of the which thou camst me for to driue.

Po Punish O Gods this wicked tyrant here

Ete Pray to the Gods in *Greece* and not in *Thebes*

Po No savage beast so cruell nor vnjust 560

Ete Not cruel to my countrie like to thee.

Po Since from my right I am with wrong depriued

Ete Eke from thy life if long thou tarie here

Po O father heare what iniuries I take

Ete. As though thy diuelishe deedes were hid from him 565

Po And you mother *Eteo.* Haue done thou not deseruest
With that false tong thy mother once to name

Po O deare Citie *Eteo* When thou artuest in *Greece*,

Chuse out thy dwelling in some mustie Moores

Po. I must departe, and parting must I prayse 570

Oh deare mother the depth of your good will

Ioc O sonne *Eteo* Away I say out of these walls

Po. I can not chuse but must thy will obey,

Yet graunt me once my father for to see

Ete. I heare no prayers of my enemy 575

Po Where be my sweete sisters? *Eteo* And canst thou yet

With shamelesse tong once name thy noble race

That art become a common foe to *Thebes*?

Be sure thou shall them neuer see againe,

Nor other friend that in these walls remaine. 580

Po. Rest you in peace, O worthy mother myne.

Ioc Howe can that be and thou my ioye in warre?

Po. Hencefoith n'am I your ioy ne yet your sonne

557 camst me for to driue] comest me to diuue *MS* camest me to driue
Q₁ 573 will] voice *MS* 579 shall] shalt *MS*. Q₁ Q₂ 580
remai[n]e] remaynes *MS* 583 n'am I] ne I *MS*, corrected later to I nam

- Ioc.* Alas the heauens me whelme with all mishap
Po Lo here the cause that stirreth me by wiong. 585
Ete Much more is that he profereth vnto me
Po. Well, speake, darest thou come armed to the field?
Ete. So dare I come, wherefore dost thou demaunde?
Po For needs or thou must ende this life of mine,
 Or quenche my thirst with pouring out thy bloud 590
Eteo Ah wretch, my thirst is all as drie as thine.
Ioc Alas and welaway, what heare I sonnes?
 How can it be? deare children can it be
 That biethrens heartes such rancour should enrage?
Eteo And that right soone the prooffe shall playnely shew.
Io Oh say not so, yet say not so deare sonnes. 596
Po O royall race of *Thebes* now take thine ende.
Cho God shield *Eteo* O slow & sluggish heart of mine,
 Why do I stay t'embrew these slothfull hands?
 But for his greater grieve I will departe, 600
 And at returne if here I finde my foe,
 This hastie hande shall ende our hote debate
Eteocles here goeth out by the gates Electrae
Po Deare Citizens, and you eternall Gods,
 Beare witnesse with me here before the worlde,
 How this my fierce and cruell enimie, 605
 Whom causelesse now my brother I do call,
 With threates of death my lingring steps doth driue
 Both from my right and from my countrey soyle,
 Not as beseemes the sonne of *Oedipus*,
 But as a slaue, an abiect, or a wietche 610
 And since you be both pitifull and iuste,
 Vouchsafe O Gods, that as I part with grieve,
 So may I yet returne with ioyfull spoyle
 Of this accursed tyraunt and (he slayne)
 I may recouer quietly mine owne. 615
Polynice goeth out by the gates Homoloides.
Io. O wretched wietch *Iocasta*, wher is founde
 607 lingring] lingring Q₂

The miserie that may compare to thine ?
 O would I had nor gasing eyes to see,
 Nor listning eares to heare that now I dread
 But what remaines, saue onely to entreate 620
 That cruell dole wold yet so curteous be
 To reauē the breath out of this wofull brest,
 Before I harken to some wofull newes
 Rest you here dames, and pray vnto the Gods
 For our redresse, and I in that meane while 625
 Will shut my selfe from sight of lothsome light.

Iocasta goeth into hir Pallace

Cho O mightie God, the gouernour of *Thebes*
 Pitue with speede the payne *Iocasta* bydes,
 And eke our needes O mightie *Bacchus* helpe,
 Bende willing eare vnto our iust complaint · 630
 Leaue them not comfortlesse that trust in thee,
 We haue no gold nor siluer thee to giue,
 Ne sacrifice to those thine aultars due,
 In steede wherof we consecrate our harts
 To serue thy will, and hestes for to obey 635

*Whyles the Chorus is thus praying to Bacchus,
 Eteocles returneth by the gates called Electræ*

Scena 2. Actus .2.

E T E O C L E S. C R E O N.

Since I haue ridde mine enmie out of sight,
 The best shall be for *Creon* now to sende,
 (My mothers brother) that with him I may
 Reason, consulte, conferre, and counsell bothe,
 What shall be best to vse in our defence, 5
 Before we venter forth into the felde.
 But of this traunayle, loe, he me acquites
 That comes in haste towards these royall towres.

*Here Creon attended by foure gentlemen, commeth
in by the gates Homoloydes*

Cre. O mightie king, not causelesse nowe I come,
To finde, that long haue sought your maistie, 10
So to discharge the duetie that I owe
To you, by comforte and by counsell bothe.

Ete No lesse desue this haite of mine did presse,
To send for thee *Creon*, since that in vaine
My mother hath hir words and trauayle spent, 15
To reconcile *Polynces* and me
For he (so dull was his capacitie)
Did thinke, he could by deade of daunge, winne
My princely heart to yeeld to him his realme

Cre. I vnderstande, the ayme that he brings 20
Agaynst these walles, is such, that I me doubt
Our cities force may scarce the same resist.
Yet true it is, that right and reason both
Are on our side, which bring the victorie
Oftentimes: for we our countrey to defend, 25
They to subdue the same in armes are come.
But what I would vnto your highnesse shewe,
Is of more weight, and more behoues to know

Ete And what is that? oh quickly tell it me.

Cre. A Greeke prisner is come vnto my hands. 30

Ete. And what sayth he that doth so much importe?

Cre That euen alied be their ranks in raye,
And streight will giue assault to these our walles.

Ete. Then must I streight prepare our Citizens 35
In glittering arms to march into the field.

Cre. O Prince (and pardon me) thy youthfull yers
Nor see them selfe, ne let thee once discerne,
What best behoueth in this doubtfull case.
„For Prudence, she that is the mightie queene
„Of all good workes, growes by experience, 40

10 *Q₂ period at end of line* 17 *capacitie] caparitie Q₁* 19 *his]*
this *MS.* *Q₁* 32 *bc]* *MS* *Q₁* *Q₂* by *Q₂*

„Which is not founde with fewe dayes seeking for.

Ete. And were not this both sounde and wise aduise,
Boldly to looke our foemen in the face,
Before they spred our fields with hugie hoste,
And all the towne beset by siege at once? 45

Cre We be but few, and they in number great

Ete. Our men haue yet more courage farre than they.

Cre That know I not, nor am I sure to say

Ete. Those eyes of thine in little space shall see
How many I my selfe can bring to ground. 50

Cre. That would I like, but harde it is to doe

Ete. I will penne vp our men within the walles.

Cre. In counsell yet the victorie consistes.

Ete And wilt thou then I vse some other reade?

Cre What else? be still a while, for hast makes wast 55

Ete. By night I will the Cammassado giue

Cre So may you do and take the ouerthrowe

Ete The vauntage is to him that doth assaulte.

Cre. Yet skirmishe giuen by night is peillous

Ete Let set vpon them as they sit at meat 60

Cre Sodayne assaults affray the minde no doubt,
But we had neede to ouercome *Ete* So shall we do.

Cre. No sure, vnlesse some other counsell helpe.

Ete Amid their trenches shall we them inuade?

Cre As who should say, were none to make defence 65

Ete Should I then yeeld the Citie to my foes?

Cre. No, but aduise you well if you be wise

Ete That were thy parte, that knowest more than I

Cre. Then shall I say that best doth seeme to me?

Ete. Yea *Creon* yea, thy counsell holde I deare 70

Cre. Seuen men of courage haue they chosen out

Ete A slender number for so great emprise.

Cre. But they them chose for guides and capitaynes

Ete To such an hoste? why they may not suffice

Cre. Nay, to assault the seuen gates of the citie. 75

Ete. What then behoueth so bestad to done ?

Cre. With equall number see you do them match

Ete. And then commit our men in charge to them ?

Cre. Chusing the best and boldest blouds in *Thebes*.

Ete. And how shall I the Citie then defende ?

80

Cre. Well with the rest, for one man sees not all

Ete. And shall I chuse the boldest or the wisest ?

Cre. Nay both, for one without that other fayles

„ *Ete.* Force without wisdom then is little worth

Cre. That one must be fast to that other ioynde

85

Ete. *Creon* I will thy counsell follow still,

For why, I hold it wise and trusty both,

And out of hand for now I will departe

That I in time the better may provide

Before occasion slip out of my hands,

90

Kyll And that I may this *Polynices* (*) quell

For well may I with bloody knife him slea

That comes in armes my countrie for to spoyle

But if so please to fortune and to fate

That other ende than I do thinke may fall,

95

To thee my frend it resteth to procure

The mariage twixt my sister *Antygone*

And thy deare sonne *Hamone*, to whom for dowre

At parting thus I promise to performe

Promisse. As much as late I did (*) behest to thee

100

My mothers bloude and brother deare thou arte,

Ne neede I craue of thee to gard hir well,

As for my father care I not, for if

So chaunce I dye, it may full well be sayd

His bitter curses brought me to my bane.

105

Cre. The Lord defend, for that vnworthy were.

Ete. Of *Thebes* towne the rule and scepter loe

I neede nor ought it otherwise dispose

Than vnto thee, if I dye without heyre.

Yet longs my lingring mynde to vnderstand,

110

The doubtfull ende of this unhappie warre

Wherefore I will thou send thy sonne to seke
Tyresias the deuine, and learne of him,
 For at my call I knowe he will not come
 That often haue his artes and him reprovde. 115

Cre As you commaund, so ought I to performe.

Ete. And last, I thee and citie both commaund,
 If fortune frendly fauour our attemptes,
 And make ou men triumphant victors all,
 That none there be so hardie ne so bolde 120
 For *Polynices* bones to giue a graue .

And who presumes to breake my heste herein,
 Shall dye the death in penance of his paine
 For though I were by bloud to him conioynde
 I part it now, and iustice goeth with me 125
 To guide my steppes victoriously before
 Pray you to Ioue he deigne for to defende,
 Our Citie safe both now and euermore.

Cre. Gramercie worthie prince, for all thy loue
 And faithfull trust thou doest in me repose, 130
 And if should hap, that I hope neuer shall,
 I promise yet to doe what best behoues,
 But chieflie this I sweare and make a vowe,
 For *Polynices* nowe our cruell foe,
 To holde the hest that thou doest me commaunde. 135

*Creon attendeth Eteocles to the gates Electræ he returneth
 and goeth out by the gates called Homolcydes.*

CHORVS.

O Fierce and furious *Mars*, whose harmefull harte,
 Reioyceth most to shed the giltlesse blood,
 Whose headie wil doth all the world subuert,
 And doth enuie the pleasant mery moode,
 Of our estate that erst in quiet stooode 5
 Why doest thou thus ou harmelesse towne annoye,

Which mightie *Bacchus* gouerned in ioye ?

Father of warre and death, that dost iemoue
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breast,
The trustie pledges of their tender loue,
So graunt the Gods, that for our finall rest,
Dame Venus pleasant lookes may please thee best,
Whereby when thou shalt all amazed stand,
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

10

And thou maist proue some other way full well
The bloudie prowesse of thy mightie speare,
Wherwith thou raiseth from the depth of hell,
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there,
Who when they wake, doe wander euery where,
And neuer rest to range about the coastes,
Tenriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes

15

20

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,
Engirt with snakes and serpents venomous,
Euen she that can with red virmilion dye
The gladsome greene that florisht pleasantly,
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,
To sup the bloud of murdered bodyes vp.

25

Yet thou returne O ioye and pleasant peace,
From whence thou didst against our wil depart,
Ne let thy worthie minde from trauell cease,
To chase disdain out of the poysned harte,
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,
Euen from the brest of *Oedipus* his sonne,
Whose swelling pride hath all this iarre begonne.

30

35

And thou great God, that doest all things decree,
And sitst on highe aboue the starrie skies,
Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,
Regard not his offence but heare our cries,
And spedily redresse our miseries,

40

For what can we poore wofull wretches doe
But craue thy aide, and onely cleaue therto ?

Finis Actus secundus

Done by G Gascoygne.

The order of the thirde dumbe

shevve.

BEfoie the beginning of this .iiij. Act did sound a very
dolefull noise of cornettes, during the which there opened
and appeared in the stage a great Gulfe. Immediately came
in .vi. gentlemē in their dublets & hose, bringing vpon their
shulders baskets full of earth and threwe them into the Gulfe to 5
fill it vp, but it would not so close vp nor be filled. Then came
the ladyes and damcs that stoode by, throwing in their cheynes
& Iewels, so to cause it stoppe vp and close it selfe but when
it would not so be filled, came in a knight with his sword drawn,
armed at all poyntes, who walking twise or thrise about it, & 10
perusing it, seing that it would nether be filled with earth nor
with their Iewells and ornaments, after solempne reuerence
done to the gods, and curteous leaue taken of the Ladyes and
standers by, sodenly lepte into the Gulfe, the which did close
vp immediatly betokning vnto vs the loue that euery worthy 15
person oweth vnto his natrue coūtrie, by the historye of *Curtius*,
who for the lyke cause aduentured the like in Rome. This
done, blinde *Tyrestas* the deuine prophete led in by hys
daughter, and conducted by *Meneceus* the son of *Creon*, entreth
by the gates *Electræ*, and sayth as followeth 20

Actus .iiij. Scena .i.

TYRESIAS CREON MANTO MENECEVS.
SACERDOS

Thou trustie guide of my so trustlesse steppes
Deer daughter mine go we, lead thou y^e way,
For since the day I first did leese this light
Thou only art the light of these mine eyes
And for thou knowst I am both old & weake 5
And euer longing after louely rest,
Direct my steppes amynd the playnest pathes,
That so my febled feete may feeble lesse paine.
Meneceus thou gentle childe, tell me,
Is it farre hence, the place where we must goe, 10
Where as thy father for my comming stayer?
For like vnto the slouthfull snayle I drawe,
(Deare sonne) with paine these aged legges of mine,

Creon returneth by the gates Homoloydes.

And though my minde be quicke, scarce can I moue

Cre. Comfort thy selfe deuine, *Creon* thy frend 15
Loe standeth here, and came to meete with thee
To ease the paine that thou mightst else sustaine,

Age must
be helped
by youth

„For vnto elde eche trauell yeldes annoy
And thou his daughter and his faithfull guide,
Loe rest him here, and rest thou therewithall 20
Thy virgins hands, that in sustayning him
Doest well acquite the duetie of a childe.
„For crooked age and hory siluer heares
„Still craueth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.

Tyr. Gramercie Lorde what is your noble will? 25

Cre. What I would haue of thee *Tyresias*
Is not a thing so soone for to be sayde.
But rest a while thy weake and weayl limmes

Creon . . Homoloydes] *MS. puts stage-direction after line 14 instead of before it*
18 elde eche] olde age Q₃

And take some breath now after weaie walke,
 And tell I pray thee, what this crowne doth meane,
 That sits so kingly on thy skilfull heade ?

30

Tyr. Know this, that for I did with graue aduise,
 Foretell the Citizens of *Athens* towne,
 How they might best with losse of litle bloude,
 Haue victories against their enimies,
 Hath bene the cause why I doe weare this Crowne,
 As might rewarde and not vnmeete for me.

35

Cre. So take I then this thy victorious crowne,
 For our auaile in token of good lucke,
 That knowest, how the discord and debate
 Which late is fallen between these brethren twaine,
 Hath brought all *Thebes* in daunge and in drede.

40

Eteocles our king, with threatning armes,
 Is gone against his greekish enimies,
 Commaunding me to learne of thee (who arte
 A true diuine of things that be to come)
 What were for vs the safest to be done,
 From perill now our countrey to preserue

45

Tyr. Long haue I bene within the towne of *Thebes*,
 Since that I tyed this trustie tounge of mine
 From telling truth, fearing *Eteocles*

50

Yet, since thou doest in so great neede desire
 I should reueale things hidden vnto thee,
 For common cause of this our common weale,
 I stand content to pleasure thee herein

55

But first (that to this mightie God of yours
 There might some worthe sacrifice be made)
 Let kill the fairest goate that is in *Thebes*
 Within whose bowelles when the Priest shall loke,
 And tell to me what he hath there espyed,
 I trust t'aduise thee what is best to doen.

60

Cre. Lo here the temple, and ere long I looke
 To see the holy preest that hither comes,

35 victories] victory MS 50 trustie] [1, omits

Bringing with him the pure and faire offrings,
 Which thou requirest for not long since, I sent 65
 For him, as one that am not ignorant
 Of all your rytes and sacred ceremonies
 He went to choose amid our herd of goates,
 The fattest there and loke where now he commes.

*Sacerdos accompanied with xvj Bacchanales and all
 his rytes and ceremonies, entreth by the gates Homoloydes.*

Sacer O famous Citizens, that holde full deare 70
 Your quiet country Loe where I doe come
 Most ioyfully, with wonted sacrifice,
 So to beseeche the supreme Citizens,
 To stay our state that staggringly doth stand,
 And plant vs peace where warre and discord growes 75
 Wherefore, with hart deuoute and humble cheere,
 Whiles I breake vp the bowels of this beast,
 (That oft thy veneyarde *Bacchus* hath destroyed,)
 Let euery wight craue pardon for his faults,
 With bending knee about his aultars here 80

Tyr. Take here the salt, and sprinkle therewithall
 About the necke . that done, cast all the iest
 Into the sacred fire, and then annoynte
 The knife prepared for the sacrifice.

O mightie Ioue, preserue the precious gifte 85
 That thou me gaue, when first thine angrie Queene,
 For deepe disdayne did both mine eyes do out,
 Graunt me, I may foretell the truth in this,
 For, but by thee, I know that I ne may,
 Ne will, ne can, one trustie sentence say 90

Sa This due is done *Tyr.* With knife then stick y^e kid.

Sac. Thou daughter of deuine *Tyresias*,
 With those vnspotted virgins hands of thine
 Receiue the bloude within this vessell here,
 And then deuoutly it to *Bacchus* yelde. 95

Venus
 made him
 blynde for
 giuing
 sentence
 against hir.

Man O holy God of *Thebes*, that doest both praise
 Swete peace, and doest in hart also disdayne
 The noysome noyse, the furies and the fight
 Of bloudie *Mars* and of *Bellona* both
 O thou the guier both of ioy and health, 100
 Receiue in gree and with well willing hand
 These holy whole brunt offrings vnto thee
 And as this towne doth wholly thee adore,
 So by thy helpe do graunt that it may stand
 Safe from the enimies outrage euermore 105

Sac Now in thy sacred name I bowell here
 This sacrifice *Tyre* And what entralls hath it?

Sac. Faire and welformed all in euery poynt,
 The liuer cleane, the hait is not infect,
 Saue loe, I finde but onely one hart string 110
 By which I finde something I wote nere what,
 That seemes corrupt, and were not onely that,
 In all the rest, they are both sound and hole

Tyr. Now cast at once into the holy flame
 The swete incense, and then aduertise mec 115
 What hew it beaies, and euery other ryte
 That ought may helpe the truth for to connecte.

Sac. I see the flames doe sundrie coulours cast,
 Now bloody sanguine, straight way purple, blew,
 Some partes seeme blacke, some gray, and some be greene

Tyr Stay there, suffyseth this for to haue seene. 121
 Know *Creon*, that these outward seemely signes
 (By that the Gods haue let me vnderstand
 Who know the truth of euery secrete thing)
 Betoken that the Citie great of *Thebes* 125
 Shall Victor be against the Greekish host,
 If so consent be giuen: but more than this
 I lyst not say. *Cre.* Alas, for curtesie

111 something] somewhat *MS* 119 purple, blew] purple blew *MS*
 124 Who . . . thing] Who understandith all, and seith secret things *MS* *Q*₁
 know] knoweth *Q*₃ 125 Betoken] betokenith *MS*. *Q*₁ great] *MS*.
omits

Say on *Tyresias*, neuer haue respect
 To any liuing man, but tell the truth 130
Sacerdos returneth with the Bacchanales, by the gates Homoloides

Sac. In this meane while I will returne with speede
 From whence I came for lawfull is it not,
 That suche as I should heare your secresies
Tyr. Contrary then to that which I haue sayde,
 The incest foule, and childbirth monstrous 135
 Of *Iocasta*, so stirres the wrath of Ioue,
 This citie shall with bloody channels swimme,
 And angry *Mars* shall ouercome it all
 With famine, flame, rape, murthei, dole and death
 These lustie towres shall haue a headlong fall, 140
 These houses burnde, and all the rest be razde,
 And soone be sayde, here whilome *Thebes* stooode
 One onely way I finde for to escape,
 Which bothe would thee displease to heare it tolde,
 And me to tell percase were perillous. 145
 Thee therfore with my trauell I commende
 To *Ioue*, and with the rest I will endure,
 What so shall chaunce for our aduersitie

Cre Yet stay a while, *Tyr.* *Creon* make me not stay
 By force. *Cre.* Why fleest thou? *Tyr.* Syt tis not from thee
 I flee, but from this fortune foule and fell. 151

Cre. Yet tell me what behoues the citie doe?
Tyr. Thou *Creon* seemest now desirous still
 It to preserue. but if as well as I
 Thou knewest that which is to thee vnknowne, 155
 Then wouldst thou not so soone consent thereto

Cre. And would not I with eagre minde desire
 The thing that may for *Thebes* ought auayle?

Tyr. And dost thou then so instantly request
 To know which way thou mayest the same preserue? 160

Cre. For nothing else I sent my sonne of late

To seeke for thee *Tyr* Then will I satisfie

Thy greedie minde in this but first tell me,

Menetius where is he? *Cre* Not faire from me

Tyr I pray thee sende him out some other where. 165

Cre Why wouldest thou that he should not be here?

Tyr I would not haue him heare what I should say.

Cre. He is my sonne, ne will he it reueale.

Tyr. And shall I then while he is present speake?

Cre Yea, be thou sure that he no lesse than I, 170

Doth wishe full well vnto this common weale

Tyr Then *Creon* shalt thou knowe the meane to saue

This Citie, is, that thou shalt slea thy sonne,

And of his bodie make a sacrifice

For his countrey : lo heere is all you seeke 175

So much to knowe, and since you haue me foist

To tell the thing that I would not haue tolde,

If I haue you offended with my words,

Blame then your selfe, and eke your frowarde fate

Cre Oh cruel words, oh, oh, what hast thou sayde, 180

Thou cruell sothsayer? *Tyr* Euen that, that heauen

Hath ordeined once, and needes it must ensue.

Cre. How many euils hast thou knit vp in one?

Tyr. Though euill for thee, yet for thy countrey good.

Cre And let my countrey perishe, what care I? 185

„ *Tyr.* Aboue all things we ought to holde it deare

Cre. Ciuell were he, that would not loue his childe

„ *Tyr.* For cōmō weale, were well, that one man waile.

Cre. To loose mine owne, I liste none other saue

„ *Tyr* Best Citizens care least for priuat gayne 190

Cre Depart, for nowe, with all thy prophecies.

„ *Tyr.* Lo, thus the truth doth alwayes hatred get.

Cre Yet pray I thee by these thy siluer heares,

„ *Tyr.* The harme that cōmes from heauen can not be scapt

Cre. And by thy holy spirite of prophecie, 195

„ *Tyr.* What heauen hath done, that cannot I vndoe.

Cre. That to no moe this secreete thou reueale

Tyr And wouldst thou haue me learne to make a lye ?

Cre I pray thee hold thy peace. *Tyr* That will I not.

But in thy woe yeelde thee some reliefe, 200

I tell thee once, thou shalt be Lorde of *Thebes*,

Which happe of thine this string did well declare,

Which from the heart doth out alonely growe.

So did the peece corrupted playnly shewe,

An argument most eudent to proue 205

Thy sonne his death *Cre* Well, yet be thou content

To keepe full close this secrete hidden grieve.

Tyr I neither ought, ne will keepe it so close.

Cre Shall I be then the murtherer of mine owne ?

Tyr Ne blame not me, but blame the starres for this. 210

Cre Can heauens condemne but him alone to dye ?

Tyr We ought beleue the cause is good and iust.

„ *Cre* Unust is he condemnes the innocent.

Great „ *Tyr* A foole is he accuseth heauens of wrongs
follye to

accuse the „ *Cre* There can no ill thing come from heauens aboue. 215
gods

Tyr Then this that heauen commaunds can not be ill

Cre I not beleue that thou hast talkt with God

Tyr Bicause I tell thee that doth thee displease

Cre Out of my sight accursed lying wretch

A thankles „ *Tyr* Go daughter go, oh what foole is he 220
office to

foretell a That puts in vre to publish prophecies ?

mischiefe. „ For if he do fore tell a froward fate,

„ Though it be true, yet shall he purchase hate .

„ And if he silence keepe, or hide the truth,

„ The heauy wrath of mightie Gods ensuth. 225

Appollo he might well tell things to come,

That had no dread the angry to offende

But hye we daughter hence some other way.

*Tyresias with Manto his daughter, returneth by the gates
called Electræ*

203 alonely] all only *MS*. 217 talkt] talk *MS* 220 what foole]
what a foole *MS* *Q*₁

Scena. 2.

CREON. MENECEVS

O H my deare childe, well hast thou heard with eare
 These weery newes, or rather wicked tales
 That this deuine of thee deuined hath
 Yet will thy father neuer be thy foe,
 With cruell doome thy death for to consent

5

Me. You rather ought, O father, to consent
 Vnto my death, since that my death may bring
 Vnto this towne both peace and victorie.

No greater
 honor than
 to dye for
 thy
 country

„Ne can I purchase more prayseworthy death
 „Than for my countries wealth to lose my breath

10

Cre. I cannot prayse this witlesse will of thine

„ *Me.* You know deare father, that this life of ours
 „Is brittle, short, and nothing else in deede
 „But tedious toyle and pangs of endlesse payne
 „And death, whose darte to some men seemes so fell,

15

„Brings quiet ende to this vnquiet life
 „Vnto which ende who soonest doth arriue,
 „Finds soonest rest of all his restlesse grieve
 „And were it so, that here on earth we felte
 „No pricke of paine, nor that our flattring dayes

Death
 (indeed)
 yeldeth
 more
 pleasure
 than lyfe.

20

„Were neuer dasht by froward fortunes frowne,
 „Yet beeing borne (as all men are) to dye,
 „Were not this worthy gloiy and renowne,
 „To yelde the countrey soyle where I was borne,
 „For so long time, so shorte a time as mine?

25

I can not thinke that this can be denied.

Then if to shunne this haughtie high behest,
 Mine onely cause, O father, doth you moue,
 Be sure, you seeke to take from me your sonne,
 The greatest honor that I can attayne

30

10 *Q₂ no period at end of line* 24 borne,] *MS. places a (?) after this*
word 25 as mine?] is mine! *MS.*

But if your owne commoditie you moue,
 So much the lesse you ought the same allowe
 For looke, how much the more you haue in *Thebes*
 So much the more you ought to loue the same
 Here haue you *Hemone*, he that in my steade 35
 (O my deare father) may with you remaine,
 So that, although you be depriued of me
 Yet shall you not be quite depriued of henes
Cre. I can not chuse, deare sonne, but disallowe
 This thy too hastie, hote desire of death 40
 For if thy life thou settest all so lighte,
 Yet oughtest thou thy father me respect,
 Who as I drawe the more to lumpishe age,
 So much more neede haue I to craue thine ayde
 Ne will I yet, with stubborne tong denye, 45
 „That for his common weale to spende his life,
 „Doth win the subiect high renoumed name
 „But howe? in armour to defende the state,
 „Not like a beast to bleede in sacrifice.
 And therewithal, if any shoulde consent 50
 To such a death, then should the same be I,
 That haue prolonged life euen long enough,
 Ne many dayes haue I nowe to drawe on
 And more auaile might to the countrie come,
 Deare sonne, to hold that lustie life of thine, 55
 That art both yong and eke of courage stout.
 Than may by me that feeble am and olde.
 Then lue deare sonne in high prosperitie,
 And giue me leaue that worthy am to dye
Mene. Yet worthy were not that vnworthy chaunge. 60
Cre. If such a death bring glorie, giue it me
Mene. Not you, but me, the heauens cal to die.
Cre. We be but one in flesh and body both.
Mene. I father ought, so ought not you, to die.
Cre. If thou sonne die, thinke not that I can lue. 65

Before the bold and blinde *Tyresias*

Doe publish this that is as yet vnknowne

Me And where, or in what place shall I become? 100

Cre. Where thou mayste be hence furthest out of sight.

Me. You may commaunde, and I ought to obey.

Cre. Go to the lande of *Thesbeota*

Me. Where *Dodona* doth sit in sacred chaire?

Cre. Euen there my childe 105

Me. And who shall guide my wandring steps? *Cre.* high *Ioue*.

Me. Who shall giue sustenance for my reliefe?

Cre. There will I send thee heapes of glistring golde

Me. But when shall I estesoones my father see?

Cre. Ere long I hope but now, for now depart, 110

For euery lingring let or little stay,

May purchase payne and torment both to me

Me. First would I take my conge of the Queene,

That since the day my mother lost hui life,

Hath nourisht me as if I were hui owne. 115

Cre. Oh, tary not my deare sonne, tarry not.

(*Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes*)

Me. Beholde father, I goe. You dames of *Thebes*,

Pray to almightie *Ioue* for my retourne.

You see how mine unhappie staries me diue

To go my countrie fro and if so chaunce, 120

I ende in woe my pryme and lustie yeares

Before the course of Nature do them call,

Honor my death yet with your drery plants.

And I shall eke, where so this carkas come,

Pray to the Gods that they preserue this towne. 125

Meneceus departeth by the gates Electrae.

103 *Thesbeota*] *Thesbiota* MS *Q*₁
104 *MS. Q* put this before line 116

116 s D *Creon* *Homo-*

CHORVS.

When she that rules the rolling wheele of chaunce,
 Doth turne aside hir angrie frowning face,
 On him, who erst she deigned to aduance,
 She neuer leaues to gaulde him with disgrace,
 To tosse and turne his state in euery place, 5
 Till at the last she hurle him from on high
 And yeld him subiect vnto miserie

And as the braunche that from the roote is reft,
 He neuer winnes like leafe to that he lefte ·
 Yea though he do, yet can not tast of ioy 10
 Compare with pangs that past in his annoy.

Well did the heauens ordeine for our behoofe
 Necessitie, and fates by them alowde,
 That when we see our high mishappes aloofe
 (As though our eyes were mufled with a cloude) 15
 Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe and shrowde
 From our auaile wherwith we runne so faire
 As none amends can make that we do maie

Then drawes euill happe & strues to shew his strenght,
 And such as yeld vnto his might, at length 20
 He leades them by necessitie the way
 That destinie preparde for our decay.

The Mariner amidde the swelling seas
 Who seeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,
 Now here, now there, as wind and waues best please, 25
 When thundring Ioue with tempest list to threaten,
 And dreads in depest gulfe for to be eaten,
 Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie
 To saue himselfe in such extremitie
 For when he seeth no man hath witte nor powre 30
 To flie from fate when fortune list to lowre,

4 gaulde] galde *Q*₁. gall *Q*₃ 9 leafe] So in *Q*₁ 'Faultes escaped
 correction' lefe *MS*. life *Q*₁ (text) *Q*₂ *Q*₃ 10 not] no *MS* *Q*₁ 17
 faie] faee *Q*₂

His only hope on mightie Ioue doth caste,
Whereby he winnes the wished heauen at last

How fond is that man in his fantasie,
Who thinks that Ioue the maker of vs al, 35
And he that tempeis all in heauen on high,
The sunne, the mone, the staries celestiall,
So that no leafe without his leaue can fall,
Hath not in him omnipotence also
To guide and gouerne all things here below? 40

O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,
O subiect slaues to euery ill that lights,
To scape such woe, such paine, such shame and scoine,
Happie were he that neuer had bin borne

Well might duke *Creon* driuen by destinie, 45
(If true it be that olde *Tyresias* saith)
Redeme our citie from this miserie,
By his consent vnto *Menecus* death,
Who of himselfe wold faine haue lost his breth
„But euery man is loth for to fulfill 50
„The heauenly hest that pleaseth not his will
„That publique weale must needes to ruine go
„Where priuate profite is preferred so

Yet mightie God, thy only aide we craue,
This towne from siege, and vs from sorowe saue 55

Finis Actus tertij done by G Gascoygne

33 heauen] hauen MS Q₁
G Gascoygne] Q₁ omits

42 ill] euill MS Q₁

56 done by

The order of the fourth dumbe shevve.

BEfore the beginning of this fourth Acte, the Trumpets,
drummes and fifes sounded, and a greate peale of ordi-
nauunce was shot of in the which ther entered vpon the stage
.vj knights armed at al points wherof three came in by the Gates
Electræ, and the other three by the Gates *Homoloides*: either 5
parte beeing accompanied with .vij other armed men and after
they had marched twice or thrice about the Stage, the one
partie menacing the other by their furious lookes and gestures,
the .vj. knights caused their other attendants to stand by, and
drawing their Swords, fell to cruell and couragious combate, 10
continuing therein, till two on the one side were slayne. The
third perceiuing, that he only remayned to withstand the force
of .iij. enimies, did politiquely rûne aside: wherewith immediatly
one of the .iij followed after him, and when he had drawen his
enimie thus from his companie, hee turned againe and slewe 15
him. Then the seconde also ranne after him, whom he slewe
in like māner, and consequently the thirde, and then triumphantly
marched aboute the Stage wyth hys sword in his hand Hereby
was noted the incomparable force of concorde betwene brethren,
who as long as they holde together may not easily by any 20
meanes be ouercome, and being once disseuered by any meanes,
are easily ouerthrowen. The history of the brethren *Horatij*
& *Curiatij*, who agreed to like combate and came to like ende
After that the dead carkasses were caried from the Stage by
the armed men on both parties, and that the victor was trium- 25
phantly accompanied out, also came in a messenger armed
from the campe, seeking the Queene, and to hir spake as
foloweth.

1-2 the Trumpets . . . fifes] the Trompetts sounded, the doomes and
tyfes MS. Q₁ 20 holde] doo holde Q₂

Actus viij. Scena 1

N V N C I V S. I O C A S T A

Nuncius commeth in by the gates Homoloides.

O Sage and sober dames, O shamefast maids,
 O faithful seruants of our aged Queene,
 Come leade hir forth, sith vnto hir I bring
 Such secrete newes as are of great importe.
 Come forth, O Queene, surceasse thy wofull plaint, 5
 And to my words vouchsafe a willing eare
*The Queene with hir traine commeth out
 of hir Pallace.*

Ioca My seruant deare, doest thou yet bring me newes
 Of more mishappe? ah werie wretch, alas,
 How doth *Eteocles*? whom heretofore
 In his encreasing yeares, I wonted ay 10
 From daungerous happe with fauoure to defend,
 Doth he yet liue? or hath vntimely death
 In cruell fight berefte his flowring life?

Nun He liues (O Queene) hereof haue ye no doubt,
 From such suspecte my selfe will quit you soone. 15

Ioca. The vëtrous Greekes haue haply tane the towne?

Nun. The Gods forbid.

Ioca. Our souldiers then, perchance,
 Dispersed bene and yelden to the sword.

Nun. Not so, they were at first in daunger sure,
 But in the end obtained victorie 20

Ioca. Alas, what then becōmes of *Polymne*?
 Oh canst thou tell? is he dead or aliue?

Nun You haue (O Queene) yet both your sonnes aliue.

Ioca. Oh, how my harte is eased of his paine.
 Well, then proceede, and briefly let me heare, 25

⁹ *Eteocles*] *Eteocles* Q₂ 15 you] ye MS 23 Q₂ no period at end
 of line 24 his] this MS. Q₁

How ye repulst your proud presuming foes,
 That thereby yet at least I may assuage
 The swelling sorrowes in my dolefull brest,
 In that the towne is hitherto preserude.
 And for the rest, I trust that mightie *Ioue* 30
 Will yeld vs ayde.

Nun No sone! had your worthy valiant sonne,
 Seuerde the Dukes into seauen seuerall partes,
 And set them to defence of seuerall gates,
 And brought in braue arraye his hoisemen out, 35
 First to encounter with their mightie foen,
 And likewise pitcht, the footemen face to face
 Against the footemen of their enemies,
 But fiercely straight, the armies did approche,
 Swarming so thick, as couerde cleane the felde, 40
 When dreadfull blast of braying trumpets sounde,
 Of dolefull drummes, and thundring cannon shot,
 Gaue hideous signe of honour of the fight,
 Then gan the *Greekes* to giue their sharpe assaulte,
 Then from the walls our stout couragious men, 45
 With rolling stones, with pisse of hugie beames,
 With flying dautes, with flakes of burning fire,
 And deadly blowes, did beate them backe againe .
 Thus struing long, with stout and bloudie fighte,
 (Whereby full many thousande slaughtered were) 50
 The hardie *Greeks* came vnderneath the walls .
 Of whome, first *Capaney* (a lustie Knight)
 Did scale the walls, and on the top thereof
 Did vaunt himselfe, when many hundied moe,
 With fierce assaultes did follow him as fast. 55
 Then loe, the Captaines seauen besturde themselues,
 (Whose names ye haue already vnderstoode)
 Some here, some there, nought dreading losse of life,
 With newe reliefe to feede the fainting breach .

30 mightie] so in MS and Q₁. might Q₂ mighty Q₃ 50 thousande]
 thousandes MS.

And *Polynice*, he bended all the force 60
 Of his whole charge, against the greatest gate,
 When sodenly a flashe of lightning flame
 From angrie skies strake captaine *Capaney*
 That there downe dead he fell · at sight whereof
 The gazers on were fraught with soden feare 65
 The rest, that stroue to mount the walles so fast,
 From ladders toppe did headlong tumble downe
 Herewith our men encouragde by good happe,
 Toke hardy harts, and so repulst the Grekes.
 Ther was *Eteocles*, and I with him, 70
 Who setting first those souldiers to then charge,
 Ranne streight to thother gates vnto the weake
 He manly comforte gaue · vnto the bold
 His lusty words encreased courage still
 In so much as th'amed Grecian king 75
 When he did heare of *Capaney* his death,
 Fearing thereby the Gods became his foen,
 Out from the trench withdrewe his wearie host.
 But iashe *Eteocles* (presuming too too much
 Vppon their flight) did issue out of *Thebes*, 80
 And forwarde straight with strength of chualie,
 His flying foes couragiously pursude.
 Too long it were to make recomfort of all
 That wounded bene, or slaine, or captiue now :
 The cloudy ayre was filled round aboute 85
 With houlng cries and wofull wayling plants :
 So great a slaughter (O renowned Queene)
 Before this day I thinke was neuer seene.
 Thus haue we now cut of the fruitlesse hope
 The Grecians had, to sacke this noble towne. 90
 What ioyfull end will happen herevnto
 Yet know I not . the gods tourne all to good.
 „To conquere, lo, is doubtlesse worthy praise,
 „But wisely for to vse the conquest gotte,
 „Hath euer wonne immortall sound of fame. 95

Well, yet therewith in this we may reioyce,
Sith heauen and heauenly powers are pleasde therewith.

Ioca. This good successe was luckie sure, and such,
As for my parte I little loked for:
To saue the towne and eke to haue my sonnes 100
(As you report) preserued yet alieu.

But yet proceede, and further let me know
The finall ende that they agreed vpon
Nun. No more (O queene) let this for now suffice,
Sith hitherto your state is safe inough. 105

Ioca. These words of thine, do whelme my iealous mind
With great suspecte of other mischiefes hidde

Nun. What would you moie, alredy being sure
That both your sonnes in safetie do remaine?
Ioca. I long to know the iest, or good or bad. 110

Nun. O let me now retourne to *Eteocles*,
That of my seruice greatly stands in neede.
Ioca. Right well I see, thou doest conceale the woorst

Nun. Oh force me not, the good now beeing past,
To tell the yll 115
Ioca. Tell it I say, on paine of our displeasure

Nun. Since thus ye seeke to heare a dolefull tale,
I will no longer stay witte ye therefore,
Your desperate sonnes togither be agreed
For to attempt a wicked enterprise 120
To priuate fight they haue betroutht themselues,
Of which conflicte, the ende must needes be this,
That one do lue, that other die the death.

Ioca. Alas, alas, this did I euer feare.

Nun. Now, sith in summe I haue reuealed that, 125
Which you haue heard with great remorse of mind,
I will proceede, at large to tell the whole.
When your victorious sonne, with valiant force
Had chast his foes into their ioyning tents
Euen there he staide, and straight at sound of trumpe 130

106 do] doth *MS*

108 you] ye *MS Q₁*

With stretched voice the herault thus proclaimde :
You princely Greekes, that hither be annued
To spoile the fruite of these our fertile fields,
And vs to driue from this our Natiue soile,
O suffer not so many gittlesse soules 135
By this debate descend in Stygian lake,
For priuate cause of wicked *Polynice*,
But rather let the brethren, hand to hand,
By mutuall blowes appease their furious rage,
And so to cease from sheding further bloud 140
And, to the end you all might vnderstand
The profite that to euery side may fall,
Thus much my Lord thought good to profer you,
This is his will, if he be ouercome,
Then *Polynice* to rule this kingly realme 145
If so it happe (as reason would it should)
Our rightfull prince to conquere *Polynice*,
That then no one of you make more adoo,
But straight to *Argos* Ile hast home againe.
This, thus pronounst vnto the noble Greeks, 150
No soner did the sound of trumpet cease,
But *Polynice* stept forth before the host,
And to these words this answeere did he make .
O thou, (not brother) but my mortall foe,
Thy profer here hath pleased me so well, 155
As presently, without more long delay,
I yeld my selfe prepared to the field
Our noble King no soner heard this vaunt,
But forth as fast he prest his princely steppes,
With eger mind, as hooouering falcon woonts 160
To make hir stoope, when pray appeares in sight :
At all assayes they both were brauely armed,
To eithers side his sword fast being girt,
In eithers hand was put a sturdy launce
About *Eteocles* our souldiers cloong, 165
To comforte him, and put him then in mind,

He fought for safetie of his country soile,
 And that in him consisted all their hope
 To *Polymce* the king *Adrastus* swore,
 If he escaped victor from the field,
 At his returne he would in *Greece* erecte
 A golden Image vnto mightie *Ioue*
 In signe of his triumphing victorie
 But all this while seeke you (O noble queene)
 To hinder this your furious sonnes attempte
 Intreat the Gods it may not take effecte,
 Els must you needes ere long depriued be
 Of both your sonnes, or of the one at least
Nuncius returneth to the camp by the gates
Homoloydes

IOCASTA. ANTIGONE.

A *Nigone* my swete daughter, come forth
 Out of this house, that nought but woe retaines,
 Come forth I say, not for to sing or daunce,
 But to preuent (if in our powers it lie)
 That thy malicious brethren (swolne with ire)
 And I alas, their miserable mother,
 Be not destroide by stroke of dreadfull death.

Antigone commeth out of hir mothers Pallace

Anti Ah swete mother, ah my beloued mother,
 Alas alas, what cause doth moue ye now
 From trembling voice to send such carefull cries?
 What painefull pang? what grieve doth gripe you now?
Ioca O deare daughter, thy most vnhappie brethren
 That sometimes lodgde within these wretched loynes
 Shall die this day, if *Ioue* preuent it not.

Anti Alas what say you? alas what do you say?
 Can I (alas) endure to see him dead,
 Whom I thus long haue sought to see aloue?

Ioca They both haue vowde (I quake alas to tell)
With trenchant blade to spill eche others blood

Antig. O ciuell *Eteocles*, ah ruthlesse wretch,
Of this outrage thou only art the cause,
Not *Polymice*, whom thou with hatefull spight
Hast reaued first of crowne and countrie soyle,
And now doest seeke to reauue him of his life. 200

Ioca. Daughter no more delay, lets go, lets go.

Anti Ah my sweete mother, whither shall I go?

Ioca With me, deere daughter, to the greekish host. 205

Anti Alas how can I go? vnles I go
In daunger of my life, or of good name?

Ioca Time serues not now (my well beloued childe)
To way the losse of life or honest name,
But rather to preuent (if so we may)
That wicked deede, which only but to thinke,
Doth hale my hart out of my heauie brest 210

Anti. Come then, lets go, good mother let vs go,
But what shall we be able for to doe,
You a weake old woman forworne with yeares,
And I God knowes a silly simple mayde? 215

Ioca. Our woful wordes, our prayers & ouir plaintes,
Pourde out with streames of ouerflowing teares,
(Where Nature rules) may happen to preuayle,
When reason, power, and force of armes do fayle. 220
But if the glowing heate of boyling wrath
So furious be, as it may not relent,
Then I atwixt them both will throw my selfe,
And this my brest shal beare the deadly blowes,
That otherwise should light vpon my sonnes . 225
So shall they shead my bloud and not their owne.
Well now deere daughter, let vs hasten hence,
For if in time we stay this raging strife,
Then haply may my life prolonged be :
If ere we come the bloody deede be done, 230

Then must my ghost forsake this feeble corps
 And thou, deare childe, with dolour shalt bewaile,
 Thy brothers death and mothers all at once

*Iocasta with Antigone, and all hir traine (excepte the
 Chorus) goeth towards the campe, by the gates Homoloydes.*

CHORVS.

W Hoso hath felt, what faith and ferueut loue
 A mother beares vnto hir tender sonnes,
 She and none other sure, can comprehend
 The dolefull grieffe, the pangs and secret paine,
 That presently doth pierce the princely brest 5
 Of our afflicted Queene · alas, I thinke
 No martyrdome might well compare with hers.
 So ofte as I recorde hir restlesse state,
 Alas me thinkes I feele a shiuering feare
 Flit to and fro along my flushing vaines 10
 Alas for ruth, that thus two brethien shoulde,
 Enforce themselues to shed each others blood.
 Where are the lawes of nature now become ?
 Can fleshe of fleshe, alas can bloud of bloud,
 So far forget it selfe, as slay it selfe ? 15
 O lowring starres, O dimme and angrie skies,
 O geltie fate, suche mischiefe set aside
 But if supernall powers decreed haue,
 That death must be the ende of this debate,
 Alas what floudes of teares shall then suffise, 20
 To weepe and waile the neere approaching death ·
 I meane the death of sonnes and mother both,
 And with their death the ruine and decay,
 Of *Oedipus* and his princely race ?

1 hath felt] hath ever felt *MS.* faith and] *om. in MS. and Q₁* 7
 might] may *MS.* 17 geltie] guilty *MS. Q₁ Q₂*

But loe, here *Creon* cōmes with carefull cheare 25
 Tis time that now I ende my iust complaint.
Creon commeth in by the gates Homoloydes

< *Scena 2* >

CREON NVNCIVS

Although I straightly chargde my tender childe
 To flee from *Thebes* for safeguarde of him selfe,
 And that long since he parted from my sight,
 Yet doe I greatly hang in lingring doubt,
 Least passing through the gates, the priue watch 5
 Hath stayed him by some suspect of treason
 And so therewhile, the prophets hauing skide
 His hidden fate, he purchast haue the death
 Which I by all meanes sought he might eschewe
 And this mischaunce so much I feare the more, 10
 How much the wished conquest at the first,
 Fell happily vnto the towne of *Thebes*,
 „But wise men ought with patience to sustaine
 „The sundrie haps that slipperie fortune frames
Nuncius commeth in by the gates Electræ

Nun. Alas, who can direct my hastie stepes 15
 Vnto the brother of our wofull Queene?
 But loe where carefully he standeth here

Cre. If so the minde may dread his owne mishap,
 Then dread I much, this man that seekes me thus,
 Hath brought the death of my beloued sonne. 20

Nun. My Lorde, the thing you feare is very true,
 Your sonne *Menecus* no longer liues

Cre Alas who can withstand the heauenly powers?
 Well, it beseemes not me, ne yet my yeares,
 In bootelesse plaint to wast my wailefull teares : 25
 Do thou recount to me his lucklesse deathe,

¹ chargde] chardgde *MS.* · chargde *Q*₁. charge *Q*₂ *Q*₃ 2 flee] fle
MS. *Q*₁

The order, forme, and manner of the same

Nun. Your sonne (my Lorde) came to *Eteocles*,

And tolde him this in presence of the rest

Renoumed King, neither your victorie, 30

Ne yet the safetie of this princely Realme

In armour doth consist, but in the death

Of me, of me, (O most victorious King)

So heauenly dome of mightie Ioue commaunds

I (knowing what auayle my death should yeeld 35

Vnto your grace, and vnto natue land)

Might well be deemde a most vngratefull sonne

Vnto this worthy towne, if I would shunne

The sharpest death to do my countrie good :

In mourning weede now let the vestall Nymphes, 40

With fainyng tunes commend my faultlesse ghost

To highest heauens, while I despoyle my selfe,

That afterwarde (sith *Ioue* will haue it so)

To saue your liues, I may receyue my death,

Of you I craue, O curteous Citizens, 45

To shrine my corps in tombe of marble stone

Whereon graue this *Meneceus here doth lie,*

For countries cause that was content to die.

This saide, alas, he made no more a doe,

But drewe his sword, and sheathde it in his brest. 50

Cre No more, I haue nough, returne ye nowe

From whence ye came

Nuncius returneth by the gates Electræ.

Well, since the bloud of my beloued sonne,

Must serue to slake the wiath of angrie *Ioue*,

And since his onely death must bring to *Thebes* 55

A quiet ende of hir vnquiet state,

Me thinkes good reason would, that I henceforth

Of *Thebane* soyle should beare the kingly swaye .

Yea sure, and so I will ere it be long,

Either by right, or else by force of armes. 60

36 Vnto] to my *MS* 41 fainyng] playnyng *MS.* . fauning *Q*₁ : faining *Q*₂

Any
messenger
is welcome
that
bringeth
tydings of
advance-
ment

Of al mishap loe here the wicked broode,
My sister first espoused hath hir sonne
That slewe his sire, of whose accursed seede
Two brethren sprang, whose raging hatefull hearts,
By force of boyling yre are bolne so sore 65
As each do thyrst to sucke the others bloude
But why do I sustaine the smart hereof?
Why should my bloud be spilt for others gilte?
Oh welcome were that messenger to me
That brought me word of both my nephewes deathes 70
Then should it soone be sene in euery eye,
Twixt prince and prince what difference would appeare,
Then should experience shewe what grieve it is
To serue the humours of vnbridled youth
Now will I goe for to prepare with speede 75
The funerals of my yong giltlesse sonne,
The which perhaps may be accompanied
With th'obseques of proude *Eteoles*

Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes

Fins Actus. 4.

CHORVS

O Blisful concord, bredde in sacred brest
Of him that guides the restlesse rolling sky,
That to the earth for mans assured rest
From heigth of heauens vouchsafest downe to flie,
In thee alone the mightie power doth lie, 5
With swete accorde to kepe the frowning starres
And euery planet else from hurtfull warres.

In thee, in thee such noble vertue bydes,
As may commaund the mightiest Gods to bend,
From thee alone such sugred frendship slydes 10
As mortall wightes can scarcely comprehend,
To greatest strife thou setst delightfull ende,

O holy peace, by thee are onely founde
The passing ioyes that euery where abound.

Thou onely thou, through thy celestiall might, 15
Didst first of al, the heauenly pole deuide
From th'olde confused heape that *Chaos* hight
Thou madste the Sunne, the Moone, and starres to glide,
With ordred course about this world so wide .
Thou hast ordainde *Dan Tytans* shining light, 20
By dawne of day to chase the darkesome night

When tract of time retuines the lustie *Ver*
By thee alone, the buddes and blossomes spring,
The fieldes with floures be garnisht euery where,
The blooming trees, abundant fruite do bring, 25
The cherefull birds melodiously do sing,
Thou dost appoint, the crop of sommers seede
For mans reliefe, to serue the winters neede.

Thou doest inspire the heartes of princely peeres
By providence, proceeding from aboue, 30
In flowring youth to choose their woithie feeres,
With whome they lue in league of lasting loue,
Till fearefull death doth fitting life remoue,
And loke how fast, to death man payes his due,
So fast againe, doste thou his stocke renew 35

By thee, the basest thing aduaunced is,
Thou euerie where, dost graffe such golden peace,
As filleth man, with more than earthly blisse,
The earth by thee, doth yelde hir swete increase
At becke of thee, all bloudy discords cease, 40
And mightiest Realmes in quiet do remaine,
Wheras thy hand doth holde the royall raine.

But if thou faile, then al things gone to wracke,
The mother then, doth dread hir natuall childe,
Then euery towne is subject to the sacke, 45

Then spotlesse maids, the virgins be defilde,
 Then rigor rules, then reason is exile.
 And this, thou wofull *Thebes*, to our great paine,
 With present spoile, art likely to sustaine.

Me thinke I heare the wailfull weeping cries 50
 Of wretched dames, in euerie coast resound,
 Me thinks I see, how vp to heauenly skies
 From battred walls, the thundring clappes rebound,
 Me thinke I heare, how all things go to ground,
 Me thinke I see, how souldiers wounded lye 55
 With gasping breath, and yet they can not dye.

By meanes wherof, oh swete *Meneceus* he,
 That giues for countries cause his guiltlesse life,
 Of others all, most happy shall he be
 His ghost shall flit from broiles of bloudy strife 60
 To heauenly blisse, where pleasing ioyes be rife
 And would to God, that this his fatall ende
 From further plagues, our citie might defend.

O sacred God, giue eare vnto thy thrall,
 That humbly here vpon thy name doth call, 65
 O let not now, our faultlesse bloud be spilt,
 For hote reuenge of any others guilt

Finis Actus quarti.

Done by F. Kinwelmarshes

46 the] then *Q*₁

50, 54, 55 Me thinke *Q*₂ Me thinks *MS*

The order of the laste dumbe shevve.

First the Stillpipes sounded a very mournful melody, in which time came vpon the Stage a womā clothed in a white garment, on hir head a piller, double faced, the formost face fair & smiling, the other behinde blacke & louring, muffled with a white laune about hir eyes, hir lap ful of Jewelles, sitting 5 in a charyot, hir legges naked, hir fete set vpō a great roūd bal, & beyng drawē in by iij. noble personages, she led in a string on hir right hand ij kings crowned, and in hū lefte hand .ij. poore slaues very meanly attyred After she was drawn about the stage, she stayed a little, changing the kings vnto the left 10 hande & the slaues vnto the right hand, taking the crownes from the kings heads she crowned therwith the ij. slaues, & casting the vyle clothes of the slaues vpon the kings, she despoyled the kings of thei robes, and therwith apparelled the slaues This done, she was drawn eftsones about the stage 15 in this order, and then departed, leauing vnto vs a plaine Type or figure of vnstable fortune, who dothe oftentimes raise to heigthe of dignitie the vile and vnnoble, and in like manner throweth downe frō the place of promotiō, euen those whō before she hir selfe had thither aduanced after hir departue 20 came in Duke *Creon* with foure gentlemen wayting vpon him and lamented the death of *Menecus* his sonne in this maner.

Actus .v. Scena 1.

CREON. CHORVS.

Alas what shall I do? bemone my selfe?
Or rue the ruine of my Natue lande,
About the which such cloudes I see enclosde.
As darker cannot couer dreadfull hell

3 on] and on Q₃

Actus .v.] So in MS. and Q₁ misprinted in in Q₂ and Q₃

With mine own eyes I saw my own deare sonne
All gorde with bloud of his too bloody brest,
Which he hath shed full like a friend, too deare
To his countrey, and yet a cruell foe
To me, that was his friend and father both.
Thus to him selfe he gaynde a famous name,
And glory great, to me redoubled payne .
Whose haplesse death in my afflicted house,
Hath put suche playnt, as I ne can espie
What comfort might acquiet their distresse
I hither come my sister for to seeke,
Iocasta, she that might in wofull wise
Amid hir high and ouerpinning cares,
Prepare the baynes for his so wretched corps,
And eke for him that nowe is not in life,
May pay the due that to the dead pertaynes,
And for the honor he did well deserue,
To giue some giftes vnto infernall Gods.
Cho. My Lorde, your sister is gone forth long since,
Into the campe, and with hir *Antigone*,
Hir daughter deare.
Cre. Into the campe? alas and what to do?
Cho. She vnderstoode, that for this realme foorthwith
Hir sonnes were greed in combate for to ioyne.
Cre. Alas, the funerals of my deare sonne
Dismayed me so, that I ne did receiue,
Ne seeke to knowe these newe vnwelcome newes
But loe, beholde a playne apparant signe
Of further feares the furious troubled lookes
Of him that commeth heere so hastilye

23 My Lorde, your sister is] Your sister is, my lord *MS.*
hir *Antigone*] Antigone with her *MS*

Scena. 2

N V N C I V S. C R E O N. C H O R V S

ALas, alas, what shall I doe? alas,
 What shriving voyce may serue my wofull wordes?
 O wretched I, ten thousande times a wretch,
 The messenger of dread and cruell death!

Cre Yet more mishap? and what vnhappy newes 5

Nun My Lord, your nephues both haue lost their liues

Cre Out and alas, to me and to this towne,
 Thou doest accompt great ruine and decay,
 You royall familie of *Oedipus*
 And heare you this? your liege and soueraigne Lordes 10
 The brethren both are slayne and done to death.

Cho. O cruell newes, most cruell that can come,
 O newes that might these stony walles prouoke
 For tender ruthe to brust in bitter teares,
 And so they would, had they the sense of man 15

Cre. O worthy yong Lordes, that vnworthy were
 Of such vnworthy death, O me moste wretch. Cesers
tears

Nun More wretched shall ye deeme your selfe, my lord,
 When you shall heare of further miserie

Cre. And can there be more miserie than this? 20

Nun With hir deare sonnes the queene hir self is slaine.

Cho. Bewayle ladies, alas good ladies waile,
 This harde mischaunce, this cruell common euill,
 Ne hencefoorth hope for euer to reioyce.

Cre Oh *Iocasta*, miserable mother, 25
 What haplesse ende thy life alas hath hent?
 Percase the heauens purueyed had the same,
 Moued therto by the wicked wedlocke
 Of *Oedipus* thy sonne yet might thy scuse
 But iustly made, that knewe not of the crime 30
 But tell me messenger, oh tell me yet

We harken
somes
willingly
to wofull
news

The death of these two biethien, diuen therto,

Not thus all onely by their dreame fate,

But by the banning and the bitter cuisse

Of their cruell sire, borne for our annoy,

35

And here on earth the onely soursse of euill

Nun Then know my Lorde, the battell that begonne

Vnder the walles, was brought to luckie ende

Eteocles had made his foemen flee

Within their trenches, to their foule reproche

40

But herewithall the brethren both straightway

Eche othei chalenge forth into the felde,

By combate so to stunte their cruell strife,

Who armed thus amid the felde appeard,

First *Polynice* turning toward Greece

45

His louely lookes, gan *Iuno* thus beseeche

O heauenly queene, thou seest, that since the day

I first did wedde *Adrastus* daughter deare,

And stayde in Greece, thy seruant haue I bene .

Then (be it not for mine vnworthinesse)

50

Graunt me this grace, the victorie to winne,

Graunt me, that I with high triumphant hande,

May bathe this blade within my brothers brest

I know I craue vnworthy victorie,

Vnworthy triumphes, and vnwoithy spoyles,

55

Lo he the cause, my cruell enimie.

The people wept to heare the wofull wordes

Of *Polynice*, foreseeing eke the ende

Of this outrage and cruell combate tane,

Eche man gan looke vpon his drouping mate,

60

With mindes amazed, and trembling hearts for dread,

Whom pitie perced for these youthfull knights

Eteocles with eyes vp cast to heauen,

Thus sayde

32 (*margin*) sometimes] sometimee *Q*₁ 35 sire] *In the MS a later hand has crossed out sire and substituted father*
 fotemen *Q*₂ 41 brethren both] bretheren *Q*₁ 39 foemen *MS. Q*₁
 challenge *MS* Perhaps we should read challenge 42 chalenge *Q*₂ 51 this] the *MS*

O mightie *Ioue* his daughter graunt to me, 65
 That this right hande with this sharpe armed launce
 (Passing amid my brothers cankred brest,)
 It may eke pierce that cowaide hart of his,
 And so him slea that thus vnworthily
 Disturbs the quiet of our common weale 70
 So sayde *Eteocles*, and trumpets blowne,
 To sende the summons of their bloody fighte,
 That one the other fiercely did encounter,
 Like Lions two yfraught with boyling wrath,
 Bothe coucht their launces full agaynst the face, 75
 But heauen it nolde that there they should them tente
 Vpon the battred shields the mightie speares
 Are bothe ybroke, and in a thousande shuiers
 Amid the ayre flowne vp into the heauens ·
 Beholde agayne, with naked sworde in hande, 80
 Eche one the other furiously assautes
 Here they of *Thebes*, there stode the *Greekes* in doubt,
 Of whom doth eche man feelee more chilling dread,
 Least any of the twayne should lose his life,
 Than any of the twayne did feelee in fight 85
 Their angrie lookes, their deadly daunting blowes,
 Might wnesse well, that in their heartes remaynde
 As cankred hate, disdayne, and furious moode,
 As euer bred in beare or tygers brest.
 The first that hapt to hurt was *Polnuce*, 90
 Who smote the righte thighe of *Eteocles*
 But as we deeme, the blow was nothing deepe,
 Then cryed the *Greekes*, and lepte with lightned harts,
 But streight agayne they helde their peace, for why?
Eteocles gan thrust his wicked sworde 95
 In the lefte arme of vnarmed *Pollinice*,
 And let the bloud from bare vnfenced fleshe,

72 sende] sounde *Q*₁ 79 flowne] flew *MS* 80 sworde] swords
*Q*₃ 84 Least] Lest *Q*₂ 92 nothing] not too *MS*. 94 why]
 he *MS* *Q*₁ (?) omitted 97 bare] thinne *MS* *Q*₁

With falling drops distill vpon the ground,
 Ne long he stayes, but with an other thrust
 His brothers belly boweld with his blade, 100
 Then wretched he, with bridle left at large,
 From of his horsse fell pale vpon the ground,
 Ne long it was, but downe our duke dismountes
 From of his startling steede, and runnes in hast,
 His brothers haplesse helme for to vnlace, 105
 And with such hungry minde desired spoyle,
 (As one that thought the field already woonne)
 That at vnwares, his brothers dagger drawne,
 And griped fast within the dying hand,
 Vnder his side he recklesse doth receiue, 110
 That made the way to his wyde open hart.
 Thus falles *Eteocles* his brother by,
 From both whose breasts the bloud fast bubling, gaue
 A sory shewe to Greekes and *Thebanes* both
Cho. Oh wretched ende of our vnhappie Lordes. 115
Cre. Oh *Oedipus*, I must bewaile the death
 Of thy deare sonnes, that were my nephewes both,
 But of these blowes thou oughtest feele the smarte,
 That with thy wonted prayers, thus hast brought
 Such noble blouds to this vnnoble end. 120
 But now tell on, what followed of the Queene?
Nun. Whē thus with pierced harts, by their owne hands
 The brothers fell and wallowed in their bloud,
 (That one still tumbling on the others gore)
 Came their afflicted mother, then to late, 125
 And eke with hir, chast childe *Antygone*,
 Who saw no sooner how their fates had falne,
 But with the doubled echo of alas,
 She dymde the ayre with loude complaints and cryes.
 Oh sonnes (quod she) too late came all my helpe, 130

106 desired] gan mynde the MS 122 pierced] piecced Q₂ 123
 and] had Q₁ 124 That one still] Th one MS. Q₁ 126 hir] her,
 her MS. Q₁ 129 She dymde] sore dymmed MS. Q₁

And all to late haue I my succour sent .
 And with these wordes, vpon their carcas colde
 She shrched so, as might haue stayed the Sunne
 To mourne with hir . the wofull sister eke,
 (That both hir chekes did bathe in flowing teares) 135
 Out from the depth of hir tormented brest,
 With scalding sighes gan draw these weary words,
 O my deare brethren, why abandon ye
 Our mother deare, when these hiu aged yeares,
 (That of themselues are weake and growne with griefe,) 140
 Stoode most in neede of your sustaining helpe ?
 Why doe you leaue hir thus disconsolate ?
 At sounde of such hir weeping long lament,
Eteocles our king helde vp his hand,
 And sent from bottome of his wofull brest 145
 A doubled sighe, deuided with his griefe,
 In faithfull token of his feeble will
 To recomfort his mother and sister both
 And in (the) steade of sweete contenting words,
 The trickling teares raynde downe his paled chekes 150
 Then claspt his hands, and shut his dying eyes
 But *Polynce*, that turned his rolling eyen
 Vnto his mother and his sister deare,
 With hollow voyce and fumbling tounge, thus spake .
 Mother, you see how I am now arryued 155
 Vnto the hauen of mine unhappie ende
 Now nothing doth remaine to me, but this,
 That I lament my sisters life and yours,
 Left thus in euerlasting woe and griefe .
 So am I sory for *Eteocles*, 160
 Who though he were my cruell enimie,
 He was your sonne, and brother yet to me :
 But since these ghostes of ours must needes go downe

133 shrched] shnked MS 140 themselues] themselues Q₂ 142
 you] ye MS. 149 the] only in MS and Q₁ 156 hauen MS.
 Q₁ Q₃ heauen Q₂

With staggering steppes into the *Stigian* reigne,
 I you besech, mother and sister bothe, 165
 Of pitie yet, that you will me procure
 A royall tombe within my natiue realme
 And nowe shut vp with those your tender handes,
 These grieffull eyes of mine, whose dazeled light
 Shadowes of dreadfull death be come to close 170
 Now rest in peace, this sayde, he yeelded vp
 His fainting ghost, that ready was to part
 The mother thus beholding both hir sonnes
 Ydone to death, and ouercome with dole,
 Drewe out the dagger of hir *Polluxce*, 175
 From brothers brest, and gorde therewyth her thiote
 Falling betweene hir sonnes
 Then with hir feeble armes, she doth enfolde
 Their bodies both, as if for company
 Hir vncontented corps were yet content 180
 To passe with them in *Charons* ferne boate
 When cruell fate had thus with force bereft
 The wofull mother and hir two deare sonnes,
 All sodenly allarme, allarme, they crye,
 And hote conflict began for to aryse 185
 Betwene our armie and our enemyes ·
 For either part would haue the victorye
 A while they did with equall force maintaine
 The bloody fight, at last the Greekes do flie,
 Of whom could hardly any one escape, 190
 For in such huge heapes our men them slew
 The ground was couerde all with carcases ·
 And of our souldiers, some gan spoyle the dead,
 Some other were that parted out the pray,
 And some pursuing. *Antigone* toke vp 195
 The Queene *Iocasta*, and the brethren both,
 Whom in a chariot hither they will bring

175 *Polluxce*] *Polluxes* Q₁ 176 therewyth her] their mothers MS
 178 enfolde MS Q₁ · vnfolde Q₂ Q₃

Ere long . and thus, although we gotten haue
 The victory ouer our enemies,
 Yet haue we lost much more than we haue wonne 200

Creon exit.

Cho. O hard mishap, we doe not onely heare
 The wearie newes of their vntimely death,
 But eke we must with wayling eyes beholde
 Their bodies deade, for loke where they be brought.

Scena 3.

ANTIGONE. CHORVS.

Most bitter plaint, O ladyes, vs behoues
 Behoueth eke not onely bitter plainte,
 But that our heares dysheuyilde from our heades
 About our shoulders hang, and that our brests
 With bouncing blowes be all beattered,
 Our gastly faces with our nayles defaced
 Behold, your Queene twixt both hir sonnes lyes slayne,
 The Queene whom you did loue and honour both,
 The Queene that did so tenderly bring vp
 And nourishe you, eche one like to hir owne, 10
 Now hath she left you all (O cruell hap)
 With hir too cruell death in dying dreade,
 Pynning with pensifenesse without all helpe
 O weary life, why bydste thou in my breast
 And I contented be that these mine eyes 15
 Should see hir dye that gaue to me this life,
 And I not venge hir death by losse of life?
 Who can me giue a fountaine made of mone,
 That I may weepe as muche as is my will,
 To sowsse this sorow vp in swelling teares? 20

Cho. What stony hart could leaue for to lament?

Ant. O *Polinice*, now hast thou with thy blood

5 beattered] to battered *MS.*

Bought all too deare the title to this realme,
 That cruell he *Eteocles* thee refte,
 And now also hath refte thee of thy life, 25
 Alas, what wicked dede can wrath not doe?
 And out alas for mee
 Whyle thou yet liuedst, I had a liuely hope
 To haue some noble wight to be my pheere,
 By whome I might be crownde a royall Queene. 30
 But now, thy hastie death hath done to dye
 This dying hope of mine, that hope hencefoorth
 None other wedlocke, but tormenting woe,
 If so these trembling hands for cowarde dread
 Dare not presume to ende this wretched life 35
Cho. Alas deare dame, let not thy raging grieue
 Heape one mishap vpon anothers head
Anti. O dolefull day, wherein my sory sire
 Was boine, and yet O more vnhappy houre
 When he was crowned king of stately *Thebes* 40
 The *Hymene* in vnhappy bed,
 And wicked wedlocke, wittingly did ioine,
 The giltlesse mother with hir giltie sonne,
 Out of which roote we be the braunches borne,
 To beare the scourge of their so foule offence 45
 And thou, O father, thou that for this facte,
 Haste torne thine eyes from thy tormented head,
 Giue eare to this, come fooith, and bende thine eare
 To bloudie newes, that canst not them beholde:
 Happy in that, for if thine eyes could see 50
 Thy sonnes bothe slayne, and euen betweene them bothe
 Thy wife and mother dead, bathed and imbrude
 All in one bloud, then wouldst thou dye for dole,
 And so might ende all our vnluckie stocke.
 But most vnhappy nowe, that lacke of sighte 55
 Shall linger life within thy lucklesse brest,

28 liuedst] lived *MS.*
 this *MS.* *Q₁*

40 *Q₂* no period at end of line

50 that]

And still tormented in suche miserie,
 Shall alwayes dye, bicause thou canst not dye
Oedipus entreth.

Scena. 4.

OEDIPVS ANTIGONE. CHORVS

WHy dost thou call out of this daikesome denne,
 (The lustlesse lodge of my lamenting yeyes),
 (O daughter deare) thy fathes blinded eyes,
 Into the light I was not worthy of?
 Or what suche sight (O cruell destenie) 5
 Without tormenting cares might I beholde,
 That image am of deathe and not of man?

Anti. O father mine, I bring vnluckie newes
 Vnto your eares, your sonnes are nowe both slayne
 Ne doth your wife (that wonted was to guyde) 10
 So piteously your staylesse stumbling steppes)
 Now see this light, alas and welaway

Oed O heape of infinite calamities,
 And canst thou yet encrease when I thought least
 That any grieve more great could grow in thee? 15
 But tell me yet, what kinde of cruell death
 Had these three sory soules?

Anti Without offence to speake, deare father mine
 The lucklesse lotte, the frowarde frowning fate
 That gaue you life to ende your fathers life, 20
 Hauē ledde your sonnes to reauē eche others life

Oed Of them I thought no lesse, but tell me yet
 What causelesse death hath caught from me my deare,
 (What shall I call hir) mother or my wife?

Anti. When as my mother sawe hir deare sonnes dead, 25
 As pensiue pangs had prest hir tender heart,
 With bloudlesse cheekes and gastly lookes she fell,

Drawing the dagger from *Eteocles* side,
 She gorde hirselfe with wide recurelesse wounde ·
 And thus, without mo words, gaue vp the ghost, 30
 Embracing both hir sonnes with both hir armes
 In these affrightes this frosen heart of mine,
 By feare of death mayntenes my dying life
Cho This drearie day is cause of many euils,
 Poore *Oedipus*, vnto thy progenie, 35
 The Gods yet giaunt it may become the cause
 Of better happe to this afflicted realme

Scena 5

CREON OEDIPVS ANTIGONE.

Good Ladies leaue your bootelesse vayne complaynt,
 Leaue to lament, cut off your wofull cries,
 High time it is as now for to prouide
 The funerals for the renowned king
 And thou *Oedipus* hearken to my wordes, 5
 And know thus muche, that for thy daughters dower,
Antigone with *Hemone* shall be wedde
 Thy sonne our king not long before his death
 Assigned hath the kingdome should descende
 To me, that am his mothers brother borne, 10
 And so the same might to my sonne succede
 Now I that am the lorde and king of *Thebes*,
 Will not permit that thou abide therein:
 Ne maruell yet of this my heady will,
 Ne blame thou me, for why, the heauens aboue 15
 (Which onely rule the rolling life of man,)
 Haue so ordeynde, and that my words be true,
Tyresias he that knoweth things to come,
 By trustie tokens hath foretolde the towne,
 That while thou didst within the walles remayne, 20

37 MS adds s.v. *Creon intrat*

7 shall be] shall altered in a later hand to to be MS. . shall Q₁

It should be plagued still with penurie
 Wherefore departe, and thinke not that I speake
 These wofull wordes for hate I beare to thee,
 But for the weale of this afflicted realme.

Oedipus O foule accursed fate, that hast me bredde 25
 To beare the burthen of the miserie
 Of this colde death, which we accompt for life
 Before my birth my father vnderstoode
 I should him slea, and scarcely was I borne,
 When he me made a pray for sauage beastes. 30
 But what? I slew him yet, then caught the crowne,
 And last of all defilde my mothers bedde,
 By whom I haue this wicked offspring got
 And to this heinous crime and filthy facte
 The heauens haue from highe enforced me, 35
 Agaynst whose doome no counsell can preuayle.
 Thus hate I now my life, and last of all,
 Lo by the newes of this so cruell death
 Of bothe my sonnes and deare beloued wife,
 Mine angrie constellation me commaundes 40
 Withouten eyes to wander in mine age,
 When these my weery, weake, and crooked limmes
 Haue greatest neede to craue their quiet rest.
 O cruell *Creon*, wilt thou slea me so,
 For cruelly thou doste but murther me, 45
 Out of my kingdome now to chase me thus
 Yet can I not with humble minde beseeche
 Thy curtesie, ne fall before thy feete
 Let fortune take from me these worldly giftes,
 She can not conquere this courageous heart, 50
 That neuer yet could well be ouercome,
 To force me yelde for feare to villanie
 Do what thou canst I will be *Oedipus*.

Cre. So hast thou reason *Oedipus*, to say,
 And for my parte I would thee counsell eke, 55

Still to maynteine the high and hawtie minde,
 That hath bene euer in thy noble heart
 For this be sure, if thou wouldst kisse these knees,
 And practise eke by prayer to preuayle,
 No pitie coulde persuaide me to consent 60
 That thou remayne one onely houre in *Thebes*.
 And now, prepare you worthie Citizens,
 The funeralls that duely doe pertaine
 Vnto the Queene, and to *Eteocles*,
 And eke for them prouide their stately tombes 65
 But *Polymce*, as common enimie
 Vnto his countrey, carrie ffooth his corps
 Out of the walles, ne none so hardie be
 On peine of death his bodie to engraue,
 But in the fieldes let him vnburied lye, 70
 Without his honour, and without complaynte,
 An open prae for sauage beastes to spoyle.
 And thou *Antigone*, drie vp thy teares,
 Plucke vp thy sprites, and cheere thy harmelesse hearte
 To mariage for ere these two dayes passe, 75
 Thou shalt espouse *Hemone* myne onely heire.

Antig. Father, I see vs wrapt in endlesse woe,
 And now much more doe I your state lamente,
 Than these that now be dead, not that I thinke
 Theyr greate missehappes too little to bewayle, 80
 But this, that you (you onely) doe surpasse
 All wretched wightes that in this worlde remayne.
 But you my Lorde, why banishe you with wrong
 My father thus out of his owne perforce?
 And why will you denye these guiltlesse bones 85
 Of *Polymce*, theyr graue in countrey soyle?

Creon So would not I, so woulde *Eteocles*.

Anti He cruel was, you fonde to hold his hestes.

Creon Is then a fault to doe a kings cōmaund?

Anti. When his cōmaunde is cruell and vnust. 90

Creon Is it vniust that he vnburied be ?

Anti He not deseru'd so ciuel punishment

Creon. He was his countieys cruell enimie

Anti O! else was he that helde him from his right.

Cre Bare he not armes against his natue land ?

95

Anti. Offendeth he that sekcs to winne his owne ?

Cre In spite of thee he shall vnburied be

Anti In spite of thee these hands shall burie him

Cre And with him eke then will I burie thee.

Anti So graunt the gods, I get none other giaeue,

100

Then with my *Polinices* deare to rest

Cre Go sirs, lay holde on hir, and take hir in

Anti. I will not leaue this corps vnburied

Cre Canst thou vndoe the thing that is decreed ?

Anti. A wicked foule decree to wrong the dead

105

Cre. The ground ne shall ne ought to couer him

Anti *Creon*, yet I besече thee for the loue,

Cre. Away I say, thy prayers not pieuaile.

Anti. That thou didst beare *Iocasta* in hir life,

Cre. Thou dost but waste thy words amid the wind

110

Anti. Yet graunt me leaue to washe his wounded corps

Cre. It can not be that I should graunt thee so

Anti O my deare *Polinice*, this tirant yet

With all his wrongfull force can not fordoe,

But I will kisse these colde pale lippes of thine,

And washe thy wounds with my waymenting teares.

She
115 sheweth y^e
frutes of
true kyndly
loue

Cre. O simple wench, O fonde and foolishe girle,

Beware, beware, thy teares do not foretell

Some signe of hard mishap vnto thy mariage

Anti No, no, for *Hemone* will I neuer wed

120

Cre Dost thou refuse the mariage of my sonne ?

Anti I will nor him, nor any othei wed

Cre. Against thy will then must I thee constraîne

Anti If thou me force, I sweare thou shalt repent.

Cre. What canst thou cause that I should once repent ?

125

97, 98 In spite of] Perforce to MS. Q₁ 114 wrongfull] wrongfull Q₂

Anti. With bloody knife I can this knot vnknit

Cre And what a foole were thou to kill thy selfe ?

Anti. I will ensue some worthie womans steppes

Cre Speake out *Antigone*, that I may heare.

Anti. This hardie hande shall soone dispatch his life. 130

Cre O simple foole, and darste thou be so bolde ?

Anti Why should I dread to do so doughtie deed ?

Cre And wherfore dost thou wedlocke so despise ?

Anti In cruel exile for to folow him. (*pointing to Oedipus*)

Cre What others might beseeme, beseemes not thee. 135

Anti If neede require with him eke will I die.

Cre Departe, departe, and with thy father die,

Rather than kill my childe with bloudie knife

Go hellish monster, go out of the towne.

Creon exit.

Oed Daughtei, I must commende thy noble heart. 140

The duty
of a childe
truly per-
fourmed

Anti Father, I will not lue in companie
And you alone wander in wilderness.

Oed O yes deare daughter, leaue thou me alone
Amid my plagues be merrie while thou maist.

Anti. And who shal guide these aged feete of yours,
That banisht bene, in blinde necessitie ? 145

Oed. I will endure, as fatal lot me driues .

Resting these crooked sorie sides of mine

Where so the heauens shall lend me harborough.

And in exchange of rich and stately towers, 150

The woodes, the wilderness, the darkesome dennes,
Shall be the bowre of mine vnhappy bones.

Anti. O father now where is your glorie gone ?

„ *Oed.* One happie day did raise me to renoune,

„ One haplesse day hath throwne mine honour doune 155

Anti. Yet will I beare a part of your mishappes

Oed That sitteth not amid thy pleasant yeares.

130 his] my *MS.*
Creon exit] *MS* omits
...perfourmed] *Q*, omits

134 *pointing to Oedipus*] *MS.* omits
141 not lue] neuer come *MS* *Q*₁ (*margin*) The
147 *Oed*] *MS.* omits
157 sitteth] fitteth *Q*₂

„ *Anti.* Deare father yes, let youth giue place to age

Oed. Where is thy moother? let me touch hir face,
That with these handes I may yet feele the harme 160
That these blinde eyes forbid me to beholde.

Anti. Here father, here hir corps, heie put your hande

Oed. O wife, O moother, O both wofull names,
O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,
O woulde to God, alas, O woulde to God 165
Thou nere had bene my mother, nor my wyfe.
But where lye nowe the paled bodies two,
Of myne vnluckie sonnes, Oh where be they?

Anti. Lo here they lye one by an other deade

Oedip. Stretch out this hand, dere daughter, stretch this
Vpon their faces. (hande 170

Anti. Loe father, here, lo, nowe you touche them both.

Oedi. O bodies deare, O bodies dearely boughte
Vnto your father, bought with high missehap.

Anti. O louely name of my deare *Polluxce*, 175
Why can I not of cruell *Creon* craue,

Ne with my death nowe purchase thee a graue?

Oedi. Nowe commes *Apollo*s oracle to passe,
That I in *Athens* towne should end my dayes
And since thou doest, O daughter myne, desire 180
In this exile to be my wofull mate,

Lende mee thy hande, and let vs goe together

Anti. Loe, here all prest my deare beloued father,
A feeble guyde, and eke a simple scowte,
To passe the perills in a doubtfull waye 185

Oedi. Vnto the wretched, be a wretched guyde.

Anti. In this all onely equall to my father

Oedi. And where shall I sette foorth my trembling feete?
O reache mee yet some surer staffe, to steye
My staggyng pace amide these wayes vnknowne. 190

Anti. Here father here, and here set forth your feete.

Oedi. Nowe can I blame none other for my harmes

She giueth
him a
staffe, and

stayeth
hym hir
self also.

But secrete sight of foredecreed fate,
Thou arte the cause, that crooked, olde and blynde,
I am exile faire from my countrey soyle,
And suffer dole that I ought not endure.

195

Iustice
sleepeth.

„ *Antz.* O father, father, Iustice lyes on sleepe,
„Ne doth regarde the wrongs of wretchednesse,
„Ne princes swelling pryde it doth rediesse

Oedz. O carefull caytife, howe am I nowe changd

200

A Glasse
for brittle
Beutie and
for lusty
limmes.

From that I was ? I am that *Oedipus*,
That whylome had triumphant victorie
And was bothe dread and honored eke in *Thebes*
But nowe (so pleaseth you my frowarde starres)

Downe headlong hurle in depth of myserie,

205

So that remaines of *Oedipus* no more

As nowe in mee, but euen the naked name,

And lo, this image, that resembles more

Shadowes of death, than shape of *Oedipus*

Antig. O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt dayes

210

And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,

The muse whereof redoubleth but your grieve

Susteyne the smarte of these your present paynes

With pacience, that best may you preserue

Lo where I come, to liue and die with you,

215

Not (as sometymes) the daughter of a king,

But as an abiect nowe in pouertie,

That you, by presence of suche faithfull guide,

May better beare the wrecke of miserie

Oedz. O onely comforte of my cruell happe

220

Antz. Your daughters pitie is but due to you ?

Woulde God I might as well ingraue the corps

Of my deare *Polluxice*, but I ne maye,

And that I can not, doubleth all my dole.

Oedz. This thy desire, that is both good and iuste,

225

Imparte to some that be thy trustie frendes,

197 (*margin*) Iustice sleepeth] *Q₁* puts this side-note two lines lower
212 your *MS* *Q₁* *Q₃* you *Q₂*

Who movde with pitie, maye procure the same.

„ *Anti.* Beleeue me father, when dame fortune frownes,

„Be fewe that fynde trustie companions

Oedi. And of those fewe, yet one of those am I 230

Wherefore, goe we nowe daughter, leade the way

Into the stonie rockes and highest hilles,

Where fewest trackes of steppings may be spyde.

„Who once hath sit in chaire of dignitie,

„May shame to shewe himself in miserie. 235

Anti From thee, O countrey, am I forst to parte,

Despoiled thus in flower of my youth,

And yet I leaue within my enimies rule,

Ismene my infortunate sister.

Oed Deare citizens, beholde your Lord and King 240

That *Thebes* set in quiet gouernment,

Now as you see, neglected of you all,

And in these ragged uthfull weedes bewiapt,

Ychased from his natue countrey soyle,

Betakes himself (for so this trant will) 245

To euerlasting banishment but why

Do I lament my lucklesse lot in vaine ?

„Since euery man must beare with quiet minde,

„The fate that heauens haue earst to him assignde.

A mirrour
for Magi-
strates

CHORVS

EXample here, loe take by *Oedipus*,

You Kings and Princes in prosperitie,

And euery one that is desirous

To sway the seate of worldlie dignitie,

How fickle tis to trust in Fortunes whele 5

For him whome now she hoyseth vp on hie,

If so he chaunce on any side to reele,

She hurles him downe in twinkling of an eye :

And him againe, that grovleth nowe on ground,

And lieth lowe in dungeon of dispaire,
 Hir whirling wheele can heaue vp at a bounde,
 And place aloft in stay of statelie chaire.
 As from the Sunne the Moone withdiawes his face,
 So might of man doth yelde dame Fortune place

Finis Actus quinti Done by G. Gascoigne 15

Epilogus.

L O here the fruit of high-aspiring minde,
 Who weenes to mount aboue the moouing Skies
 Lo here the trap that titles proud do finde,
 See, ruine growes, when most we reach to rise ·
 Sweete is the name, and statelie is the raigne 5
 Of kingle rule, and swey of royall seate,
 But bitter is the tast of Princes gaine,
 When climbing heades do hunte for to be great
 Who would forecast the banke of restlesse toyle,
 Ambitious wightes do freight their brestes withall, 10
 The growing cares, the feares of dreadfull foyle,
 To yll successe that on such flightes doth fall,
 He would not streyne his practize to atchieue
 The largest limits of the mightiest states.
 But oh, what fansies sweete do still relieue 15
 The hungrie humor of these swelling hates?
 What poyson sweet inflameth high desire?
 Howe soone the hautie heart is puffed with pride?
 Howe soone is thirst of sceptre set on fire?
 Howe soone in rising mindes doth mischief slide? 20
 What bloudie sturres doth glut of honor breede?

15 Done by G. Gascoigne *Q₁ omits*
 12 To yll] The euill *MS. Q₁* doth] do *MS. Q₁* 21 breede]
 yelde *Q₃*

Thambitious sonne doth oft surpresse his sire
 Where natures power vnfaigned loue should spread,
 There malice raignes and reacheth to be higher
 O blinde vnbridled search of Souereintie, 25
 O tickle traine of euill attained state,
 O fonde desire of princelie dignitie,
 Who climbs too soone, he oft repentes too late
 The golden meane, the happie doth suffice,
 They leade the posting day in rare delight, 30
 They fill (not feede) their vncontented eyes,
 They reape such rest as doth beguile the night,
 They not enuie the pompe of haughtie traine,
 Ne dreade the dinte of proude vsurping swoorde,
 But plaste alowe, more sugred ioyes attaine, 35
 Than swaye of loftie Scepter can afoorde
 Cease to aspire then, cease to soare so hie,
 And shunne the plague that pierceth noble breastes.
 To glittering courtes what fondnesse is to flie,
 When better state in baser Towers rests ? 40

Fins Epilogi

Done by Chr Yelueiton

NOTE (Reader) that there were in *Thebes* fowre principall
 gates, wherof the chief and most commonly used were the
 gates called *Electræ* and the gates *Homoloydes* Thys I haue
 thought good to explaine. as also certē vvords vvich are not
 cōmon in vse are noted and expounded in the margent I did
 begin those notes at request of a gentlewoman vvho vnderstode
 not poetycall vvords or termes I trust those and the rest of
 my notes throughout the booke, shall not be hurtfull to any
 Reader.

26 tickle] fickle MS 32 night MS Q. might Q₁ Q₂ 33 traine]
 reigne MS. Q₁ 41 by] hy Q₂
 1-9 Note. Reader] Not in MS or Q₁ 3 called] Q₃ omits haue]
 Q₃ omits

III

GISMOND OF SALERNE

BY

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE INNER TEMPLE

THERE are two surviving manuscripts of this tragedy, both in the British Museum, Lansdowne 786, pp 1-70 (*L*) and Hargrave 205, pp. 9-22 (*H*). Our text reproduces the readings of the former, under the same conditions as are already set forth in the case of *Gorboduc*, the foot-notes give the variants in *H*, unless some other source is indicated. Isaac Reed, in a note to his reprint of Wilmot's altered version of the play (*Tancred and Gismunda*, pr 1592), included in the 1825 edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, gave an extract from the conclusion of the tragedy in its original form, of which he says. 'It is here given from the fragment of an ancient MS. taken out of a chest of papers formerly belonging to Mr Powell, father-in-law to the author of *Paradise Lost*, at Forest Hill, about four miles from Oxford' In the main, Reed's version (*R*) agrees with *H*, both give the title at the end of the play as *The Tragedie of Gismond* (*H* gismond, *R* Gismonde) of *Salerne*, and in both the three sonnets to the 'Queenes maydes' follow; both divide the last act into three scenes instead of, as in *L*, into four. *R* yields, however, a few independent variants, which are given in the foot-notes. There is no title-page in *H*, which begins with the heading *Cupido solus* and the side-note *First Acte, 1. Scene*. The title in *L* is *Gismond of Salern in Loue*; the last two words are in later handwriting and ink.

In *H* there are many variants which were afterwards corrected to agree with *L*, the original words were underscored or crossed out, and the corrections written over or in the margin. Underscored words are marked *u*, those crossed out *c*, the corrections following in each case. The transcriber of *H* also made many slips of the pen, and where he corrected these immediately himself, it has not seemed worth while to record the errors. All the later corrections are given.

GISMOND OF SALERN: in Loue

A sonet of the Quenes maydes.

THey which tofore thought that the heuens throne
 is placed aboue the skyes, and there do faine
 the goddes and all the heuenly powers to reigne,
 they erre, and but deceaue them selues alone
 Heuen (vnlesse yow think moe be than one) 5
 is here in earth, and by the pleasant side
 of famous Thames at Grenwich court doeth bide
 And as for other heauen is there none
 There ar the goddesses we honor soe
 there Pallas sittes there shineth Venus face 10
 bright beautie there possesseth all the place
 vertue and honor there do lyue and grow .
 there reigneth she such heauen that doeth deserue,
 worthy whom so fair goddesses shold serue

An other to the same

Flowers of pume, pearles couched in gold,
 sonne of our day that gladdeneth the hart
 of them that shall yo^r shining beames behold,
 salue of eche sore, recure of euery smart,
 in whome vertue and beautie strueth soe 5
 that neither yeldes : loe here for yow againe

Gismōdes vn lucky loue, hei fault, her woe,
 and death at last, here féie and fateri slayen
 through her missehap And though ye could not see,
 yet rede and rue their woefull destinie.
 So Ioue, as your hye vertues doen deserue,
 geue yow such féres as may yo^r vertues serue
 wth like vertues and blisfull Venus send
 vnto your happy loue an happy end.

10

An other to the same

G Ismond, that whilom liued her fathers ioi,
 and dyed his death, now dead doeth (as she may)
 by vs pray yow to pitie her anoye,
 and, to reacquite the same, doeth humbly pray
 Ioue sheld yo^r vertuous loues from like decay
 The faithfull earle, byside the like request,
 doeth wish those wealfull wightes, whom ye embiace,
 the cōstant truthe that liued within his brest, .
 his hearty loue, not his vn timerly case
 to fall to such as standen in your grace
 The King prayes pardon of his cruel hest
 and for amendes desireth it may suffice,
 that wth his blood he teacheth now the iest
 of fond fathers, that they in kinder wise
 entreat the iewelless where their cōfort lyes
 And we their messagers beseche ye all
 on their behalves, to pitie all their smartes
 and on our own, although the worth be small,
 we pray ye to accept our simple hartes
 auowed to serue wth prayer and wth praise
 your honors, as vn timerly otherwayes

5

10

15

20

The argument.

TAnciede king of Naples and pynce of Salerne gaue his onely daughter Gismonde (whome he most derely loued) in marriage to a forein Prynce after whoes death she returned home to her father. Which, hauing felt grete grefe of her absence while her husband liued (so immeasurably he did esteeme 5 her) determined neuer to suffer any second marriage to take her from him. She on the other side, waxing werry of that her fathers purpose, bent her mynde to the secret loue of the Counté Palurine to whome (he being likewise enflamed with loue of her) by a letter subtilly enclosed in a clouen cane she 10 gaue to vnderstand a conuenient way for their desired meeting, through an old forgotten vault, one mouth wherof opened directly vnder her chamber floore. Into this vault when she was one day descended for the conueyance of her louer, her father in the meane season (whoes only ioy was in his daughter) 15 came to her chamber. Not finding her there, and supposing her to haue ben walked abroad for her disporte, he sate him downe at her beddes fete, and couered his head with the cortine, mynding to abide and rest there till her returne. She, nothing knowing of this her fathers vnseasonable coming, 20 brought vp her louer out of the caue into her chamber. There her father, espieng their secret loue, and he not espied of them, was vpon the sight stricken with maruellous grefe. But, either for that the sodein despite had amased him and taken from him all vse of speche, or for that he reserued him self to more 25 conuenient reuēge, he then spake nothing, but noted their returne into the vault and secretly departed. After great bewayling his vnhap, and charging his daughter withall, he cōmaunded the earle to be atached, emprisoned, strangled, debowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to 30 Gismonde. She filled vp the cuppe, wherein the hart was brought, with her teares and with certaine poisonous water by

her distilled for that purpose, and drank out this deadly drink. Which her father hearing came to late to comfort his dyeng daughter whoe for her last request besought of him, her 35 louer and her self within one tombe to be buryed together, for perpetuall memorie of their faithfull loue. Which request he graunted, adding to the buriall himself slayen with his owne hand, to the reproche of his owne and terror of otheis crueltie.

<i>Cupide</i>	god of loue
<i>Tancred</i>	king of Nap piice of Salern
<i>Gismonde</i>	king Tancredes daughter
<i>Lucrece</i>	king Tãcredes sister
<i>Guishard</i>	the Counte Palurine
<i>Claudia</i>	womã of Gism. priuy chãber
<i>Renuchio</i>	gentlemã of the priuy chamber.
<i>Iulio.</i>	captain of the gard
<i>Megæra</i>	furie of hell
<i>Chorus .4</i>	gentlemen of Salern

33 out] vp

The contents of pp. 163-6 are given in H at the end of the play, as they were in R, though Reed thought 'it were useless to transcribe' them.

First Acte I. *Scene.**Cupide.*

Cupide
cometh
downe
from
heauen

L Oe I, in shape that seme vnto your sight
 La naked boy, not clothed but with wing,
 am that great god of loue that with my might
 do rule the world, and euerie liuing thing
 This one hand beares vain hope, short ioyfull state, 5
 with faire semblance the louer to allure
 this other holdes repentance all to late,
 warr, fier, blood, and paines without recure
 On swete ambrosia is not my foode,
 nor nectar is my drink, as to the rest 10
 of all the Goddes I drink the louers blood,
 and eate the liuing hart within his brest
 Well hath my power in heuen and earth ben tried.
 The depe Auern my percing force hath knowen
 What secret hollow do the huge seas hide 15
 where blasting fame my actes hath not forthblowen ?
 To me the mighty Loue him self hath yeld,
 as witnesse can the Grekish mayd, whome I 10
 made like a cow goe grasing in the feld,
 least ielous Iuno shold the faute espie. 20
 The dobled night, the sonnes restrained course,
 his secret stealthes the sclander to eschue
 in shape transformed me list not to discouse.
 All that and more I forced him to do.
 The bloody Mars himself hath felt my might, 25
 I feared not I his furie, nor disdaine
 This can the Goddes record : before whoes sight

1. 1 *Cupide*] *Cupido solus*

6 faire] false : u fayer

16 my] myne

he lay fast wrapped in Vulcanes suttel chaine.
 In earth whoe doeth not know my mighty power,
 he may behold the fall and cruel spoile 30
 of Troye town of Asia the floure
 so foule defaced and euened with the soile.
 Whoe forced Leander with his naked brest
 so many nightes to cutt the frotthy waues,
 but Heroes loue that lay enclosed in Sest ? 35
 The stoutest hartes to me do yeld them slaues
 Whoe could haue matched the huge Alcides strēgth ?
 Hercules Great Macedō what force might haue subdued ?
 Alexander Wise Scipio whoe ouercame at length,
 but I that am with greater might endued ? 40
 Whoe could haue wōne the famous golden flece,
 but Iason ayded with Medeaes arte ?
 Whoe durst haue stolen fair Helen out of Grece,
 but I with loue that boldened Paris hart ?
 What Natures bond, or Lawes restraint auales 45
 against my power, I vouch to wnesse truthe
 Myrrha. the Myrrhe tree, that wth shamefast teares bewailes
 her fathers loue, still weping yet for ruthe
 But now the world, not seing in these dayes
 such present proues of myne almighty power, 50
 disdaines my name, and seketh sondry wayes
 to conquer and deface me euerie houre.
 My name supprest to raise againe therfore,
 and in this age myne honor and renome
 by mighty act intending to restore, 55
 down to the earth in spite now am I come.
 And in this place such wonders shall ye here,
 as that yo^r stubborn and rebelling hartes
 in piteous teres and humble yelding chere
 shall sone be turned, by sight of others smartes. 60
 This royall palace will I entre in,

28 lay fast] fast laie: laie u. and laye inserted before fast
 ye] you

and there enflame the faire Gismonda soe,
 in creping thorough all her veines within,
 that she thereby shall raise much ruthe and woe
 Loe, this before your eyes so will I shoue,
 that ye shall iustly say with one accord,
 we must relent and yeld · for now we knowe,
 Loue rules the world, Loue onely is the Lorde

65

Cupide
 entreth
 into King
 Tancred's
 palace.

2 Scene.

Gismonde

Gismond
 cometh
 out of her
 chamber.

Oh vaine vnstedfast state of mortall things !
 Who trustes the world doeth leane to brittle stay.
 Such fickle frute his flattering blome forth brings ,
 ere it be ripe it falleth to decaye
 The ioy and blisse, that late I did possesse
 in weale at will wth one I loued best,
 disturned now into so depe distresse
 hath taught me plaine to know o^r states vnrest,
 sithe neither witt, ne princely force may serue
 gainst recklesse death, that slayes wthout respect
 the worthy and the wretch, ne doeth reserue
 so much as one for worthinesse elect.
 Ah my dere Lord, what well of teres may serue
 to fede the streames of my fordulled eyes,
 to wepe thy death as doeth such losse deserue,
 and waile thy lack in full suffising wise ?
 O mighty Ioue, ô heuens and heuenly powers,
 whearin had he procured your disdaine ?

5

10

15

¹¹ *Gismonde*] *Gismonda sola*
H inserts the following lines

9 sithe] Since

12 elect]

wo wurthe o death the tyme that thow receiue
 such might wherby alas we ar foredone
 what wrong ys this the lief to be bereaue
 ei natures course one half be overroone

He neuer sought wth vast and hugie toures
 to preasse aloft to vex^e yo¹ royall reigne. 20
 Or what offense haue I cōmitt vnwares,
 why thus ayenst me yo¹ furie shold be stirred,
 to fraught me thus wth woe and heauy cares?
 Nay, sure for enuie the heuens this conspired.
 The son his bright vertues had in disdaine. 25
 The mighty Mars at his manhode repined
 Yea all the goddes ne could they so susteine
 eche one to be excelled in his kinde
 Alas my ioy where art thou now become?
 Thy spite, I know, doth lingre herabout, 30
 and lokes that I pore wretch shold after come.

19-36 He neuer a wife] *Wilmot's printed version of this passage is worth giving for purposes of comparison*

He neuer sought with vast huge mounting towres
 To reach aloft, and ouer-view your raigne,
 Or what offence of mine was it vnwares,
 That thus your furie should on me be throwen,
 To plague a woman with such endles cares,
 I feare that enuie hath the heauens this shoven.
 The Sunne his glorious vertues did disdaine,
 Mars at his manhood mightily repind,
 Yea all the Gods no longer could sustaine,
 Each one to be excelled in his kind
 For he my Lord surpast them euerie one,
 Such was his honor all the world throughout,
 But now my loue, oh whither art thou gone?
 I know thy ghost doth houer here about,
 Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee
 And I (deare loue) would faine dissolue this strife,
 But staie a while, I may perhaps foresee
 Some meanes to be disburdend of this life,
 „ And to discharge the dutie of a wife,
 „ Which is, not onely in this life to loue,
 „ But after death her fancie not remoue.
 Meane while accept of these our daily rites,
 Which with my maidens I shall do to thee,
 Which is, in songs to cheere our dying spirits
 With hymnes of praises of thy memorie

Cantant

Quae mihi cantus nondum occurrit

Ether Wilmot expanded considerably or he was working on a different MS. The frequent rhymes in these lines suggest the latter explanation.

The text of this passage in H is identical with L with one exception 23 thus] so - u. thus

I wold (God wote, my lord) if so I mought.
 But yet abide I may perhappes deuise
 some way to be vnburdened of my life,
 and with my ghost approche thee in some wise, 35
 to do therin the dutie of a wife

3. Scene.

Tancred Gismonde.

Tancred
 cometh
 out of his
 palace.

Dere daughter stay the furie of your minde,
 and stint yo^r teres, which may not ought auaile
 Such bootelesse plaint as hath no timely end
 doeth but heape grefe to geue new cause to waile.
 The world doeth know there lacked not of yo^r part 5
 ought that belonged vnto a faithfull wife,
 nor ought that mought be had by help of art
 Yet all (yow see) could not prolong his life
 His date that Nature sett was come · lett be
 these vain complaintes small good to him yow doe, 10
 mutch hurt vnto yo^r self, most grefe to me,
 greatest wrong to nature to withstand her soe.

Gism Oh sir, was this of Natures course the date,
 wherof as yet one half he had not past ?
 Nay nay (god wote) it was my cruel fate 15
 that spited at my pleasant life forepast

Tancred Yea Natures course I say, as profe doeth teache,
 that hath no stint but as the heauens guide.
 His lamp of life it could no farther reache,
 by foresett fate it might no longer bide 20

Gism Ah cursed be the fate that so foresett.

Tancred My louing daughter, sett this grefe apart.
 The more yow ar with hard misshappe besett,
 the more yo^r patiēce shewes a constant hart.

111 Tancred. Gismonde] Tancred & gismond *W. has* The song ended,
 Tancred the king cometh out of his palace with his guard 4 but heape]
 heape but 9 His] the u. his 15 god wote] alas : u. god woot
 21 Ah] Ay

Gism What hap, alas, may counteruaile my diere ? 25
 or ells what hope thus comfortlesse alone
 may I conceue, now hauing lost my fere ?
 What may I do, but still his death bemone ?
 My minde, alas, it wanteth now the stay,
 wheron was wont to leane my recklesse thought 30
 My Lord is gone, my ioi is reft away,
 that all with cares my hart is ouerfraught.
 In him was all my pleasure and delight
 to him gaue I the frutes of my first loue
 he with the cōfort of his only sight 35
 all cares out of my brest could sone remoue
 But now, alas, my ioies forepast to tell
 doeth but renew the sorrowes of my hart,
 and maketh me with dolor to rebell
 against the fates that so haue wrought my smart 40

Tancr. My daughter, ceasse yo^r sorrow and yo^r plant
 nought can yo^r grefe this helplesse chaūce recure
 What doeth auaile to make such hard cōplaint ?
 A noble hart eche happ can well endue.
 And though yo^r husband death hath reft away , 45
 yet life a louing father doeth susteine,
 whoe (during life) to yow a doble stay
 as father and as husband will remaine,
 with dobled loue, to ease yo^r grefe foi want
 of him whoes loue is cause of yo^r complaint. 50
 Forgett therfore this vain and ruthefull care .
 and lett not teres yo^r youthfull beautie paire

Gism. Oh sir, these teres loue chalengeth as due.

Tanc But reason sayeth they do no whitt auaile.

Gism. Yet can I not my passions so subdue. 55

Tanc Your fond affections ought not to preuaile.

Gism. Whoe can but plaine the losse of such a one ?

Tanc. Of mortall thinges no losse shold seme so strange.

Gism. Such gēme was he as erst was neuer none.

Tanc. Well, let that passe and suffer so this change, 60
 as that therein yo^r wisdome may appeare
 Let reason work in yow which time doeth bring
 to meanest wittes, whome time doeth teache to beare
 the greatest illes. (*Gism*) So plētuous is the spring
 of sorrowes that surmounten in such sort 65
 reason in me, and so encrease my smart,
 that neither can your fatherly comfort
 nor counsell ought remoue out of my hart
 the swete remēbrance of him, that was here
 in earth myne only io^y. But (as I may) 70
 I will bothe serue his sprite that was my fere
 with plant and teres, and eke yo^r will obey.

Tancred
 and
 Gismond
 depart
 into the
 palace.

The Chore.

The diuerse happes which allwayes work o^r care,
 our io^y so farr, our woe so nere at hand,
 haue long ere this and dayly do declare
 the fickle fote on which our state doeth stand.
 Whoe plantes his pleasures here to gather roote, 5
 and hopes his happy life will still endure,
 let him behold how death with stealing fote
 steppes in when he shall think his io^yes most sure
 No raïsom serues for to redeme our dayes.
 If prowesse could preseiue, or worthy dedes, 10
 he had yet liued whoes twelue labors displayes
 his growing fame, and yet his honor spredes.
 The great king, that with so small a power
 bereft the mighty Persian his crowne,
 is witnesse eke our life is but a floure, 15
 though it be decked with honor and renoune,
 which growes to day in fauor of the heuen,
 nursed with the soñe, and with the showers swete,

62 in] that in. *L* originally had also that in, but that is crossed out
 The Chore.] Chorus 8 his] o^r 13 that] w^{ch} 18 nursed] nurst
 24. noorisht

plucked wth the hand it withereth yet ere euen
 So passe our dayes euen as the riuers flete. 20
 The famous Grekes, that vnto Troye gaue
 the ten yeres sege, left but their name behind.
 And he, that did so long and onely saue
 his fathers walles, found there at last his end
 Hye Rome her self, that whilom layed hei yoke 25
 on the wide world, and vāquished all wth warre,
 yet could she not remoue the fatall stroke
 of death frō thē that stetched her power so farr.
 Loke what the cruel sisters do decree,
 the mighty Ioue him self can not remoue 30
 they ar the seruātes of the heuens hye,
 to work benethe what is cōspired aboue.
 But happy is he, that endes this mortal life
 by spedy death, whoe is not forced to see
 the many cares, nor fele the sondry grefe, 35
 which we susteine in woe and miserie.
 Here fortune rules, whoe, when she list to play,
 whirleth her whele and bringes the hye full lowe,
 to morrow takes what she hath geuen to day,
 to shew she can aduaūce and ouerthrowe. 40
 Not Euripus vnquiet flood so oft
 ebbes in a day, and floweth to and froe,
 as fortunes chāge pluckes down that was aloft,
 and minges o^r mortall ioy wth mortall woe.
 Whoes case is such, that frō his coate he may 45
 behold afarre the chāge that chaūceth here,
 how sone they rise, how sone they do decay
 that leane their states on fortunes slipper sphere,
 whoe lues alōwe, and feleth not the strokes
 of stormes wth which the hiest toures do fall, 50
 ne blustering windes wth which the stoutest okes
 stoupen full lowe, his life is surest of all.

19 withereth] withers
eies u. Ioie

ere] or 23 (margin) hector
45 coate] cote u. howse

For he may scorne fortune, that hath no power
 on him that is cōtent with his estate
 He seketh not her swete, ne feares her sower, 55
 but liues alōne within his bounded rate,
 and marking how these worldly thiges do wade,
 reioiseth to him self, and laughes to see
 the follie of mortal men, how they haue made
 Fortune a god, and placed her in the skye 60

2. *Acte.* .1. *Scene.**Gismonde. Lucrece.*

Gismond
 and
 Lucrece
 coming
 out of
 Gism
 chäber.

Dere aunt, when in my secret thought I weye
 my present state, and my forepassed dayes,
 new heapes of cares afresh beginne t'assay
 my pensue heart, as when the glistering rayes
 of bright Phœbus ar sodenly ouerspred 5
 wth foule black cloudes that dīme their golden light .
 namely when I layed in my secret bed
 amidde the silence of the quiet night
 wth curious thought present before myne eyes
 of gladsome youth how fleting is the course, 10
 how sone the fading floure of beautie dyes,
 how time ones past may neuer haue recourse,
 no more than may the rūning streames reuert
 to climbe the hilles when they ben ones downrolled
 amidde the hollow vales. There is no art, 15
 no worldly power, no not the goddes can hold
 the swey of fleing time, nor him reuoke
 when he is past · all thinges vnto his might
 parforce must bend, and yeld vnto the stroke
 of time. This makes me in the silent night 20
 oft to record how fast my youth withdrawes

55 feares] fear 56 alōne] *Corrected in L from alōwe · H aloofe*
 2 Acte .1. Scene.] 2 Actus. 1 Scena. 5 ouerspred] orespred

it self away, how swift doeth rûne his race
 my pleasant life This, this (aunt) is the cause,
 when I aduise me saddly on my case
 that maketh me in pensiuue dumpes to stay 25
 For if I shold my pleasant yeres neglect
 of fresh grene youth frutelesse to fade away ·
 whearto lue I ? whearto hath nature decked
 me with so semely shape ? But neither I
 can so consent all sole my youth to passe, 30
 nor still (I trust) my father will denie
 to marry me againe My present case
 of widowes state hath greued me to mutch,
 and pleased him to long For if he list
 remarry me, is my hard fortune sutch 35
 (dere aunt) that I so long shold thus persist
 makelesse alone in woefull widowes life ?
 No, no, sutch hap shold not so long forwast
 my youthfull dayes , which bringes me greater grefe,
 when I sometime record my pleasure past. 40
 But what though ? I force not I will remaine
 still at my fathers hest, and driue away
 these fansies quite. But yet my chefest paine
 is that I stand at such vncertain stay.
 For if my lingring father wold pronounce 45
 his final dome, that I must driue fourth still
 my life as I do now ; I wold renounce
 myne owne free choise, and frame me to his will ;
 in widowes state with patiēce wold I passe
 my dayes, and as I might wold beare the grefe, 50
 and force my self contented with such case
 to lue, alas, a sole forsaken life.
 But now his silence dobleth all my smart
 while that my doutfull thoughtes twene hope and fere
 in cruel wise distraine my carefull hart, 55
 and with the waues of woe and depe despair

so tosse my grefefull minde, that but yo¹ ayde
I finde no quiet port where to arriue

Lucr. Suffiseth this, good niece, that yow haue sayed.

Full well I see how sondry passions striue 60

in your vnquiet brest: for oft ere this
yo^r co^utenance half cōfused did plainly showe
some clowdy thoughtes ouerwhelmed all yo¹ blisse.

The ground wherof sins I perceiue to growe
on rust respect of this yo^r sole estate, 65

and skilfull care of fleting youthes decay,
yo^r wise foresight such sorrowing all to late
t'eschue, much do I praise, and (as I may)
here do I promise yow to break the same
vnto your father, and to work it soe, 70

as bothe to kepe your honor and your fame,
to yeld yow your desire, and ease yo^r woe.

Be yow no farther greued . but do yow goe
into your chamber. I shall, as I may,

performe your will, and yow shall shortly know
what I haue wrought, and what the king doeth say

My niece shall not impute the cause to be
in my defaut her will shold want effect

But in the king is all my dout, least he
my sute for hei new mariage will reiect

Yet will I proue. And loe, him self I see
approche: in happy time I trust it be.

75 Gism
departeth
into her
chamber,
Lucrece
abiding on
the stage.

80
Tancred
cometh
out of his
palace.

2. Scene.

Lucrece. Tancred.

Sir, as I haue emplied my sclender powers
by faithfull seruice, such as lay in me,
in my best wise to honor yow and youres,
nor neuer sought to hold in priuie
the thing that in my simple knowledge was,
whearby I mought in any part aduaunce
yo¹ royall state (which long in honois race

5

the goddes might guide and sheld frō all mischaūce)
 so now my bounden dutie moueth me
 to moue to yow concerning the estate 10
 of my niece yo^l daughter, which as yow see
 the worthy prince her husband now of late
 hath buryed. But I see and perceue
 that she hath not layed vp wth him in graue
 those sparkes of senses, w^{ch} she did receue 15
 when kind to her bothe life and body gaue
 nor with her husbandes death her life doeth ceasse
 but she yet lues, and liuing she doeth fele
 such passions hold her tender hart in presse,
 as shew the same not to be wrought of stele, 20
 or carued out of the hard and stony rock,
 that as by course of kinde can nought desire,
 nor feleth nought but as a senselesse stock.
 Such stern hardnesse ne ought ye to require
 in her, whoes gentle hart and tender yeres 25
 yet flouring in her chefest lust of youth
 is led of force to feele the whote desires
 that fall vnto that age, and asketh ruthe
 of yo^r wonted fatherly tendre Loue,
 whome nature bindeth by yo^l graue foresight 30
 to care for her of thinges that ar aboue
 her feble force, and farr surpasse her might.
 And sir, although (*Tan*) Sister, I yow beseche,
 if yow esteme or ought respect my life,
 do stint, and wade no farther in this speche. 35
 Yo^r wordes do slay my hart, as if the knife
 in cruell wise forthwith shold peice the same.
 For well I see wherto your tale doeth tend.
 This feared I when yow beganne to name
 my daughter ones. Alas, and is the end 40
 of my poore life, that broken is and done,
 so long a time to stay? why hie I then?

Why draw I fourth my dayes vnder the sone?

My later houre approacheth loe and when

my dere daughter yclosed hath myne eyes,

45

and with her woefull teres bewept my graue,

then is her dutie done in perfect wise

there is no farther seruice I may craue.

But while the fates sustein my fainting breath,

her ioyfull presence will I not forgoe

50

Rather I will consent vnto my death,

than so to spend my dayes in pining woe.

Her late mariage hath taught me, to my grieve,

that in the futes of her desired sight

doeth rest the only cōfort and relefe

55

of my vnweldy age For what delight,

what ioy, what cōfort in this earth haue I,

if my Gismonda shold depart from me?

O daughter, daughter, rather let me dye

some sodain cruel death, than liue to see

60

my house yet ones againe stand desolate

by thine absence. Oh let such fansies be

Tell her, I am her father, whoes estate,

wealth, honor, life, and all that is in me

doeth wholly rest on her Tell her I must

65

accompt her all my ioy, and my relefe.

Work as she will but yet she were inuist,

to seke to hast his death that gaue her life

Tancred
and
Lucrece
depart
into the
palace

3. Scene.

Gismonde. Lucrece

By this I hope myne aunt hath moued soe

vnto the King in my behalf, that I

without delay his settled minde shall knowe,

and end at ones all this perplexitie.

Gismond
cometh
out of her
chamber.

44 later] latter

56 my] myn

64 wealth] weale

Lucrece
returneth
from the
palace.

And loe where now she comes. Lord, how my hart
in doutfull thoughtes doeth pant within my brest !
For in her spede recure of all my smart,
and quiet of my trobled minde doeth rest.

5

Lucr Niece, on the point yow lately willed me
to treat of wth the King in your behalf,
I brake euen now wth him so farr, till he
in sodein rage of grefe, ere I scarce half
my tale had told, prayed me to stint my sute,
as that frō which his minde abhorred most

10

And well I see, his fansie to refute
is but displesure gained, and labor lost.
So firmly fixed standes his fond delight,
that, till his aged corps be layed in graue,
he will not part frō the desired sight
of your presence, which selder he shold haue
if he had ones allyed yow againe
in marriage to any prince or pere.

15

This is his final sentēce plat and plaine.
And therfore myne aduise shalbe, to stere
no farther in this case but sins his will
is grounded on his fatherly loue to yow,
and that it lieth in yow to saue or spill
his old forwasted age, yow ought t'eschue
to seke the thing that shold so much agrieue
his tender hart · and in the state yow stand
content yo^r self . and let this thought releue
all your vnquiet thoughtes, that in yo^r hand
yo^r aged fathers life doeth rest and stay,
sins without yow it may not long endure,
but rūne to ruthfull ruine and decay

25

30

35

Gism. Dere aunt, sithe neither can my case procure,
nor your request entreat, nor sage aduise
can ought persuade my fathers fixed minde
to graunt me my desue in willing wise .

I can no more, but bend my self to finde
 meanes as I may to frame my yelden hait
 to serue his will, and as I may to driue
 the passions from my brest, that brede my smait,
 and diuersly distracting me do striue
 to hold my minde subdued in dayly paine
 whome yet (I fere) I shall resist in vaine

40

45

Gismond
 and
 Lucrece
 deposit into
 Gismond's
 chamber

The Chore

Whoe markes our former times, and present yeres,
 what we ar now, and lokes what we haue ben,
 he can not but lament with many teres
 the great decay and change of mortal men
 For as the world wore on and waxed olde,
 so vertue quailed, and vice beganne to grow
 so that that age, that whilom was of golde,
 is woise than brasse, more vile than iron now.
 Those times were such, that (if we ought beleue
 our stonies olde) wemen examples were
 of hye vertues Lucrece disdained to liue
 longer than chast, and boldly without fere
 toke sharp reuenge on her oppressed corps
 with hei owne hand, for that it not withstode
 the wanton will, but yelded to the force
 of proud Tarquine, and bought her fame wth blood
 Quene Artemise thought not an heape of stonies,
 though they the worldes wonder were full wide,
 a worthy graue wherin to rest the bones
 of her dead Lord, for euer to abide
 but drank his hart, and made her tender brest
 his tombe, and failed not of wiuely faith,
 of promised loue, and of her bound behest,
 vntill she ended had her dayes by death.

5

10

15

20

43 the] thees brede] bredd
 Ch 10 wemen] ladies W women

20 dead] dere : W dear

Penelope.	Vlysses wife (such was her stedfastnesse) abode his slow returne whole twenty yeres, and spent hei youthfull dayes in pensiuenesse, bathing her widowes bed w th often teres.	25
Porcia	The stout daughter of Cato Brutus wife when she had heard his death, did not desire longer to lue and lacking vse of knife (a strange death) ended hei life by fire, and eate hote burning coles O worthy dame ! O vertues worthy of eternall praise ! The flood of Lethe can not wash out thy fame, to others great reproche, shame, and dispraise Rare ar those vertues now in womens minde. Where shall ye seke a wight so firme and true ? Scarce can yow now among a thowsand finde one stedfast hart we all delight in new.	30 35 40
	The ladie, that so late lamented here her princes death, and thought to lue alone, as doeth the turtle true without her feere behold how sone that cōstant minde is gone I think those good ladies, that liued here a mirrour and a glasse to womankinde, and in their lues their vertues held so dere, had them to graue, and left them not behinde . ells in so many yeres we might haue seen as good and vertuous dames as they haue ben	45 50

3. Acte. .I. Scene.

Cupide
returneth
out of the
palace.

Cupide.

Now shall they know what mighty Loue can do,
that proudly practise to deface his name,
and vainly striuen with so strong a foe
From sparkes encreasced by blast a blasing flame

28 widowes] widowshe
III. 1 Cupide] *Cupido solus*

37 womens] womans

38 ye] you

shall showe, how Loue can kindle hartes wth heate, 5
 and wast the oken brest to cinder dust.
 Gismond haue I now framed to forgett
 hei turtles truthe, and burne wth raging lust.
 I made hei doting father her denie
 the wealfull wyuely state to tast againe, 10
 and (Iuno thus forclosed) I made to flye
 a thrilling shaft that perced her youthfull vaines
 with loue of Counté Palurine and he
 doeth fele like wound sent fið my deadly bowe
 The meanes to mete, her haue I taught, and she 15
 by clouen cane shall do the earle to know
 So shall they ioy in tasting of the swete,
 to make them iudge more felingly the grefe
 that bitter bringes, and, when their ioy shall flete, 20
 endure redobled dole without relefe.
 Their death shall make the earth to know my might,
 and how it is farr better to obey
 my gentle hestes, than with rebelling spüte
 my wreking wrath and power to assay
 Their ghostes shall do the grisly helles to here 25
 what God is Loue: To heauen will I remount
 to Ioue and all the goddes that dwellen there
 in throne of triumph now will I recount,
 how I by sharp reuenge on earthly wightes
 will be reknowen to earth and helly sprites, 30
 and hensefourth ceasse vnserued to sitt in vaine
 a God whome men vnpunished may disdaine

Cupide re-
 mounteth
 to heauen.

2. Scene.

Claudia.

Pitie, that moueth euerie gentle hart
 to rue their grefe w^{ch} be distressed in paine,
 enforceth me to waile my ladies smart,

Claudia
 cometh
 out of
 Gis-
 m: chābei.

whoes tender brest no long time may susteine
 the restlesse toile, that her vnquiet minde
 doeth cause her feble body to endure 5
 But why it is alas I can not finde,
 nor know no meane her rest how to procure
 Whoes remedie, as I of dutie ought,
 in all that to a seruant doeth belong 10
 with carefull heart I haue procured and sought,
 though small effect be of my trauail sprong.
 And oft times, as I durst, I haue assayed
 with humble wordes my ladie to require
 to tell it me which she hath so denayed, 15
 that it abashed me farther to enquire
 or ask from whence those cloudy thoughtes procede,
 whoes stormy force, that smoky sighes fourthsend,
 is liuely witnesse how that carefull drede
 and whote desue within her brest contend 20
 Whoes sharp conflict disquietes her so sore
 that heauy slepe can not procure hei rest
 but fearfull dreames present her euermore
 most hideous sightes her minde for to molest,
 that startling oft therwith she doeth awake 25
 to muse vpon those fansies which torment
 her thoughtfull heart with horror, that doeth make
 the sweat all cold brast fourth incontinent
 from her weak limes and while the quiet night
 geues other rest, she turning to and froe 30
 doeth wish for day but when day bringeth light,
 she kepeth her bed, there to record her woe
 and when she doeth arise, her flowing teres
 streame fourth full fast ymeint wth dedly grones,
 whearby hei inward sorrow so appeares, 35
 that o^r teres eke the cause vnknown bemones
 And if she be cōstrained t'abide in preasse,

4 brest] hart 17 those] thees 32 kepeth] kepes 33 and] but
 37 t'abide] to byde

her trembling voice she scarcely may reſtaine
 from carefull plaintes w^{ch} reſtraint doeth encrease
 their force, when place geues libertie to plaine
 To others talk when as she ſhould entend,
 her heaped cares her wittes doen ſo oppreſſe,
 that what they ſpeak, or wherto their wordes tend,
 ſhe knoweth not, oft her answeres do expreſſe.
 Her chefe delite is aye to be alone.
 Her penſiue thoughtes within them ſelues debate.
 But wherupon this reſtleſſe life is growen,
 ſithe I know not, nor how the ſame t^abate,
 I can no more, but Ioue that knoweſt it beſt,
 thow ſhortly bring my ladies hart to reſt.

40

45

50 Claudia de-
 parteth to
 Giſm.
 chäber

3. Scene.

Guſſharde

How greuouſ paine they dure, w^{ch} neither may
 forgett their loue, nor yet enioy the ſame,
 I know by profe, and dayly make aſſay.
 Though loue hath brought my ladies hart in frame,
 my faithfull loue with like loue to repay
 that doeth not quench, but rather cauſe to flame
 the creping fire w^{ch} ſpredeth in my breſt,
 whoeſ raging heat grauntes me no time of reſt.
 If they bewaile their cruel deſtinie,
 which ſpend their loue where they no loue do finde
 well may I plaine, ſithe fortune guideth me
 to this torment of farr more greuouſ kinde,
 wherein I fele as much extremitie,
 as may be felt in body or in minde,
 by ſeing her, which ſhould recure my paine,
 for my diſtreſſe like ſorrow to ſuſtaine.

Guſſhard
 cometh
 out of the
 palace

5

10

15

41 entend] attend 42 doen] do 44 do] doen
 111 *Guſſharde*] *Palurine* 8 grauntes me no time of] at no time
 grauntes me

I well perceiue that only I alone
 am her beloued, her coütenāce telleth me soe
 wherfore of right I haue good cause to mone
 her heauy plight that pitieth so my woe. 20
 Sithe eithers loue is thus in other growen,
 I her to serue, she me withouten moe
 onely to loue o Loue, help that we may
 enioy our loue, of thee I humbly pray
 For I see plaine that she desireth no lasse, 25
 that we shold mete for to aswage our grefe,
 than I, if she could bring the same to passe,
 that none it wist as it appereth by pīefe
 of her gestures, which shewen me, alas,
 how she assentes that I shold haue relefe 30
 of my distresse, if she could work the same,
 keping her self frō danger of defame.
 And euen now this cane I did receiue
 of her owne hand w^{ch} gift, though it be small,
 receiuing it what ioi I did conceiue 35
 within my fainting spirit thearwithall,
 whoe knoweth loue aright may well perceiue
 by like aduentures w^{ch} to them befall.
 For nedes the loue must esteme that well
 w^{ch} cometh from her wth whom his hart doth dwell 40
 Assuredly it is not without cause
 she gaue me this somthing she meant thereby
 for therewithall I might perceiue her pause
 a while, as though some weighty thing did lye
 vpon her hart, w^{ch} she cōceled, bycause 45
 the bystanders shold not oue loue espie
 This clift declares that it hath ben disclosed
 parhappes herin she hath some thing enclosed.
 O mighty Ioue! who wold not ioi to serue
 where wit and beautie chosen haue their place? 50

He breakes
 the cane,
 and findes
 a letter
 enclosed.

19 haue good cause to mone] owght for to bemone 21. haue good cause
 to mone 25 lasse] les 28 appereth] apperes

Who could deuise more wisely to cōserue
thinges frō suspect ? O Venus, for thy grace,
that thus hāst woithyed me foi to deserue
so piecious loue, how lucky is this case !

This letter sure some ioyfull newes contenes
I trust it bring recure of both our paines.

55

He redeth
the letter

Mine owne as I am yo^{is} whoes heart (I know)

“

no lesse than myne for lingring help of woe

“

doeth long to long Loue, tendering yoⁱ case

“

and myne, hath taught recure of both oⁱ paine.

“

60

My chamber floore doeth hide a caue, where was

“

a vautes one mouth the other in the plaine

“

doeth rise southward a furlong frō the wall.

“

Descend yow there This shall suffice. And soe

“

I yeld my self, myne honor, life, and all

“

65

to yow Vse yow the same, as there may growe

“

yo^r blisse, and myne (myne earle) and that the same

“

free may abide from danger of defame.

“

Farewell, and fare so well, as that yoⁱ ioy,

“

which only can, may cōfort myne anoye

“

70

Youres more than her owne G.

“

O Ioue O ioyfull houre. O heuently hap

O blisfull chaïce, recure of all my woe.

Cōmes this frō Gismond ? Did she thus enwiap

this letter in the cane ? May it be soe ?

It can not be it were to swete a ioy.

75

Why ? shall I dout ? did she not geue the same

to me ? did she not smile, and seme to ioy

thearwth ? She smiled she ioyed she raught the cane .

and wth her owne swete hand she gaue it me

O noble Quene, my ioy, my hartes dere.

80

O swete letter · how may I welcome thee ?

I kisse thee on my knees I honor here

bothe hand, and pēne, wherwth thow written were.

56 bring] brings *Between 56 and 57* Gismondas letter enclosed in
the cane and geuen to the Counte palurine 80 ioy,] Joy &

Oh, blissed be that caue, and he that taught
 thee to descrie the hidden entrie there.
 Not only through a daik and vggly vault,
 but fire, and sword, or through what euer be,
 myne owne dere ladie, will I come to thee.

Guishard
 departeth
 into the
 palace

85

The Chore.

Full mighty is thy power, o cruel Loue,
 if Ioue himself can not resist thy bowe
 but sendest him down euen frō the heuens aboue
 in sondy shapes here to the earth belōwe.
 Then how shold mortal men escape thy dart,
 the feruent flame, and burning of thy fire?
 sins that thy might is such, and sins thow art
 both of the seas and land the lord and sire
 But why doeth she that sprang frō Ioues hed,
 and Phoebus sister shene, despise thy power,
 ne feares thy bowe? Why haue they allwayes led
 a mayden life, and kept vntouched their floure?
 Why doeth Egisthus loue, and, to obtene
 his wicked will, cōspire his vncles death?
 Or why doeth Phædra burne, for whom is slayne
 Theseus chast sonne? or Helen false of faith?
 , For Loue assaultes not but the idle hart
 , and such as lue in pleasure and delight,
 , he turneth oft their glad ioyes into smart,
 , their play to plaint, their sport into despight.
 For loe, Diane, that chaceth wth her bowe
 the flyeng hart, the gote, and fomy bore,
 by hill, by dale, in heate, in frost, in snowe,
 ne resteth not, but wandreth eueimore,
 Loue seketh not, nor knowes not where to finde
 While Paris kept his heard on Ida downe
 Cupide ne sought him not : for he is blinde.

5

10

15

20

25

84 he] she

Ch 23 frost, in] frost &

But when he left the feld to hie in towne,
 he fell into his snare, and brought that brand
 from Grece to Troy, w^{ch} after sett on fire 30
 strong Ilum, and all the Phryges land.
 Such ar the frutes of Loue . such is his hire
 Whoe yeldeth vnto him his captiue hart,
 ere he resist, and holdes his open brest
 withouten warr to take his bloody dart, 35
 let him not think to shake of, when him list,
 his heauy yoke. Resist his first assaulte
 weak is his bowe, his quēched brand is cold
 Cupide is but a childe, and can not daunte
 the minde that beares him on his vertues bold 40
 But he geues poison so to drink in gold,
 and hides vnder such pleasant baite his hoke,
 but ye beware it will be hard to hold
 your gredy minde. But if yow wisely loke,
 what slye snake lurkes vnder those flowers gay, 45
 but ye mistrust some cloudy storme, and fere
 a wett shower after so fair a day,
 ye may repent, and by yo^r pleasure dere.
 For seldome times is Cupide wont to send
 vnto a ioyfull loue a ioyfull end. 50

4. Act. .I. Scene.

Megara.

Megara
 ariseth out
 of hell.

Vengeance and blood out of the depest helles
 I bring the cursed house where Gismond dwelles,
 sent from the grisly god that holdes his reigne
 in Tartares vggly realme, where Pelops sire
 (that wth his own sōnes flesh, whome he had slayen, 5
 did feast the goddes) wth famine hath his hire,

Tantalus.

39 his] the 4. his 42 baite] baies 44 yow] ye 46, 48 ye] you

- Typhon to gape and catch at fleing frutes in vaine,
 and yelding waters with his gasping throte
 where stormy Eoles sone with endlesse paine
 rolles vp the rock · where Tytius hath his lot 10
 to fede the gripe that gnawes his growing hart
 where proud Ixíon whurled on the whele
 pursues him self where due deserued smart
 the dolefull damned ghostes in flames do fele.
- Mercurie. Thense do I mount : thither the wynged god 15
 nephew to Atlas, that vpholdes the skie,
 of late down fro the earth with golden rod
 to Stygian ferrie Salerne soules did guie,
 and made report how Loue that blinded boy,
 hyely disdaining his renomes decay, 20
 slipped down from heuen hath filled wth fickle ioy
 Gismondaes hart, and made her throw away
 chastnesse of life, to her i^mmortal shame
 mynding to shew by profe of woefull end
 some terror vnto those that scorne his name 25
 Black Pluto (that had found Cupide his frend
- Proserpina in winning Ceres daughter Quene of helles,
 and partly moued by the greued ghost
 of her late prince, that now in Tartar dwelles,
 and prayed due paine for her that thus hath lost 30
 due care of him) by great and graue aduse
 of Minos, Æac, and of Rhadamant,
 hath made me pearce the settled soile, and rise
 aboue the earth, with dole and drere to daunt
 the present ioyes wherwith Gismonda now 35
 fedes her disteined hart, and so to make
 Cupide Lord of his will. Loe, I will throwe
 into her fathers brest this stinging snake,
 and into hers an other will I cast
 So stong wth wrath, and with recurelesse woe, 40
 eche shalbe others murder at the last.

Furies must aide, when men will ceasse to know
 then Goddes . and Hell shall send reuēging paine
 to those, whome Shame frō sinne can not restraine

“

Megara
 entreth
 the palace.

2. Scene.

Tancrede Renuchio Iulio.

Tancred
 cometh
 out of
 Gismondes
 chamber.

O great almighty Ioue, whome I haue heard to be
 the god, that guides the world as best it liketh thee,
 that doest wth thōder throwe out of the flaming skies
 the blase of thy reuenge on whom thy wrath doeth rise ,
 graunt me, as of thy grace, and as for my relefe, 5
 that w^{ch} thow pourest out as plagues, vnto the grefe
 of such, whoes siñes haue whet thy sharp and deadly ire
 Send down, o Lord, frō heuen thy whot cōsuming fire,
 to reue this ruthful soule, whome tormētes to and froe
 do tosse in cruel wise wth raging waues of woe. 10
 O earth, that mother art to euerie liuing wight,
 receiue the woefull wretch, whom heuen hath in despight.
 O hell (if other hell there be, than that I fele)
 do ease him wth thy flames, whom firowning fortunes whele
 hath throwen in depe distresse of fari more pīching paine, 15
 than hell can heape on those that in his pitt remaine
 O daughter (whome alas most happy had I ben
 if liuing on the earth the sōne had neuer seen)
 is thys my hoped ioy, my comfort, and my stay,
 to glad my grefefull yeres that wast and wear away? 20
 For happy life, that thow receiued hāst by me,
 ten thousand cruel deathes shall I receiue by thee?
 For ioy that I haue had, and for my whole delight,
 that I accursed wretch did settle in thy sight,
 is this my due reward, alas so to beholde 25
 the thing that makes me wish that erst the gapīg mold

11 *Tancrede Renuchio Iulio*] Tancred the king Iulio capteine of the
 gard (*margu*) owt of Gismondes chamber alone Tan. at the beginning
 of line 1. Below, in later handwriting, s d as in L 15 pīching]
 hollyshe : u. pinching

had swallowed into hell this caytif corps, than I
 shold hie to see the cause that dayly I do dye,
 and yet by dayly death I can not that atteine
 that death doeth dayly bring to some, whom pining paine 30
 makes glad to go frō hense, and ioyleft to embrace
 the gentle dame, that cuttes the cruel twisted lace.
 Whom shall I first or most accuse in this my woe ?
 the god, that guideth all, and yet hath guided soe ?
 That god shall I blaspheme ? or curse the cruel fate, 35
 that thus on rockes of ruthe hath stered myne estate ?
 Or rather that vile wretch, that traitor shall I blame,
 by whome I haue receiued my sorrow and my shame ?
 Or her shall I abhorre ? and her shall I auowe
 to his reuēging wrath ? whom I besече to bowe 40
 his eare to my request, and graunt that I desire ,
 to burne to cinder dust wth flash of heuenly fire
 the naughty traitor first, to fede my boyling ire,
 my cursed daughter next, and then the wretched sire
 When I, as is my wont (such is my fond delight 45
 to fede my self wth joy and pleasure of her sight)
 my daughter, now my death, wthin her chāber sought,
 where I had hoped she was, but there I found her not, '
 I demed for her disport she and her damselles were
 fourth to the garden walked for to refiesh thē there, 50
 and wening thus did minde awhile alone to stay,
 and tarry her returne, as loth to let their play
 At her beds fete I sate, and this accursed hed
 wth cortine close I wrapped . thát wold I had ben dead,
 and shrouded wth my shete a senslesse corps in graue, 55
 my last and longest rest to take, as happily haue
 those wealfull wightes, whom death wth frēdly dart hath slayen,
 when I in hope of slepe, to rest my thoughtfull braine,
 there sate and saw, how by a secret framed dore,
 out of a hideous vault vp through the chamber flore, 60
 Gismōd brought by the hand the Counté Palurine :

and there, vpon the bed, tofore my cuised eyen,
 in most vnshamefast wise, this traitor earle and she
 (alas, why is it true?) vnweting made me see,
 alas, her shame, his treason, and my deadly grieve, 65
 her shamelesse body yelded to the traitor thefe.
 The hye despite herof, that griped my grefefull brest,
 had wellnere forced my hart wth sorrow all distrest
 by sodein shreke to shew some parcell of my smart,
 and to vnlade wth wordes the burden of my hart. 70
 I thought euen in that pang the cortine to vnfolde,
 and thonder at them bothe. but grefe did so wthholde
 my minde in traunsluke maze, that, as a senslesse stone,
 I neither wit nor tong could vse t'expresse my mone
 but stayed astōned and forced (as aūcient Poetes tell, 75
 how doeth the griffin gnaw great Tytius hart in hell)
 forcelesse parforce to yeld my hart to biting paine,
 to gnaw theron, as gredy famine doeth cōstraine
 the egre empty hauk pecemeale to pluck her pray.
 But ah, what shall I do? how may I seke to stay 80
 the furor of my minde? or how shall I deuise
 to work some due reuēge to fede these wretched eyes,
 that haue cōueyed vnto my soule by cursed sight
 the paine that pines my life wth dolor and despite?
 Renuchio.

Ren. What is your graces will wth me? 85

Tanc. Call my daughter. My heart doeth boile till I may see
 her present here, for to vnburden all my biest
 vnto hei self the only cause of myne vnrest.

Shall I destroy them bothe? and in my glowing rage
 embrue wth bothe their bloods these trēbling hādes, t'aswage
 the thirsting of reuēge that boileth in my biest? 91
 And shall I send to hell their ghostes that haue opprest
 this hart with hellish grieve? and shall they both be slayen?

Renuchio
 goeth
 to call
 Gismonde,
 but he
 cometh
 not in
 with her.

62 tofore] before 69 shreke] stroke · u shreke 78 doeth] can ·
 u. doth 85-88 and margin Renuchio . . . her omitted in H and added
 in later handwriting in margin

and shall they bothe by death abyee my cruel paine ?
 Alas, to me that offe, that daughtei is to deie 95
 She can not dye the death, and leaue me liuing here.
 These armes can soner rend out of this woefull chest
 th'unhappy liuing hart, the liuer, and the rest,
 that yeld vnto the same their liuely power to moue,
 than they one cursed ioint can bend, for to remoue 100
 her life, that makes my life in deadly smart surpasse
 the farr most cruel kind of death that euer was.
 But if the feruēt force of present furie might
 surmoūt all natures stiēgh, and could wth kindled spight
 vnkindly weld this hād to reue Gismōdaes life · 105
 were there the end ? or there mought cesse the stormy stife,
 that weltreth vp the waues of wrath and sorrow so
 to sink my silly soule in gulf of grefe and woe ?
 No, no . her bloodlesse ghost will still pursue my sight,
 and frō the depest helles will moūt her gashfull spūte, 110
 to wayt on me, as shadow in the shining day,
 in dolefull wise to wreak her murther as she may
 I will do thus therfore The traitor shall not liue
 to scorne his pained prince · the hart I will bereue
 out of his ripped brest, and send it her, to take 115
 her last delight of him, for whome she did forsake,
 her father and her self, her dutie and her fame.
 For him she shall haue giefe, by whom she hath the shame.
 His slaughter and hei teies, her sorrow and his blood
 shall to my iancorous iage supplie delitefull foode 120
 Iulio, Iulio.

Iul. What euei please your noble grace,
 loe here prest to performe.

Tanc Iulio, this is the case.
 If heretofore we haue not trust in vaine
 now must we proue : Iulio, now must we vse
 your truthe, yo^r force, yo^r courage, and yo^r paine : 125

94 my] the . c. my 97 chest] brest · u. chest 106 mought]
 maie : u. mowght 112 murther] sorowe : u. murder

We must cōmaund, and yow may not refuse.

Iul. How by yo¹ graces bountie I am bound,
beyond the cōmon bond, wheiⁿ eche wight
standes bound vnto his prince, how I haue found
worship and wealth by fauor in your sight, 130
I do reknowledge wth most thankfull minde
My truthe, wth other meanes to serue yo¹ grace,
ar still so prest, what euer be assigned,
as if yow shall cōmaund euen in this place
my self, euen but to satisfie yo^r will, 135
yea though vnkindly horror wold gainsay,
wth cruell hand the liuely blood to spill,
that fedes this faithfull hart, I wold not stay,
but streight before yo¹ face wold fercely staine
this blade in blood, that, at your royall hest, 140
shold largely streame euen frō the derest veine
that serues the soule in this obedient biest.

Tanc. Well, to be short. for I am greued to long
by wrath wthout reuenge. I think yow know,
that whilom was this palace builded strong 145
for warr, where diedlesse peace hath planted now
a weaker court, where we long time haue reigned,
and ruled in rest. But of that palace old
against the force of time one vau^t remained,
that secret way vnder the doluen mold 150
conueyeth streight vnto the place where lyes
Gismond my daughter There the chāber floore
doeth hyde a hugie hole, where doeth ari^se
one mouth of this depe caue. there was the dore
within the court. there is an other mouth 155
wthout the wall, that now is ouergrown
by time. frō hense it lieth directly south
a furlong from this court. it may be knowen
but by a stomp where stode an oken tree
that sins th'old courtes decay beganne to growe. 160
There will we that yow watch: there shall yow see

a traitor mount out of the vout belówe
 Bring him to vs. it is th'earle Palurine
 What is his fàut, neither shall yow enqueue,
 nor I can now declare These cursed eyen 165
 haue seen the flame, this hart hath felt the fire,
 that can not ells be quèched, but by his blood
 This must be done this see yow do in hast

Iul. Both this, and ells what yo¹ grace thinketh good,
 I shall obey so long as life doeth last. 170

Iulio
 departeth
 into the
 palace

3. Scene.

Tancrede. Gismonde.

Gismond
 cometh
 out of her
 chamber,
 called by
 Renuchio.

Gismond, if either I could cast aside
 all care of thee, or if thow woldest haue had
 some care of me it shold not thus betide,
 that either through thy faut my ioy shold fade,
 or by my follie I shold beare the paine, 5
 that thow thow hâst deserued. But neither I
 can scape the grefe, whome thow hâst more thâ slayen
 nor thow canst now recure the wound : for why,
 neither thy chast and vndefiled state
 of wemlesse life can be restored to thee, 10
 nor my cõfort, whoes losse I rue to late,
 can till desired death returne to me.
 Gismond, it is no mǎnes, or mēnes report,
 that hath by likely proues enflamed in me
 a light beleuing rage, in fickle sort 15
 to vex me self, and be displeased wth thee
 No, no : there stayed in me so settled trust,
 that thy chast life and vncorrupted minde
 wold not haue yelded to vnlawfull lust

163 to vs] omitted th' the earle] countie u. earle 168 be
 done] you do see] must : u se 170 so] as : u so
 iii. *Tancrede. Gismonde*] Tancred the king: Gismonda the kings dowghter
 7 thâ] om.

of strayeng loue, other than was assigned 20
 lefull by law of honest wedlockes band,
 that, if these self same eyes had not behold
 thy shame, that wrought the woe, wherein I stand,
 in vain ten thousand Catoes shold haue told,
 that thou didst ones vn dishonestly agree 25
 with that vile traitor Counté Palurine,
 without regard had to thy self, or me,
 vnshamefastly to staine thy state and myne
 But I vn happyest man alyue haue seen,
 and hauing seen I fele the passing grefe, 30
 that by these eyes hath perced this hart wth tene,
 w^{ch} neuer ells had entred in belefe
 I fight within my self For iustices law
 enforced wth furie of enkindled ire
 my diuersly distraughted minde doeth draw 35
 to wreke the wrong, and so to quēch the fire
 wth gylty blood, which floods of gyltlesse teres
 still flowing frō my face can not asswage,
 but still it growes, and still my life it weares
 My grefe therfore biddes me obey my rage 40
 But Nature, that hath locked wthin thy brest
 my life, on th'other side doeth stuffy strue,
 being wellnere now by furies force opprest,
 in thee to saue thee and my self alyue
 Thus for the traitor neither right can say, 45
 nor nature doth entreat For him therfore
 my full determined minde doeth stand in stay
 But what of thee shalbe decreed, before
 I yeld to nature, or obey to right,
 I am contented of thy self to know, 50
 what for thy self alone thou cannest recite,
 t'vphold the side that grefe doeth ouerthrow.

25 vn dishonestly] unlawfullie u. vn dishonestlie 32 w^{ch}] That 33 iustices]
 justice 39-40 These lines are transposed in H, but corrected to the
 right order 43 force] soare u force

Say why thow sholdest lue, whoes only crime
 binges hourelly paine t'abridge thy fathes time

Gism. Fathe^r, if either I my self could see 55
 why I wold lue, considering the case
 of him for whome I lue, or yow wold be
 as right and vse of the renomd race
 of gentle princes, whense yow do descend,
 do teache then neither now shold I haue nede 60
 in his or my defense long time to spend,
 nor yet my teres or wordes shold want to shede
 or say why I shold lue, or he not dye,
 whome as I loue on earth, so when it please
 in time the Ioue almighty, either by 65
 dome of yo^r cruell hest or otherwayes
 to take to heuen fro^m hense. my fainting breath
 this wretched life shall cesse for to susteine
 w^{ch} shall wthhold me from the frendly death,
 that shold in during ioy conioine vs twaine 70
 But sithe it so hath settled in your minde,
 that neither he shall lue, nor yow will be
 the father, or the prince, whom we may finde
 such, as my falsed hope behight to me,
 as his desertes in seruice to you^r grace 75
 do iustly claime, or as my ruthefull teres
 do humbly craue: if neither in this case
 for him may he, nor I appease the fearce
 and cruel rage of grefe that straines yo^r hart
 alas vain is to ask what I can say 80
 why I shold lue · sufficeth for my part
 to say I will not lue and there to stay.

Gismond
 departeth
 to her
 chamber.

69 w^{ch}] that u. w^{ch}

70 that] w^{ch} u. y^t

78 fearce] feares

4. *Scene.**Iulio. Tancrede Guisharde.*Iulio
bringeth
the earle
prisoner.

If please your highnesse, loe here haue I brought
captiue, as was cōmaunded by your grace,
this gentleman, whom we haue happily caught,
as was foretold, climbing out of the place
where we were willed to watch What ells shal please 5
yo^r highnesse to cōmaund, loe here the hart,
the hand and body prest by land and seas,
through frost and fire, through peril, peine and smart

Tanc. Iulio, we praise yo^r truth. Ah Palurine,
had I deserued that in so traitorous wise 10
thow shold present vnto these woefull eyen
my shame? whearon so deadly grefe doeth rise,
and whelmes my greued hart wth depe distresse,
that neither can I lue content to lue,
nor cesse to lue Such paine doeth still oppresse 15
my soule, that still in wrath and woe I sturue,
and straine my fainting breath to fede my grefe
wth wordes, and sighes. But such, such is the smart,
that neither Ioue him self can geue relefe,
nor wayling can suffice t'expresse my hart. 20
Then Palurine, what shall I deme of thee,
that thus thy woefull prince doest dayly lay?
Sithe plaint and teres suffise not, I will see
if death and blood suffise my paine to stay

Guis. Sir, neither do your trickling teres delight 25
my wretched soule, nor yet myne owne vnhap
doeth greue my hart. Such is the endlesse might
of loue, that neuer shall the cruel hap,
that did enuie my ioyes, inuade this biest

14. *Guisharde*] Counte pallurine 1 (*left margin*) Iulio 12 grefe
doeth] greifes do 25 *Guis*] Pal

so fair wth dolo^r and with died, that I 30
 for her, that wholly hath my heart possessed,
 in greatest lust to lue shold feie to dye
 Such is againe my truthe vnto you^r grace,
 that more your grefe assailes my soule wth paine,
 than can my bloody slaughter in this case 35
 But greater lord is loue, and larger reigne
 he hath vpon eche god and mortal wight,
 than yow vpon yo^r subiectes haue, o^r I
 vpon my self What then shall most delight
 your greued ghost, that I shall lue or dye, 40
 to ease yo^r paine, I am content to beare
 and eke by death I ioy that I shall shoue
 my self her owne, that hers was liuing here,
 and hers will be, where euer my ghost shall goe
 Vse yow my life or death for your relefe, 45
 to stay the teres that moist yo^r grefefull eyen
 and I will vse my life and death for prefe
 that hers I liued and dye that liued myne
Tanc. Thyne, Palurine? and shall I so susteine
 such wrong? is she not myne, and only myne? 50
 Me leuer were ten thousand times be slayen,
 than thow shold iustly claime and vse for thyne
 her that is dearer than my self to me.
 Iulio, we will that yow informe streightway
 Renuchio, how we cōmaund that he 55
 and yow this traitor Palurine conuey
 vnto the dongeon depe, where whilom was,
 the toure that length of time hath made decay
 There shall he stay till farther of the case
 yow vnderstand by vs for w^{ch} we will 60
 Renuchio shall resort to vs to know
 what we entend, and how he shall fullfill

32 shold] shall u. shuld 44 my ghost] I u my ghost 45 your]
 my c yo^r 58 There is no rhyme to decay in either MS, but there
 is no other evidence of a missing line. The author was probably led into an
 oversight by the conuey of 56

our pleasure in the rest. For sorrow soe
doeth boile within my brest, and stilles the brine
out of these flowing eyes, that till they see
some sharp reuenge on thee, ô Palurine,
by cruel slaughter, vaine it is for me
to hope the stay of grefe.

65

Tancred
hastly
departeth
into the
palace

70

Guis. O mighty Ioue,
that hâst thy self euen frō thy heuently throne
stowped down, felt, and cōfessed the force of Loue,
bend gentle eare vnto the woefull mone
of me poore wretch, and graunt that I require.
Help to persuade that same great god, that he
so farr remitt his might, and slake his fire
from my dere ladies kindled hart, that she
may heare my death wthout her hurt. And soe
I yeld my self, my silly soule, and all
to him for her, for whom my death shall showe
I liued, and as I liued I dye hei thrall.
Graunt this, o greatest god. This shall suffice
my faithfull heart to dye in ioyfull wise.

Cupide

75

80

Guishard
is led to
prison

The Chore.

The fiutes of Paris loue whoe doeth not know,
nor eke what was the end of Helenes ioy,
he may behold the fall and ouerthrowe
of Priames house, and of the town of Troy,
his death at last, and hei eternall shame,
for whom so many a noble knight was slayen,
so many a duke, so many a prince of fame
bereft his life, and left there in the plaine
Medeas armed hand, Elisaes sword,
wretched Leander drenched in the flood,
Phyllis so long that wayted for her lord,

5

Dido

10

do shew the end of wicked loue is blood.
 But he that doeth in vertue his lady serue,
 ne willes but what vnto her honor longes,
 he neuer standes in cruel point to sterue 15
 he feleth not the panges, ne raging thionges
 of blind Cupide · he lues not in despair,
 as doen his seruātes all, ne spendes his dayes
 twixt ioy and care, betwixt vain hope and fere
 but sekcs allway what may his soueraigne please 20
 in hono^r ! He, who so serues, reapes the frute
 of his swete seruice ay. No ielous drede,
 nor no suspect of ought to let the sute,
 w^{ch} causeth oft the louers hart to blede,
 doeth frete his minde, or burneth in his brest 25
 He waileth not by day, nor wakes by night,
 when euery other liuing thing doeth rest
 nor findes his life or death in her one sight,
 as pleaseth her to smile, or ells to fiowne,
 that holdes his heart . ne writes his woefull laies, 30
 to moue to pitie, or to pluck adowne
 her stony minde, w^{ch} yeldes, as to the seas
 the rocky clue that standeth on the shore
 And many a time the guerdon of their loue
 repentance is In vertue serue therfore 35
 thy chast ladie nor do thou not so loue,
 as whilom Venus did the fair Adone,
 but as Diana loued th'Amazons sonne.
 Through her request the goddes to him alone
 restored new life the twine, that was vndoen, 40
 was by the sistren twisted him againe
 Desire not of thy soueraigne the thing
 wherof shame may ensue by any meane ·
 nor wish not ought that may dishonor bring
 Petrarc. So whilom did the learned Tuscan serue 45

17 lues] lyves . hopes *above the line*
 33 standeth] standen c. standeth

28 findes] fynishe · u. findes
 44 may] might

his chaste ladie, and glorie was their end.
Such as the frutes, that louers doen deserue,
whoes seruice doeth to vertue and honor tend

5. Act. .1 Scene

Renuccio the Chore

Renuccio
cometh
out of the
palace

O cruel fate ! O dolefull destinie !
O heauy hap ! O woe can not be told !
Suffised not, alas, that I shold see
his piteous death, and wth these eyes behold
so foule a dede ? but wth renewing care
thus to distreine my hart ? that I shold be
the woefull messenger, that must declare
(o me, alas) that sight w^{ch} I did see ?
and that eke vnto hei ? to whome when I
my diery message shall pronounce, I know
it nedes must end hei life. And vnto me,
that am allredy fraughted full of woe,
how can it but afresh reuiue my paine
to see this ladie take it so to hart ?
In this distresse loe here do I remaine ,
ne wote, alas, the sorrowes of whoes smart
first to lament, either thy wailfull end,
o worthy earle, and of thy death the drere,
or ells the hugie heapes of harmes, that bend,
o woefull Quene, now toward thee so nere

5

10

15

20

Chor What newes be these ?

Renu

Is this Salerne I see ?

what ? doeth king Tancied gouern here, and guide ?

5. Act . the Chore] Actus Quintus . Scena prima Rhenuccio the messenger
(margin) Renuccio . palace] Renuccio the messenger
sent by the king Tancied, wth the hart of Countie pallurine in a Cupp
of gold, vnto faier Gismonda . cometh in wth the said cupp of gold in his
hand and the hart therein, and ther telleth the hoole maner of deathe

Is this the place where ciuile people be?³
 or do the sauage Scythians here abide?

Chor. What meanes this cruel folk, and eke this king, 25
 that thus yow name? Declare how standes the case
 and whatsoeuer dolefull newes yow bring
 recompt fourthwith

Ren. Where shall I turne my face?
 or whether shall I bend my weryed sight?
 What euer way I seke or can deuise, 30
 or do I what I can to ease my plight,
 the cruel fact is euer in myne eyes

Chor. Leaue of this wise to hold vs in such maze
 of doutfull drede what newes yow haue to show.
 For drede of thinges vnknownen doeth allway cause 35
 man drede the worst, till he the better know.
 Tell therfore what is chaunced, and wheiunto
 this bloody cuppe thus in your hand yow bring

Ren. Sins so is your request that I shold do,
 although my minde so sorrowfull a thing 40
 repine to tell, and though my voice eschue
 to say what I haue seen yet, sins your will
 so fixed standes to heare wherfoie I rue,
 your great desire I shall hearin fulfill.
 Fast by Salern citie, amidde the plaine, 45
 there standes a hill, whoes bottome huge and round
 throwen out in breadth a large space doeth conteine,
 and gathering vp in heyghth small frō the ground
 still lesse and lesse it mountes Here sometime was
 a goodly tower vprered, that floured in fame 50
 while fate and fortune serued But time doeth passe,
 and wth her swey eke passeth all this same
 For now the walles ben euened wth the plaine,
 and all the rest so foully lyeth defaced,
 as but the only shade doeth there remaine 55
 of that w^{ch} there was buylt in time forepast.

41 though] that. u. thowghe

Yet doeth that show what worthy work tofore
hath there ben wrought. One parcell of that tower
euen yet doeth stand, whome time could not forlore,
fortune downthiowe, nor length of yeres deuoure 60
a strong turrett cōpact of stone and rock,
hugie without, but horrible within
to passe to which, by force of handy stroke
a croked streight is made, that enties in,
and leadeth yow into this lothely place 65
Within the which carued into the ground
a depe dungeon there rūnes of narrow space,
dredfull, and daik, where neuer light is found
Into this vggly caue, by cruel hest
of King Tancred, were diuerse seruantes sent, 70
to work the horror of his furious brest,
erst nourished in his rage, and now sterne bent
to haue the same performed. I woefull wight
was chosen eke for one to do the thing,
that to our charge so streightly was behight, 75
in sort as was cōmaunded by the King.
Within which dredfull prison when we came,
the noble Counté Palurine, that there
lay chained in gyues fast fettred in the same,
out of the dark dongeon we did vprere, 80
and haled him thense into a brighter place,
that gaue vs light to work our murder there
But when I ones beheld his manly face,
and saw his chere no more appalled wth feie
of present death, than he whom neuer drede 85
did ones amoue, my heart abhorred than
to geue cōsent vnto so foule a dede,
that wretched death shold reue so worthy a man.
On false fortune I cryed with lowd cōplamt,
that in such sort could deme this earle to dye 90
But he, whome neither grefe ne fere could taint,

wth smiling chere him self oft willeth me
 to leaue to plaine his case, or sorrow make
 for him for he was fari more glad apayed
 death to embrace thus for his ladies sake, 95
 than life, or all the ioyes of life, he sayed.
 For losse of life, he sayed, greued him no more
 than losse of that which he estemed least.
 His ladies grefe, lest she shold rue thearfore,
 was all the cause of giefe within his brest. 100
 He played therfore that they wold make repoit
 to her of these last wordes that he wold say
 that though he neuer could in any sort
 her gentlenesse reacquite, nor neuer lay
 wthin his power to serue her as he wold . 105
 yet had she ay his hart, wth hand and might
 to do her all the honor that he could.
 This was to him of all the ioyes, that might
 reioise his hart, the chefest ioy of all,
 that, to declare the faithfull hart that he 110
 did beare to her, fortune so well did fall,
 that in her loue he mought bothe liue and dye.
 After these wordes he stayed, and spake no more,
 but ioyfully beholding vs echeone
 his wordes and chere ameruailed vs so sore, 115
 that still we stode; when fourthwth therupon,
 but why slack yow (quod he) to do the thing
 for which yow come? Make spede, and stay no more
 performe your maisters will : now tell the King,
 he hath his death, for whoes he longed so sore 120
 And with those wordes him self, wth his own hand,
 fastens the bandes about his neck. The 1est
 wondring at his stout heart astōmed stand
 to see him offre him self to death so prest.
 What stony brest, or what hard hart of flint 125

wold not haue molt to see this drery sight,
 so worthy a man, whome death nor fortunes dint
 could not disarm, mured wth such despight,
 and in such sort bereft amidde the floures
 of his fresh yeres, that ruthefull was to seen? 130
 For violent is death when he deuoures
 " yongmen or virgins while their youth is grene.
 " But inuist fortune, that so seld vpheaues
 the worthy man, hath blindly turned her whele.
 the whurle wherof bothe life and honor reaues 135
 from him, on whome she did so lately smile
 Loe now the seruātes, seing him take the bandes,
 and on his neck him self to make them fast,
 wthout delay putt to their woefull handes,
 and sought to work their fierce entent wth hast. 140
 They stretch the bandes, and euen when the breath
 began to faile his brest, they slacked againe
 (so did their handes repine against his death)
 and oft times loosed, alas, vnto his paine.
 But date of death that fixed is so fast, 145
 beyond his course there may no wight extend,
 for strangled is this noble earle at last,
 and reft of life, vnworthy such an end.

Cho. O cruel dede.

Ren. Why? deme ye this to be
 the dolefull newes that I haue now to show? 150
 Is here (think yow?) end of the crueltie.
 that I haue seen?

Cho. Could wise or crueller woe
 be wrought to him, than to bereue him life?

Ren. What? think yow this outrage did end so well?
 The horror of the fact, the greatest grieve, 155
 the crueltie, the terror is to tell.

Cho Alack what could be more? They threw percase
 the dead body to be deuoured and eate

130 ruthefull] rufull

of the cruel wilde beastes.

Ren. O me, alas,
 Wold god it had ben cast a dolefull meate 160
 to beastes and birdes. But loe that dredfull thing,
 w^{ch} euen the tygre wold not work, but to
 fulfill his hongie wth, that hath the King
 withouten ruthe cōmaunded to be do,
 only to please his cruel hart withall 165
 Oh, happy had ben his chaūce, to happy alas,
 if birdes had eate his corps, yea hart and all
 which here I bring, and not thus to the face
 of his dere loue I to present the same,
 wth sight of w^{ch} eke to piocure her end. 170

Chor. What kind of crueltie is this yow name,
 declare fourthwith . and tell whearto doeth tend
 this farther plant.

Ren. After his breath was gone
 bereft thus from his biest by cruell force
 streight they despoiled him, and, not alone 175
 contented wth his death, on the dead corps,
 whom sauage beastes do spare, ginne they to showe
 new crueltie, and wth a sweid they pearce
 his naked belly, and vnrippe it soe
 that out the bowelles gush Whoe can rehearse 180
 the dolefull sight, wherewth my hart euen bledde?
 The warme entrailes were torn out of his brest
 wthin their handes trēbling not fully dead
 his veines smoked . his bowelles all to strest
 ruthelesse were ient, and throwen amidde the place 185
 all clotted lay the blood in lompes of gore,
 sprent on his corps, and on his paled face.
 His hart panting out from his brest they tore,
 and cruelly vpon a swordes point

183 wthin] Which . u. Within trēbling] trembled : u. trembling
 187 sprent] besprent paled] pale u. paled

they fixe the same, and in this woful wise 190
 vnto the King this hart do they present,
 a sight longed for to fede his irefull eyes
 The King perceiuing eche thing to be wrought
 as he had willed, reioysing to behold
 vpon the bloody swerdes point ybrought 195
 the perced hart, calles for this cuppe of gold,
 into the w^{ch} the woofull hait he cast,
 and reaching me the same, now goe (quod he)
 vnto my daughter, and wth spedy hast
 present her this, and say to hei from me 200
 Thy father hath here in this cup thee sent
 that thing to ioi and comfort thee withall
 w^{ch} thow loued best, euen as thow weart content
 to cōfort him wth his chefe ioi of all 205

Cho O hatefull fact ! O passing crueltie !
 O murder wrought wth to much hard despite !
 O haynous dede ! w^{ch} no posteritie
 will ones beleue

Ren. Thus was this worthy wight
 strangled vnto the death, yea after death
 his hart and blood debowelled frō his brest 210
 But what auaieth plaint ? it is but breath
 forwasted all in vain Why do I rest
 here in this place ? why go I not, and do
 the woefull message to my charge cōmitt ?
 Now were it not that I am forced thearto 215
 by a Kinges will, here wold I stay my fete,
 ne one whit farther goe in this entent.
 But I must yeld me to my princes hest,
 and tell, alas, the dolefull message sent.
 Yet doeth this somewhat cōfort myne vnrest, 220
 that I determe her grefe not to behold,
 but goe as sone as is my message tolde

2. Scene.

Renuchio Gismonde.

Renuchio
deliuereth
the cup to
Gismōd
in her
chamber

Thy father, o Quene, here in this cup hath sent
that thing, to ioi and comfort thee withall,
wch thow loued best, euen as thow weait cōtent
to comfort him wth his chefe ioi of all

Gism. Now, now, alas come is that houre accurst 5

that I poore wight so long haue loked for
Now hath my father filled his egre thirst
wth gyltesse blood wch he desired so sore.

This perced hart it is myne earles, I know
My fathers wordes do proue the same to well 10

This bloody cupp his dolefull death doeth show.

This message doeth the same to plainly tell

Certes vnto so noble a hart could not
a fitter herse ben lotted than of gold
Discretely therfore hath my father wrought, 15

that thus hath sent it me for to behold

In all my life to this my latter day
so passing dere ay haue I found to me

my fathers tender loue, that I ne may
deserue the same but inespically 20

so much in this, as I requier ye
these my last thanks to yeld to him therfore .

wch is to me the greatest grefe may be,

Renuchio
departeth

that I can not reacquite the same no more

Ah pleasant harborrow of my hautes thought 25

Ah swete delight, ioi, cōfort of my life

Ah cursed be his crueltie that wrought

thee this despite, and vnto me such grefe,

to make me to behold thus wth these eyes

11. Renuchio Gismonde] *om* (*margin*) Renuchio . . chamber]
Renuccio his message from king Tancred to Gismonda 7 thirst] lust .
c. thirst 24 (*margin*) Renuchio departeth] here doth renuccio departe
25 (*margin*) now turnes she to the cupp & sayes

thy woefull hart, and force me here to see
 this dolefull sight. Alas, did not suffice
 that wth my hartes eyen cōtinually
 I did behold the same ? Thow hâst fordone
 the course of kinde, dispatched thy life frō snares
 of fortunes venomed bayt, yea thow hâst rōne
 the mortall race, and left these woildly cares,
 and of thy foe, to honor thee withall,
 receiued a worthy graue to thy desert.
 Nothing doeth want to thy rust funerall,
 but euen my teres to wash thy bloody hart
 thus fouled and defaced, w^{ch} to the end
 eke thow might haue, Ioue in the mynde putt soe
 of my despitefull father for to send
 thy hart to me and thow shalt haue thē loe,
 though I determed to shede no tere at all,
 but wth drye eyes and constant face to dye,
 yea though I thought to wett thy funerall
 only wth blood, and wth no weping eye.
 This doen fourthwth my soule shall come to thee,
 whome in thy life thow did so derely loue
 Ah Lord, wth what more sweter companie,
 or more content, or safer may I proue
 to seke to passe to places all vnknownen,
 than thus wth thee ? For I am sure euen here
 doest thow yet stay, and tarry me thine owne
 Thy soule abideth me to be thy fere,
 and lingreth in this place for me, I know
 Why dye I not thearfore ? why do I stay ?
 why do I not this woefull life forgoe ?
 and with these handes bereue this breath away ?
 This venomed water shall abridge my life
 this foi the same entent prouided I,

31 Alas] ah u alas did] did it (it u) 42 might] mightest
 59 I not] not I 61 This] this c my (margin) She . pocket]
 now goes she to some cupp borde or place wher the vyoll of poison ys &
 takes it & sayes .

60 She taketh
 a glasse of
 poyson out
 of her
 pocket.

	wch may bothe ease and end my woefull grefe	
	Why then ? and shall we thus vnwroken dye ?	
	Shall I not work some iust reuenge on him	65
	that thus hath slayen my loue ? shall not these hādes	
	fier his gates, and make the flames to clime	
	vnto his palace toppes, wth burning brandes	
	his court here to cōsume, and eke therewith	
	him self and all, and on his cinders wreke	70
	my cruel wiath, and gnash thē wth my tethe,	
	and fall amidde the flames my self, to breke	
	this woefull life in two ? Thus shall not I	
	reuenge his death, ere I this body slay,	
	and reue this biest the life ? But let vs dye	75
	for in such sort it likes vs to assay	
	to passe down to the paled ghostes of hell,	
	and there enioy my loue, whome thus my sire	
	wold not permitt in earth wth me to dwell	
	He by my death shall haue more woe, than fire	80
	or flames wth in his palace gates could bring.	
	This shall therfore suffice, that I will dye.	
	My death his blood shall wieke against the King.	
	This hart and eke myne owne loe now will I	
	within one tombe engraue, that so may iest	85
	my loue, my life, my death within this brest.	

Claudia
rūneth
into the
palace to
tell the
King of
Gismond

3. Scene.

Tancred
cometh
out of the
palace

Tancred
entreth
into
Gismōdes
chāber.

	<i>Tancrede.</i>	<i>Gismonde</i>
	Ay me, doeth my dere daughter take it soe ?	
	What ? will she slay her self, and be thereby	
	worker of her own death, causer of woe	
	vnto her frendes, and meane to make me dye ?	
	Dēre daughter recomfort your distresse,	
	and suffer not these heapes of grefe t'assaile	
	your wery mind.	5

3 Scene Tancrede Gismonde] omitted (left margin) Tancred

Gism O King, seke not to cesse
my grefe wth plaint, whom plaint may not auale.

Tanc O my daughter hâst thou receiued thy life
from me ? and wilt thou, to reacquite the same, 10
yeld me my death ? yea death, and greater grefe
to see thee dye for him that did defame
thyne honor thus, my kingdome, and my crowne ?

Gism Yea rather hearfore gauest thou life to me
to haue my death ? So sayest thou my renoune, 15
thy kingdome and thy crowne defamed to be,
when thou my loue wth cruel handes hâst slayen,
and sent his heart to me for to behold ?

But in thy brest if any spark remaine
of thy dere loue if euer yet I could 20
so much of thee deserue or at the least

if wth my last desire I may obtaine
this at thy handes, geue me this one request,
and let me not spend my last breath in vaine
My life desire I not, w^{ch} neither is 25

in thee to geue, nor in my self to saue
although I wold . nor yet I ask not this
as mercie for myne eaile in ought to craue,
whome I to well do know how thou hâst slayen.

No, no, father, thy hard and cruel wrong 30
wth pacience, as I may, I will susteine
in woefull life, w^{ch} now shall not be long

But this one sute, father, if vnto me
thow graunt, though I can not the same reacquite,
th'immortal goddes shall render vnto thee 35
thy due reward, and largely guerdon it
that, sins it pleased thee not thus secretly
I might enioy my loue, his corps and myne
may nathelesse together graued be,

7 O] Ah 10, 34 reacquite] requite ac inserted later above 19
But in] It is at this point that Reed's extract begins 28 mercie meaninge
u. mercie 30 no,] no o u. thy] the. u thie hard] hande R

and in one tombe our bodies bothe to shrine 40
 With w^{ch} this small request eke do I pray,
 that on the same grauen in brasse thow place
 this woefull epitaph w^{ch} I shall say,
 that all louers may rue this mornefull case
 Loe here within one tōbe whear harbour twaine, “ 45
 Gismōda Quene, and Counte Palurine “
 she loued him, he for her loue was slayen, “
 for whoes reuenge eke lyes she here in shrine. “

Gismond
dyeth. *Tanc.* O me, alas, now do the cruel paines
 of cursed death my deie daughter bereue. 50
 Alas, why bide I here? The sight constraines
 me woefull man this woefull place to leaue

4. *Scene.**Tancrede.*

Tancred
cometh
out of
Gismondes
chamber

O dolorous happe, ruthefull, and all of woe!
 Alas I carefull wretch, what resteth me?
 Shall I now lue, that wth these eyes did soe
 behold my daughter dy? What? shall I see 5
 her death before my face that was my life,
 and I to lyue that was her lyues decay?
 Shall not this hand reache to this hart the knife,
 that may bereue bothe sight and life away,
 and in the shadoes dark to seke her ghost
 and wander there wth her? Shall not, alas, 10
 this speddy death be wrought, sithe I haue lost
 my dearest ioi of all? What? shall I passe
 my later dayes in paine, and spend myne age
 in teres and plant? Shall I now leade my life
 all solitarie, as doeth the bird in cage, 15
 and fede my woefull yeres wth wailefull grefe?

4. *Scene*] *Scena* 3^a *Scene* III *R* 1 ruthefull] rufull *H, R* 2
 carefull] caufif *R* 13 later] latter *H, R*

No, no, so will not I my dayes prolong
 to seke to lue one houre, sithe she is gone.
 This brest so can not bend to such a wrong,
 that she shold dye and I to lue alone. 20
 No thus will I she shall haue her request
 and in most royall sort hei funerall
 will I performe Within one tōbe shall rest
 her earle and she her epitaph withall
 graued thearon shalbe. This will I do 25
 And when these eyes some aged teres haue shed,
 the tomb my self then will I crepe into,
 and wth my blood all bayne their bodies dead
 This heart there will I perce, and reue this brest
 the irksome life, and wreke my wrathfull ire 30
 vpon my self She shall haue her request
 and I by death will puichace my desire

Epilogus

If now peihappes yow either loke to see
 th'unhappy louers, or the cruel sire
 here to be buried as sittes their degree,
 oi as the dyeng ladie did require,
 or as the ruthfull king in depe despeir 5
 behight of late, whoe now him self hath slayen
 oi if perchaunse yow stand in doutfull fere,
 sithe mad Megera is not returned againe,
 least wandring in the world she so bestow
 the snakes that crall about her furious face, 10
 as they may raise new ruthes, new kindes of woe,
 bothe so, and there, and such as yow parcase
 wold be full lothe so great so nere to see
 I am come fourth to do yow all to wete,

17 not I] I not *H, R* 27, 31 my] me *u* my 28 all] *inserted*
above line. 29 perce] place *R* 32 *H, R* have finis *below this line*
 Ep. i, 7 yow] ye *H, R* 11 they] ther *u.* they raise] rise *u*
 raise

through grefe, wherin the lordes of Salern be, 15
 the buriall pompe is not prepaied yet
 And for the furie yow shall vnderstand,
 that neither doeth the litle greatest God
 finde such rebelling here in Britain land
 against his royall power, as asketh rod 20
 of ruthe from hell to wieke his names decay
 Nor Pluto heareth English ghostes cōplaine
 our dames disteined lyues. Therefore ye may
 be free frō fere. Sufficeth to mainteine
 the vertues wch we honor in yow all 25
 so as our Britain ghostes, when life is past,
 may praise in heuen, not plaine in Plutoes hall
 our dames, but hold them vertuous and chast,
 worthy to liue where furie neuer came,
 where Loue can see, and beaies no deadly bowe , 30
 whoes lyues eternall tromp of glorious fame
 with ioyfull sound to honest eares shall blow.

23 our] o' H, Or R ye] you H, R 25 w^{ch}] that u, which 31
 eternall] th' eternall H, R th u. in H 32 H, R have below this
 line fins

*At the top of the verso comes in H The Tragedie of gismond of Saleine.
 The sonnets, argument, and dramatis personae follow as on pp. 163-6.*

IV

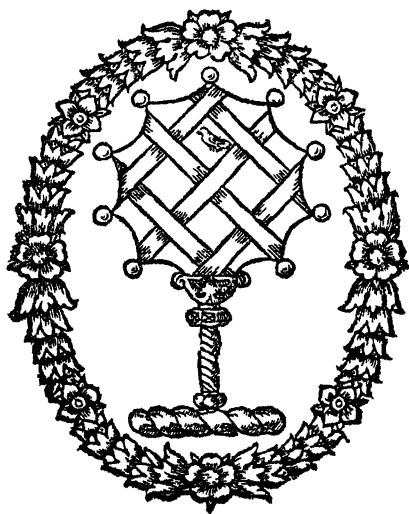
THE MISFORTUNES OF ARTHUR

BY

THOMAS HUGHES

The only authority for the text of this play is the quarto edition (*Q*), of which the title-page is reproduced in facsimile opposite. Two copies survive, that known as the Garrick quarto (*GQ*) in the British Museum, and another in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, which formerly belonged to John Philip Kemble (*KQ*). The Kemble copy lacks the title-page and Nicholas Trotte's prologue, which have been supplied in script. Beyond modernized punctuation, capitalization, and spelling, however, the Kemble script yields nothing except *of* for *to* in line 88 (*of Peeres*) and *plague* for *plagues* in line 129. These are apparently slips of the scribe who supplied the missing pages, probably from the Garrick copy, which is complete, the script is certainly after 1804, as some of the paper used for it bears that date in a watermark. See Grumbine's edition, p. 99.

C E R T A I N E D E-
uises and shewes presented to
her MAIESTIE by the Gentlemen of
Grayes-Inne at her Highnesse Court in
Greenewich, the twenty eighth day of
Februarie in the thirtieth year of her
MAIESTIES most happy
Raigne.



AT LONDON
Printed by Robert Robinfon.
1587.

AN INTRODVCTI- on penned by Nicholas Trotte

*Gentleman one of the society of Grayes-Inne; which
was pronounced in manner following. viz. Three*

Muses came vpon the Stage apparelled accordingly

bringing fife Gentlemen Students with them attyred

in their vsuall gairments, whom one of the Muses presen-

ted to he. MAIESTIE as Captiues the cause

*whereof she deliuered by speech
as followeth*

O F Conquest (gratious Queene) the signs & fruits,
Atchiu'd gainst such, as wrongfully withheld
The seruice by choice wits to *Muses* due ,
In humblest wise, these Captiues we present.
And least your highnes might suspect the gift 5
As spoile of Warre, that Iustice might impeach ,
Heare and discerne how iust our quarrell was
Auowed (as you see) by good successe
A Dame there is, whom men *Astrea* terme,
Shee that pronounceth Oracles of Lawes, 10
Who to prepare fit seruants for her traine
As by Commission takes vp flowring wits,
Whom first she schooleth to forget and scorne
The noble skils of language and of Arts,
The wisdom, which discourse of stories teach, 15
The ornaments which various knowledge yeelds ,
But Poesie she hath in most disdaine,
And Marshals it next Follyes scorned place.
Then, when she hath these worthy Prints defac'd
Out of the mindes that can endure her hand, 20
What doth she then supplie in steede of these ?
Foissooth some olde reports of altered lawes,
Clamors of Courts, and cauls vpon words,
Grounds without ground, supported by conceit,
And reasons of more subtiltie then sense, 25
What shall I say of Moote points straunge, and doubts
Still argued but neuer yet agreed ?

And shee, that doth deride the Poets lawe,
 Because he must his words in order place,
 Forgets her foimes of pleading more precise, 30
 More bound to words then is the Poets lore :
 And for these fine conceits she fitly chose,
 A tongue that Barbarisme it selfe doth vse.
 We noting all these wrongs did long expect
 There hard condition would haue made them wise, 35
 To offer vs their seruise plac'd so ill,
 But finding them addicted to their choyce,
 And specially desirous to present
 Your Maestie with fruits of Prouince newe,
 Now did resolute to double force and skill, 40
 And found and vsde the vantage of the time,
 Surprised their fort, and tooke them Captiues all
 So now submisse, as to their state belongs
 They gladly yeelde their homage long withdrawne,
 And Poetry which they did most contemne 45
 They glory now her fauours for to weare
 My sisters laught to see them take the penne,
 And lose their wits all in vnwoonted walkes
 But to your highnes that delight we leaue,
 To see these Poets newe their Stile aduaunce 50
 Such as they are, or naught or litle worth,
 Deigne to accept, and therewith we beseech,
 That nouelty giue price to worthlesse things.

Vnto this speach one of the Gentlemen answered as followeth

GOOD Ladies vnacquaint with cunning reach,
 And easily led to glory in your powre, 55
 Heare now abasht our late dissembled mindes
 Not now the first time as your selues best knowe,
 Ye Muses sought our seruice to commaund,
 Oft haue ye wandred from Pernassus hill,
 And shewed your selues with sweet & tempting grace, 60
 But yet returnd your traine encreasde with fewe.

This resolution doth continue still
 Vnto *Astreas* name we honour beaie,
 Whose sound perfections we doe more admire,
 Then all the wanted store of Muses guifts. 65
 Let this be one (which last you put in vre,
 In well deprauing that deserueth praise)
 No eloquence, disguising reasons shape,
 Nor Poetrie, each vaine affections nurce,
 No various historie that doth leade the minde 70
 Abroad to auncient tales from instant vse,
 Nor these, nor other moe, too long to note,
 Can winne *Astreas* seruants to remoue
 Their seruice, once deuote to better things
 They with attentue mindes and serious wits, 75
 Reuolue records of deepe Iudiciall Acts,
 They waigh with steaddy and indifferent hand
 Each word of lawe, each circumstance of right,
 They hold the grounds which time & vse hath sooth'd
 (Though shallow sense conceiue them as conceits) 80
 Presumptuous sense, whose ignorance dare iudge
 Of things remou'd by reason from her reach.
 One doubt in mootes by argument encreasc'd
 Cleares many doubts, experience doth obiect
 The language she first chose, and still retaines, 85
 Exhibites naked truth in aptest termes.
 Our Industrie maintaineth vnimpeach't
 Prerogatiue of Prince, respect to Peeies,
 The Commons libertie, and each mans right
 Suppresseth mutin force, and practicke fraude 90
 Things that for worth our studious care deserue.
 Yet neuer did we banish nor reiect
 Those ornaments of knowledge nor of touns
 That slander enuious ignorance did raise
 With Muses still we entercourse allowe, 95
 T'enrich our state with all there forreine freight
 But neuer homage nor acknowledgement
 Such as of Subiects alleageance doth require.

Now heere the cause of your late Conquest wonne
 We had discouered your intent to be 100
 (And sure ye Ladies are not secrete all.
 Speach and not silence is the Muses grace)
 We well perceiu'd (I say) your minde to be
 T'employ such prisoners, as themselues did yeeld
 To serue a Queene, for whom her purest gold 105
 Nature refind, that she might therein sette
 Both priuate and imperiall vertues all
 Thus (Soueraigne Lady of our lawes and vs)
 Zeale may transforme vs into any shape
 We, which with trembling hand the penne did guide 110
 Neuer well pleasde all for desire to please
 For still your rare perfections did occurre
 Which are admir'd of Muses and of men,
 Oh with howe steddie hand and heart assur'd
 Should we take vp the warlicke Lance or Sword 115
 With minde resolu'd to spend ouir loyall blood
 Your least commaund with speede to execute
 O that before our time the fleeting shippe,
 Ne'r wandred had in watery wildernes,
 That we might first that venture vndertake 120
 In strange attempt t'approue our loyall hearts
 Be it Souldiers, Seamen, Poets, or what els.
 In seruice once inioynd, to ready mindes
 Our want of vse should our deuoyer encrease.
 Now since in steade of art we bring but zeale, 125
 In steade of prayse we humbly pardon craue.
 The matter which we purpose to present,
 Since stieghts of time our liberty controwles
 In tragike note the plagues of vice recounts
 How sutes a Tragedie for such a time? 130
 Thus. For that since your sacred Maestie
 In gracious hands the regall Scepter held
 All Tragedies are fled from State, to stadge.

Nicholas Trotte.

The misfortunes of Arthur (*Vther Pendragons Sonne*) reduced into Tragicall notes by THOMAS HUGHES one of the societie of Grayes-Inne And here set downe as it past from vnder his handes and as it was presented, excepting certaine wordes and lines, where some of the Actors either helped their memories by brief omission or fitted their acting by some alteration With a note in the ende, of such speeches as were penned by others in lue of some of these here-after following

The argument of the *Tragedie.*

AT a banquet made by *Vther Pendragon* for the solemnising of his conquest against the *Saxons*, he fell inamoured with *Igern*a wife to *Gorlois* Duke of *Cornwell*. Who perceiuing the Kings passion, departed with his wife and prepared warres at *Cornwell*, where also in a strong holde beyond him hee placed her. Then the King leued an armye to suppress him, but waxing impatient of his desire to *Igern*a, transformed himselfe by *Merlin* his cunning, into the likenesse of *Gorlois*. And after his acceptance with *Igern*a he returned to his sledge, where he slew *Gorlois*. *Igern*a was deluered of *Arthur* and *Anne* twins of the same birth *Vther Pendragon* 15. yeeres after pursuing the *Saxons* was by them poysoned. *Arthur* delighted in his sister *Anne*, who made him father of *Mordred*. Seventeene yeeres after *Lucius Tiberius* of *Rome* demanded a tribute due by the conquest of *Cæsar*. *Arthur* gaathered the powers of 13 Kinges besides his owne, and leauing his Queene *Gueneuora* in the tuition of *Mordred*, to whome likewise he committed the kingdome in his absence, arriued at *Fraunce*, where after 9. yeeres warres, he sent the slaine bodie of *Tiberius* vnto *Rome* for the tribute. During this absence *Mordred* grew ambitious, for th'effecting whereof he made loue to *Gueneuora*, who gaue eare vnto him. Then by th'assistance of *Gilla* a *Brittish* Lord hee vsurped, and for mainteinance entertayned with large promises,

5 Arg Q no stop after her

8 Q comma after Gorlois

the Saxons, Irish, Pictes, & Normands Gueneuora hearing that Arthur was alreadie embarked for returne, through dispaire purposing diuersly, sometimes to kill her husband, sometimes to kill 25 her selfe, at last resolu'd to enter into religion. Arthur at his landing was resisted on the stronds of Douer, where he put Mordred to flight The last field was fought at Cornwell, where after the death of one hundred and twentie thousand sauing on either side 20, Mordred receiued his death, and Arthur his deadly wound. 30

*¶ The Argument and manner of the
first dumbe shewe.*

Sounding the musicke, there rose three furies from vnder the stage appparelled accordingly with snakes and flames about their blacke haire and garments The first with a Snake in the right hande and a cup of wine with a Snake athwart the cup in the left hand. The second with a firebrand in the right hande, and a Cupid 5 in the left The thirde with a whippe in the right hande and a Pegasus in the left. Whiles they went masking about the stage, there came from another place three Nuns which walked by them selues. Then after a full sight giuen to the beholders, they all parted, the furies to Mordreds house, the Nuns to the Cloister. By 10 the first furie with the Snake and Cup was signified the Banquet of Vther Pendragon, and afterward his death which insued by poysoned cup. The second furie with her firebrande & Cupid represented Vthers unlawfull heate and loue conceyued at the banquet, which neuer ceased in his posteritie. By the thirde with her whip and 15 Pegasus was prefigured the crueltie and ambition which thence insued and continued to th'effecting of this tragidie. By the Nuns was signified the remorse and dispaire of Gueneuora, that wanting other hope tooke a Nunrie for her refuge. After their departure, the fowre which represented the Chorus tooke their places. 20

The argument of the first Act.

- 1 **I**N the first scene the spirit of *Gorlois* Duke of Cornwall, the man first & most wronged in this historie being dispoild both of Wife, Dukedome and life craueth reuenge for these iniuries, denouncing the whole misfortune insuing
- 2 In the second scene, *Gueneuora* hearing that *Arthur* was on 5 Seas returning, desperately manaceth his death, from which intent she is dissuaded by *Fronia*, a Lady of her Court & priue to her secretes.
- 3 In the third scene *Gueneuora* peplexedly mindeth her owne death, whence being disuaded by her sister she resolueth to 10 enter into Religion.
- 4 In the fourth scene *Mordred* goeth about to perswade *Gueneuora* to persist in her loue, but misseth thereof And then is exhorted by *Conan* (a noble mā of *Brytain*) to reconcile himselfe to his Father at his comming, but 15 refuseth so to doe and resolueth to keepe him from landing by battaile.

The names of the speakers.

Gorlois Duke of Cornwall	Cheldrich Duke of Saxonie.
ghost	The Loide of the Pictes
Gueneuora the Queene	Arthur King of great Brytain.
Fronia a Lady of her trayne.	Cador Duke of Cornwall
Angharad sister to the Queene.	Hoel King of little Brittain.
Mordred the Usurper.	The Heralt from Mordred
Conan a faithfull counseller.	Aschillus King of Denmarke.
Nuntius of Arthurs landing	The King of Norwaye.
The Heralt from Arthur.	A number of Souldiers.
Gawin King of Albanie.	Nuntius of the last battell.
Gilla : a Bytische Earle.	Gildas a noble man of Brytain
Gillamor King of Ireland.	

CHORVS.

THE FIRST ACT
and first scene.

Gorlous

Gorl. **S**ince thus through channells blacke of *Limbo* lake,
And deepe infernall floude of *Stygian* poole,
The gastly *Caron's* boate transported backe
Thy ghost, from *Pluto's* pittes and glowming shades,
To former light once lost by *Destnies* doome : 5
Where pious *Pendragon* broylde with shamefull lust,
Dispoyle thee erst of wife, of lande, and life
Nowe (*Gorlous*) worke thy wish, cast here thy gaule,
Glutte on reuenge thy wrath abhorrs delays.
What though (besides *Pendragons* poysoned end) 10
The vile reproch he wrought thee by thy phere,
Through deepe increase of crymes alike is plague ?
And that the shame thou suffredst for his lusts,
Reboundeth backe, and stifeleth in his stocke ?
Yet is not mischiefes measure all fulfild, 15
Nor wreake sufficient wrought Thy murdered coise
And Dukedome reft, for heauier vengeance cries
Come therefore bloomes of settled mischiefes roote,
Come ech thing else, what furie can inuent,
Wreake all at once, infect the ayre with plagues, 20
Till badd to worse, till worse to worst be turnde
Let mischiefes know no meane, nor plagues an end.
Let th'ofsprings sinne exceede the former stocke :
Let none haue time to hate his former fault,
But still with fresh supplie let punisht cryme 25
Increase, till tyme it make a complet sinne.

Goe to . some fact, which no age shall allowe,
Nor yet conceale : some fact must needes be darde,

That for the horror great and outiage fell
 Thereof, may well beseeme *Pendragons* broode. 30
 And first, whiles *Arthurs* nauies homewards flott
 Triumphantly bedeckt with *Romaine* spoyles
 Let *Guenouer* expresse what franticke moodes
 Distract a wife, when wronging wedlockes rights,
 Both fonde and fell, she loues and loathes at once. 35
 Let deepe dispaire pursue, till loathing life
 Her hatefull heade in cowle and cloister lurke
 Let traiteous *Mordred* keepe his sire from shoare
 Let *Bryttaine* rest a pray for forreine powers,
 Let sworde and fire still fedde with mutuall strife 40
 Tourne all the Kings to ghoastes, let ciuill warres
 And discorde swell till all the realme be torne.
 Euen in that soyle whereof my selfe was Duke,
 Where first my spowse *Igern*a brake her vowe,
 Where this vngracious ofspring was begotte, 45
 In *Cornwell*, there, let *Mordreds* death declare,
 Let *Arthurs* fatal wounde bewray the wrong,
 The murther vile, the rape of wife and weale,
 Wherewith their sire incenst both Gods and man.
 Thus, thus *Pendragons* seede so sowne and reapte, 50
 Thus cursed imps, ill borne, and worse consum'd,
 Shall render iust reuenge for parents crimes,
 And penance due t'asswadge my swelling wrath.
 The whiles O *Cassiopea* gembright signe,
 Most sacred sight, and sweete *Celesthall* starre, 55
 This *Clymat's* ioy, plac'd in imperiall throne
 With fragrant Oliue branche portending peace.
 And whosoe'r besides ye heauenly pow'rs
 (Her stately trayne with influence diuine,
 And milde aspect all prone to *Bryttaines* good) 60
 Foresee what present plagues doe threate this Isle:

29 the] So corrected in the Garrick copy by means of a little printed slip
 pasted over the last letter. The Kemble copy shows the original reading to
 have been thy 54 gembright] gempnright Q

Preuent not this my wreake. For you their rest's
 A happier age a thousand yeares to come :
 An age for peace, religion, wealth, and ease,
 When all the world shall wonder at your blisse : 65
 That, that is yours. Leauē this to *Gorlois* ghoast
 And see where com's one engine of my hate
 With moods and manners fit for my reuenge *Exit*

The second scene.

Gueneuora Froma

Guen. AND dares he after nine yeares space returne,
 And see her face, whom he so long disdain'de?
 Was I then chose and wedded for his stale,
 To looke and gape for his retirelesse sayles,
 Puft backe, and fluttering spread to euey winde? 5
 O wrong content with no reuenge seeke out
 Vndared plagues, teach *Mordred* how to rage
 Attempt some bloodie, dreadfull, irkesome fact,
 And such as *Mordred* would were rather his.
 Why stayest? it must be done. let bridle goe, 10
 Frame out some trap beyonde all vulgar guile,
 Beyonde *Medea's* wiles attempt some fact,
 That any wight vnwildie of her selfe,
 That any spowse vnfaithfull to her phere,
 Durst euer attempt in most dispaire of weale. 15
 Spare no reuenge, b't poyson, knyfe, or fire.

Fron. Good Madame, temper these outrageous moods,
 And let not will vsurpe, where wit should rule.

Guen. The wrath, that breatheth blood, doth loath to lurke
 What reason most with holdes, rage wringes perforce 20
 I am disdainde: so will I not be long.
 That very houre, that he shall first arriue,
 Shall be the last, that shall aforde him life

Though, neither seas, nor lands, nor warres abroad
 Sufficed for thy foyle yet shalt thou finde 25
 Farre woorse at home · Thy deepe displeased spowse
 What e'r thou hast subdude in all thy stay,
 This hand shall nowe subdue · then stay thy fill

What's this ? my mind recoyls, and yikes these thicats
 Anger delayes, my grieve gynnes to asswage, 30
 My furie faintes, and sacred wedlockes faith
 Presents it selfe. Why shunst thou fearefull wrath ?
 Add coales a freshe, preserve me to this venge

At lest exyle thy selfe to realmes vnknown,
 And steale his wealth to helpe thy banisht state, 35
 For flight is best. O base and hartlesse feare.
 Theft ? exyle ? flight ? all these may *Fortune* sende
 Vnsought but thee beseemes more high reuenge

Come spitefull fiends, come heapes of furies fell,
 Not one, by one, but all at once my breast 40
 Raues not inough · it likes me to be filde
 With greater monsters yet My hart doth throbbe
 My liuer boyles some what my minde portendes,
 Vncertayne what : but whatsoever, it's huge.

So it exceede, be what it will it's well 45
 Omit no plague, and none will be inough.
 Wrong cannot be reueng'd, but by excesse

Fron. O spare this heate you yeelede too much to rage,
 Y'are too vnjust is there no meane in wrong ?

Guen Wrong claymes a meane, when first you offer wronge
 The meane is vaine, when wrong is in reuenge 51
 Great harmes cannot be hidde, the grieve is small,
 That can receaue aduise, or rule it selfe

Fron Hatred concealde doth often happe to huite,
 But once profest, it oftner failes reuenge 55
 How better tho, wert to repress your yie ?
 A Ladies best reuenge is to forgue.
 What meane is in your hate ? how much soe'er
 You can inuent, or dare . so much you hate

Guen. And would you knowe what meane there is in hate?
Call loue to minde, and see what meane is there. 61

My loue, redoubled loue, and constant faith
Engaged vnto *Mordred* workes so deepe
That both my hart and marrow quite be burnt,
And synewes dried with force of woontlesse flames, 65

Desire to ioy him still, torments my mynde.
Feare of his want doth add a double grieve.
Loe here the loue, that stirres this meanelesse hate

Fron. Eschew it farre such loue impugnes the lawes

Guen. Vnlawfull loue doth like, when lawfull lothes 70

Fron. And is your loue of husbände quite extinct?

Guen. The greater flame must needes delay the lesse.

Besides, his sore reuenge I greatly feare

Fron. How can you then attempt a fresh offence?

Guen. Who can appoint a stint to her offence? 75

Fron. But here the greatnesse of the fact should moue

Guen. The greater it, the fitter for my grieve.

Fron. To kill your spowse? *Guen.* A stranger, and a foe.

Fron. Your liedege and king? *Guen.* He wants both Realme
and Crowne

Fron. Nature affordes not to your sexe such strength. 80

Guen. Loue, anguish, wrath, will soone afforde inough.

Fron. What rage is this? *Guen.* Such as himselfe shall rue

Fron. Whom Gods doe presse inough, will you annoy?

Guen. Whom Gods doe presse, they bende whom man
annoies,

He breakes. *Fron.* Your grieve is more then his desertes 85

Ech fault requires an equall hate. be not seuer,

Where crimes be light as you haue felt, so greeue.

Guen. And seemes it light to want him nine yeare space?

Then to be spould of one I hold more deare?

Thinke all to much, b't ne'r so iust, that feedes 90

Continuall grieve: the lasting woe is worst

Fron. Yet let your highnesse shun these desperate moodes,
Cast of this rage, and fell disposed minde.

Put not shame quite to flight, haue some regard
 Both of your sex, and future fame of life. 95
 Vse no such cruell thoughts, as farre exceede
 A manly minde, much more a womans hart
Guen Well shame is not so quite exilde, but that
 I can, and will respect your sage aduise
 Your Counsell I accept, giue leaue a while, 100
 Till fiery wrath may slake, and rage relent *Exit* FRON

The third scene.

Gueneuora Angharat.

Guen. **T**HE loue, that for his rage will not be rulde,
 Must be restrande fame shall receiue no foile.
 Let *Arthur* hue, whereof to make him sure,
 My selfe will dye, and so preuent his harmes
 Why stayest thou thus amazde O slouthfull wrath? 5
 Mischiefe is meant, dispatch it on thy selfe.
Angh Her breast not yet appeasde from former rage
 Hath chaungde her wrath, which wanting meanes to worke
 An others woe, (for such is furies woont,)
 Seekes out his owne, and raues vpon it selfe 10
 Asswage (alas) that ouer feruent ire,
 Through to much anger, you offend too much.
 Thereby the rather you deserue to lue,
 For seeming worthy in your selfe to dye
Guen. Death is decreed what kinde of death, I doubt 15
 Whether to diound, or still vp this breath
 Or forcing blood, to dye with dint of knife.
 All hope of prosperous hap is gone, my fame,
 My faith, my spouse · no good is left vnlost:
 My selfe am left, ther's left both seas and lands, 20
 And sword, and fire, and chames, and choice of harmes.
 O gnawing easelesse grieve. Who now can heale
 16 this] his Q 17 Or forcing] On sorcing Q

Whiles woundes be cur'd, grieve is a salve for grieve.

Angh Griefe is no iust esteemer of our deedes

What so hath yet beene done, proceedes from chaunce 60

Guen The minde, and not the chaunce, doth make th'un-
chast,

Angh Then is your fault from *Fate*, you rest excusde
None can be deemed faultie for her *Fate*

Guen No *Fate*, but manners fayle, when we offende.

Impute mishaps to *Fates*, to manners faultes 65

Angh. Loue is an error, that may blinde the best.

Guen. A mightie error oft hath seemde a sinne
My death is vowed, and death must needs take place

But such a death, as standes with iust remorse
Death, to the worlde, and to her slipperie ioyes 70

A full deuorce from all this Courtly pompe
Where dayly pennance done for each offence,
May render due reuenge for euery wrong

Which to accomplish . pray my dearest friends,
That they forthwith attyrde in saddest guise, 75
Conduct me to the Cloister next hereby,
There to professe, and to renounce the world.

Angh Alas¹ What chaunge were that, from Kingly ioffes
To Cloistered celles² To liue, and die at once?
To want your stately troupes, your friends and kinne³ 80
To shun the shewes and sights of stately Court.
To see in sort aliue, your Countries death⁴
Yea, what so'er euen Death it selfe withdrawes
From any els, that life with drawes from you

Yet since your highnes is so fully bent, 85
I will obay, the whiles assuage your grieve. *Exit.*

86 *no period after grieve Q*

The fourth scene.

Mordred Gueneuora Conan

Mord THE houre which eaist I alwaies feared most,
 The certaine iume of my desperate state,
 Is happened now why turnst thou (minde) thy back?
 Why at the first assault doest thou recoile?

Trust to't the angry Heauens contriue some spight, 5
 And dreadfull doome, t'augment thy cursed hap.
 Oppose to ech reuenge thy guiltie heade,
 And shun no paine nor plague fit for thy fact.

What shouldst thou feare, that seest not what to hope?
 No danger's left befoie, all's at thy backe 10
 He safely stands, that stands beyond his harmes.

Thine (death) is all, that East, or West can see,
 For thee we liue, our comming is not long,
 Spare vs, but whiles we may prepare our graues,
 Though thou wert slowe, we hasten of our selues. 15

The houre that gaue, did also take our lues.
 No sooner men, then mortall were we borne
 I see mine end drawes on, I feele my plagues

Guen. No plague for one ill borne, to dye as ill

Mord O Queene! my sweete associate in this plunge, 20
 And desperate plight, beholde, the time is come,
 That either iustifies our former faults,
 Or shortly sets vs free from euery feare.

Guen. My feare is past, and wedlock loue hath woonne.
 Retire we thither yet, whence first we ought 25
 Not to haue stird. Call backe chast faith againe.

The way, that leads to good, is ne'r to late
 Who so repents, is guiltlesse of his crimes

Mord What meanes this course? Is *Arthurs* wedlocke safe?
 Or can he loue, that hath iust cause to hate? 30

That nothing else were to be feared:
 Is most apparant, that he hates at home,

What e'r he be, whose fansie strays abroad ?

Thinke then, our loue is not vnknownen to him
Whereof what patience can be safely hopte ? 35
Nor loue, nor soueraignetie can beare a peere.

Guen Why dost thou still stirre vp my flames delayde ?
His strays and errors must not moue my minde
A law for priuate men bindes not the King

What, that I ought not to condemne my liedge, 40
Nor can, thus guiltie to myne owne offence ?
Where both haue done amisse, both will relent.
He will forgue, that needes must be forgien.

Mord. A likely thing you faults must make you friends .
What sets you both at odds, must iointe you both 45

Thinke well he casts already for reuenge,
And how to plague vs both. I know his law,
A Iudge seure to vs, milde to himselfe.

What then auales you to returne to late,
When you haue past to faire ? You feede vaine hopes. 50

Guen The further past, the more this fault is yours .
It seru'd your turne, t'usurpe your fathers Crowne
His is the crime, whom crime stands most in steede.

Mord. They, that conspire in faults offend a like .
Crime makes them equall, whom it iointly staines. 55

If for my sake you then pertooke my guilt,
You cannot guiltlesse seeme, the crime was ioint.

Guen Well should she seeme most guiltlesse vnto thee,
Whate'r she be, that's guiltie for thy sake.

The remnant of that sober minde, which thou 60
Hadst heretofore nere vanquisht, yet resists.
Suppresses for shame that impious mouth so taught,
And to much skild t'abuse the wedded bed

Looke backe to former *Fates* *Troy* still had stooode,
Had not her Prince made light of wedlocks lore. 65
The vice, that threw downe *Troy*, doth threat thy Throne .

[58 should] should should Q The second should is crossed out with ink in the Garrick copy

Take heede : there *Mordred* stands, whence *Paris* fell *Exit.*

Cona Since that your highnes knowes for certaine truth

What power your sue prepares to claime his right ·

It neerely now concernes you to resolute

70

In humblest sort to reconcile your selfe

Gaunst his returne *Mord.* will warre *Cona.* that lies in
chaunce

Mord. I haue as great a share in chaunce, as he

Cona. His waies be blinde, that maketh chaunce his guide

Mord. Whose refuge lies in *Chance*, what dares he not ? 75

Cona. Warres were a crime farre worse then all the rest.

Mord. The safest passage is from bad to worse.

Cona. That were to passe too farre, and put no meane.

Mord. He is a foole, that puts a meane in crimes.

Cona. But sword and fire would cause a common wound 80

Mord. So sword and fire will often seare the soare.

Cona. Extremest cures must not be vsed first.

Mord. In desperate times, the headlong way is best.

Cona. Y'haue many foes. *Mord.* No more then faythfull
friends.

Cona. Trust to't, their faith will faint, where *Fortune* failes.

Where many men pretend a loue to one, 86

Whose power may doe what good, and harme he will ·

T'is hard to say, which be his faithfull friends

Dame Flatterie flitteth oft · she loues and hates

With time, a present friend an absent foe. 90

〈*Mord.*〉 But yet y'll hope the best. 〈*Cona.*〉 Euen then
you feare

The worst. Feares follow hopes, as fumes doe flames.

Mischiefe is sometimes safe : but ne'r secure

The wrongfull Scepter's held with trembling hand.

Mord. Whose rule wants right, his safety's in his Sword. 95

75 *Chance*] corrected in G Q from chaunce with a printed slip Apparently the word was similarly corrected in the two lines above, but the slips have come off—as this one did as I was examining the copy in the British Museum 91 *Mord.*, *Cona.*] Q omits there are marks in G Q of slips which have become detached and lost.

For Sword and Scepter comes to Kings at once.

Cona. The Kingliest point is to affect but right,

Mord Weake is the Scepters hold, that seekes but right,
The care whereof hath danger'd many Crownes
As much as water differeth from the fie, 100
So much man's profit iarres from what is iust.

A free recourse to wrong doth oft secure
The doubtfull seate, and plucks downe many a foe.
The Sword must seldome cease: a Soueraignes hand
Is scantly safe, but whiles it smites Let him 105
Vsurpe no Crowne, that likes a guiltles life
Aspiring power and Iustice sield agree.
He alwaies feares, that shames to offer wrong.

Cona What sonne would vse such wrong against his sire?

Mord. Come sonne, come sire, I first preferre my selfe. 110
And since a wrong must be, then it excels,
When t'is to gaine a Crowne I hate a peere,
I loath, I yrke, I doe detest a head.
B't *Nature*, be it *Reason*, be it *Pride*,
I loue to rule. my minde nor with, nor by, 115
Nor after any claimes, but chiefe and first.

Cona Yet thinke what fame and grieuous bruits would runne
such disloyall and vniust attempts.

Mord. *Fame* goe's not with our Ghosts, the senselesse soule
Once gone, neglects what vulgar brute reports. 120

She is both light and vaine. *Conan* She noteth though
<*Mord.*> She feareth States. *Conan.* She carpeth ne'r the
lesse.

Mord She's soone suppress *Conan* As soone she springs
agaime,

Mord. Touns are vntamde · and *Fame* is Enuies Dogge,
That absent barckes, and present fawnes as fast. 125
It fearing dares, and yet hath neuer done,
But dures: though Death redeeme vs from all foes

122 *Mord.*] *Q* omits: mark of detached ship *G Q* Evidently this copy
was carefully revised by the printer at the auithor's request.

Besides, yet Death redeemes vs not from Tounge.

E'r *Arthur* land, the Sea shall blush with blood
 And all the Stronds with smoaking slaughters reeke. 130
 Now (*Mars*) protect me in my first attempt
 If *Mordred* scape, this Realme shall want no warres. *Exeunt.*

CHORVS

- 1 See here the drifts of *Gorlois* Cornish Duke,
 And deepe desire to shake his Soueaignes Throne
 How foule his fall, how bitter his rebuke,
 Whiles wife, and weale, and life, and all be gone?
 He now in Hell tormented wants that good 5
 Lo, lo the end of trayterous bones and blood
- 2 *Pendragon* bioylde with flames of filthy fires,
 By *Merlins* mists inioyde *Igernas* bed,
 Next spoiled *Gorlois* doubting his desires,
 Then was himselfe through force of poyson sped 10
 Who sowes in sinne, in sinne shall reape his paine
 The Doome is sworne. Death guerdon's death againe.
- 3 Whiles *Arthur* warres abroad and reapes renowne,
Gueneuora preferres his sonnes desire.
 And trayterous *Mordred* still vsurpes the Crowne, 15
 Affording fuell to her quenchlesse fire.
 But Death's too good, and life too sweete for thease,
 That wanting both, should tast of neithers ease.
- 4 In *Rome* the gaping gulfe would not decrease,
 Till *Curtius* coise had closde her yawning iawes 20
 In *Theb's* the Rotte and Murreine would not cease,
 Till *Laius* broode had paide for breach of lawes
 In *Brytain* warres and discord will not stent :
 Till *Viher's* line and offspring quite be spent.

The Argument of the second Act.

- 1 IN the first Scene a *Nuntio* declareth the successe of
Arthur's warres in *France*, and *Mordred's* foile that
 resisted his landing.
- 2 In the second Scene *Mordred* enraged at the ouerthrow,
 voweth a second battaile, notwithstanding *Conan's* disswa- 5
 sion to the contrarie.
- 3 In the third Scene *Gawin* (brother to *Mordred* by the
 mother) with an Heralt from *Arthur* to imparle of peace,
 but after some debate thereof peace is reiected
- 4 In the fourth Scene the King of *Ireland* & other forrein 10
 Princes assure *Mordred* of their assistance against *Arthur*.

The Argument and manner of the
 second dumbe shewe

WHILES the Musicke sounded there came out of *Mordred's*
 house a man stately attyred representing a King, who walking
 once about the Stage. Then out of the house appointed for *Arthur*,
 there came three *Nymphes* apparaild accordingly, the first holding
 a *Cornucopia* in her hand, the second a golden braunch of Oliue, the 5
 third a sheaffe of *Corne*. These orderly one after another offered
 these presents to the King who scornefully refused After the which
 there came a man bareheaded, with blacke long shagged haire
 downe to his shoulders, apparaild with an Irish Iacket and shirt,
 hauing an Irish dagger by his side and a dart in his hand. Who 10
 first with a threatening countenance looking about, and then spying
 the King, did furiously chase and drue him into *Mordreds* house.
 The King represented *Mordred* The three *Nymphes* with their
 proffers the treatice of peace, for the which *Arthur* sent *Gawin*
 with an Herault vnto *Mordred* who reiected it: The Irish man 15
 signified Reuenge and Furie which *Mordred* conceued after his
 foile on the Shoares, whereunto *Mordred* headlong yeeldeth him-
 selfe.

II. Arg. 6 to], 9 after], 11 Princes] have been clipped by the binder in
 both copies. So with house a, the, three, the, orderly below. 11 assist-
 ance] assistane Q

THE SECOND ACT

and first Scene.

Nuntius

Nunt. **L**O here at length the stately type of *Troy*,
 And *Brytain* land the promist seate of *Brute*,
 Deckt with so many spoyles of conquered Kings
 Haile natue soyle, these nine yeares space vnseene .
 To thee hath long renowmed *Rome* at last 5
 Held vp her hands, bereaft of former pompe.
 But first inflamde with woonted valures heate,
 Amidst our sorest siede and thickest broyles,
 She stoutly fought, and fiercely waged warres
Tiberius courage gaue, vpbraiding oft 10
 The *Romane* force, their woonted lucke, and long
 Retained rule, by warres throughout the world.
 What shame it were, since such atchiued spoiles,
 And conquests gaind both farre and wide, to want
 Of courage then, when most it should be mou'd. 15
 How *Brytaines* erst paide tribute for their peace,
 But now rebell, and dare them at their dooies
 For what was *Fraunce* but theirs? Herewith incenst
 They fiencely rau'd, and bent their force a fresh
 Which *Arthur* spying, cryed with thundring voyce, 20
 Fye, (*Brytaines*) fye what hath bewitcht you thus?
 So many Nations foilde, must *Romans* foile?
 What slouth is this? Haue you forgot to warre,
 Which ne'r knew houre of peace? Tuine to your foes,
 Where you may bath in blood, and fight your fill 25
 Let courage worke . what can he not that dares?
 Thus he pussant guide in doubtfull warres,
 A shamde to shun his foes, inflamde his friends.
 Then yeelding to his stately Stead the raignes,
 He furious driues the *Romane* troupes about 30

He plies each place, least *Fates* mought alter ought,
 Pursuing hap, and vrging each successe.
 He yeelds in nought, but instantly persists
 In all attempts, wherein what so withstands
 His wish, he ioyes to worke a way by wracke. 35
 And matching death to death, no passage seekes,
 But what destruction works, with blade or blood.
 He scornes the yeelded way, he fiercely iaues
 To breake and bruse the rancks in thickest throngs,
 All headlong bent, and pnone to present spoile. 40

The foes inforc't withstand but much dismaide
 They senselesse fight, whiles millions lose their lues.
 At length *Tiberius*, pierst with point of speare,
 Doth bleeding fall, engoard with deadly wound.
 Hereat the rest recoile, and headlong flie, 45
 Each man to saue himselfe. The battaile quailes
 And *Brytaines* winne vnto their most renowne.

Then *Arthur* tooke *Tiberius* breathlesse Corse,
 And sent it to the Senators at *Rome*,
 With charge to say : This is the tribute due 50
 Which *Arthur* ought, as time hereafter serues,
 He'll pay the like againe · the whiles he rests
 Your debtor thus. But O ! this sweete successe
 Pursu'd with greater harmes, turn'd soone to sowre.

For lo · when forreine soiles and seas were past 55
 With safe returne, and that the King should land
 Who, but his onely sonne (O outrage rare)
 With hugie hoast withstoode him at the shoare ?
 There were preparte the forreine aides from farre,
 There were the borrowed powers of diuers Kings, 60
 There were our parents, brethien, sonnes and kinne,
 Their wrath, their ire, there *Mordred* was thy rage.
 Where erst we sought abroad for foes to foile,
 Beholde, our *Fates* had sent vs foes vnsought.
 When forreine Realmes supplanted want supplie 65

O blessed Home, that hath such boonne in store

But let this part of *Arthurs* prowesse lurke,

Nor let it e'r appeare by my report,

What monstrous mischiefes raue in ciuill warres

O rather let due teares, and waylings want . 70

Let all in silence sinke, what hence insu'd.

What best deserueth mention here, is this

That *Mordred* vanquisht trusted to his flight,

That *Arthur* ech where victor is returnd.

And lo . where *Mordred* comes with heauy head, 75

He wieldes no slender waight that wieldes a Crowne. *Exit*

The second scene.

Mordred. Conan.

Mord **A**ND hath he wonne? Be Stronds & shoares possest?
AIs *Mordred* foilde? the realme is yet vnwonne

And *Mordred* lues reseru'd for *Arthurs* death .

Well . t'was my first conflict I knew not yet

What warres requir'd . but now my sworde is flesht, 5

And taught to goare and bath in hoatest bloode

Then thinke not *Arthur* that the Crowne is wonne

Thy first successe may rue our next assault.

Euen at our next incounter (hap when 'twill)

I vowe by Heauen, by Earth, by Hell, by all, 10

That either thou, or I, or both shall dye.

Cona. Nought shoulde be rashly vowe against your sire

Mord. Whose breast is free from rage may soone b'aduisde

Cona. The best redresse for rage is to relent.

Mord. Tis better for a King to kill his foes 15

Cona. So that the Subiects also iudge them foes.

Mord. The Subiects must not iudge their Kings decrees.

Cona The Subiects force is great. *Mord*. Greater the Kings.

Cona. The more you may, the more you ought to feare.

Mord. He is a foole, that feareth what he may. 20

Cona. Not what you may, but what you ought is iust

Mord. He that amongst so many, so vnust,
Seekes to be iust, seekes perill to him selfe.

Cona. A greater peill comes by breach of lawes

Mord. The Lawes doe licence as the Soueraigne lists. 25

Cona. Lest ought he list, whom lawes doe licence most

Mord. Imperiall power abhorres to be restrainde.

Cona. As much doe meaner groomes to be compeld

Mord. The *Fates* haue heau'de and raisde my force on high.

Cona. The gentler should you presse those, that are low. 30

Mord. I would be feard *Cona.* The cause why Subiects
hate

Mord. A Kingdom's kept by feare *Cona.* And lost by hate.
He feares as man himselfe, whom many feare

Mord. The timerous Subject dares attempt no chaundge.

Cona. What dares not desperate dread? *Mord.* What torture
threats 35

Cona. O spare, tware saffer to be lou'de *Mord.* As safe
To be obaide. *Cona.* Whiles you command but well.

Mord. Where Rulers dare commaund but what is well :
Powre is but prayer, commaundment but request.

Cona. If powre be ioynde with right, men must obay. 40

Mord. My will must goe for right. *Cona.* If they assent.

Mord. My sword shall force assent. *Cona.* No, Gods
forbid

Mord. What? shall I stande whiles *Arthur* sheads my bloode?
And must I yeelde my necke vnto the Axe?

Whom *Fates* constrayne, let him forgoe his blisse 45

But he that needlesse yeldes vnto his bane,

When he may shunne, doth well deserue to loose

The good he cannot vse · who would sustaine

A baser life, that may maintaine the best?

We cannot part the Crowne · A regall Throne 50

21 *Q comma at end of lene* 28 groomes] roomes *Q* 35 *Mord.*]
Cona Q 42 *no comma after No Q*

Is not for two The Scepter fittes but one
 But whether is the fittet of vs two,
 That must our swoides decerne and shortly shall.

Cona How much were you to be renowned more,
 If casting off these ruinous attempts, 55
 You woulde take care howe to supplie the losse,
 Which former warres, and forraine broyles haue wrought.
 Howe to deserue the peoples heartes with peace,
 With quiet rest, and deepe desired ease

Not to increase the rage that long hath raignde, 60
 Nor to destroy the realme, you seeke to rule
 Your Father rearde it vp, you plucke it downe.
 You loose your Countrey whiles you winne it thus
 To make it yours, you strue to make it none.
 Where Kings impose too much, the commons grudge 65
 Goodwill withdrawes, assent becomes but slowe.

Mord Must I to gaine renowne, incurre my plague
 Or hoping prayse sustaine an exiles life ?
 Must I for Countries ease disease my selfe,
 Or for their loue dispise my owne estate ? 70

No. Tis my happe that *Brytain* serues my tourne,
 That feare of me doth make the Subiects crouch,
 That what they grudge, they do constrayned yeeld
 If their assents be slowe, my wrath is swift,
 Whom fauour failes to bende, let furie breake. 75
 If they be yet to learne, let terrour teach,
 What Kings may doe, what Subiects ought to beare.

Then is a Kingdome at a wished staye,
 When whatsoeuer the Souereigne wills, or milles,
 Men be compelde as well to praise, as beare, 80

65 commons grudge] *corr in G Q to* Realme enuies 67-70 Must I
 estate] *corr in G Q to*

The first Art in a Kingdome is, to scorne
 The Enuie of the Realme He cannot rule,
 That feares to be enuide What can diuorce
 Enuie from Soueraigntie ? Must my deserts ?

In each case it is a printed slip attached at one end so that the words underneath can be read, the backs of the slips are blank.

And Subiects willes inforc'd against their willes

Cona But who so seekes true praise, and iust renownme,
Would rather seeke their praysing heartes, then tongues

Mord True praise may happen to the basest groome,
A forced prayse to none, but to a Prince 85
I wish that most, that Subiects most repine.

Cona. But yet where warres doe threaten your estate,
There needeth friendes to fortifie your Crowne.

Mord Ech Crowne is made of that attractiue mould,
That of it selfe it drawes a full defence. 90

Cona. That is a iust, and no vsurped Crowne.
And better were an exiles life, then thus
Disloyally to wronge your Sire and Liedge.
Thinke not that impious crimes can prosper long,
A time they scape, in time they be repaide. 95

Mord. The hugest crimes bring best successe to some.

Cona Those some be rare. *Mord.* Why may not I be rare?

Cona It was their hap *Mord* It is my hope. *Cona.* But
hope

May misse, where hap doth hurle *Mord.* So hap may hit,
Where hope doth ayme. *Conan.* But hap is last, and rules 100
The stearne *Mord* So hope is first, and hoists the saile.

Cona Yet feare . the first and last doe sielede agree.

Mord. Nay dare . the first and last haue many meanes.
But cease at length : your speach molests me much .
My minde is fixt Giue *Mordred* leaue to doe, 105
What *Conan* neither can allow, nor like.

Cona. But loe an Herault sent from *Arthurs* hoast .
Gods graunt his message may portend our good

The third scene.

Herault. Gawin. Mordred.

Hera **Y**OVR Sire (O Prince) considering what distresse,
The Realme sustaines by both your mutuall
waires,

Hath sent your brother *Gawin Albane* King
To treat of truce, and to imparle of peace

Mord Speake brother what commaundment sends my Sire?
What message doe you bring? My life, or death? 6

Gawi. A message farie vnmeete, most needefull tho.
The Sire commaunds not, where the Sonne rebels
His loue descends too deepe to wish your death

Mord And mine ascends to high to wish his life 10

Gawi. Yet thus he offreth though your faults be great,
And most disloyall to his deepe abuse.

Yet yeelde you selfe. he'll be as prone to grace,
As you to ruth. An Uncle, Sire, and Liedge
And fitter were your due submission done, 15
Then wrongfull warres to reauue his right and Realme.

Mord It is my fault, that he doth want his right.
It is his owne, to vexe the Realme with warres.

Gawi It is his right, that he attempts to seeke.
It is your wrong, that driueth him thereto. 20

Mord. T'is his insatiate minde, that is not so content,
Which hath so many Kingdomes more besides.

Gawi The more you ought to tremble at his powre.

Mord. The greater is my conquest, if I winne.

Gawi. The more your foile, if you should hap to loose. 25
For *Arthurs* fame, and vallure's such, as you
Should rather imitate, or at the least
Enuie, if hope of better fantasies failde.
For whereas Enuie raignes, though it repines,
Yet doth it feare a greater then it selfe. 30

Mord He that enuies the valure of his foe,
Detects a want of valure in himselfe.
He fondly fights, that fights with such a foe,
Where t'were a shame to loose, no praise to winne.
But with a famous foe, succede what will, 35
To winne is great renowne, to loose lesse foile.
His conquests, were they more, dismaie me not:
The oftner they haue beene, the more they threat

No danger can be thought both safe, and oft
And who hath oftner waged warres then he? 40
Escapes secure him not . he owes the price .

Whom *chaunce* hath often mist, *chaunce* hits at length
Or, if that *Chaunce* haue furthered his successe,
So may she mine for *Chaunce* hath made me king.

Gawr As *Chaunce* hath made you King, so *Chaunce* may
change 45

Prouide for peace that's it the highest piers,
No state except, euen Conquerours ought to seeke
Remember *Arthurs* strength, his conquestes late,
His fierie mynde, his high aspiring heart.

Marke then the oddes : he expert, you vntried . 50
He ripe, you greene . yeelde you, whiles yet you may,
He will not yeelde he winnes his peace with warres

Modr If *Chaunce* may chaunge, his *Chaunce* was last to
winne.

The likelier now to loose . his hautie heart
And minde I know . I feele mine owne no lesse. 55
As for his strength, and skill, I leaue to happe
Where many meete, it lies not all in one

What though he vanquisht haue the Romaine troupes?
That bootes him not : him selfe is vanquisht here
Then waigh your wordes againe if Conquerours ought 60
To seeke for peace The Conquered must perforce.

But he'll not yeelde, he'll purchase peace with warres
Well yeelde that will I neither will, nor can .
Come peace, come warres, chuse him . my danger's his,
His saffetie mine, our states doe stande alike 65
If peace be good, as good for him, as me
If warres be good, as good for me, as him.

Gawr What Cursed warres (alas) were those, wherein
Both sonne and sire shoulde so oppose themselues?
Him, whom you nowe vnhappy man pursue, 70
If you should winne, your selfe would first bewayle.
Giue him his Crowne, to keepe it perill breeds.

Mord. The Crowne Ile keepe my selfe insue what will
 Death must be once how soone, I lest respect
 He best prouides that can beware in time, 75
 Not why, nor when but whence, and where he fals.

What foole, to lue a yeare or twaine in rest,
 Woulde loose the state, and honour of a Crowne?

Gawi. Consider then your Fathers grieffe, and want
 Whom you bereaue of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne. 80

Mord. Trust me · a huge and mightie kingdome tis,
 To beare the want of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne

Gawi. A common want, which wookes ech worldlings woe,
 That many haue too much, but none inough.

It were his praise, could he be so content, 85
 Which makes you guiltie of the greater wrong

Wherefore thinke on the doubtfull state of warres,
 Where *Mars* hath sway, he keepes no certayne course
 Sometimes he lettes the weaker to preuaile,
 Some times the stronger stoupes · hope, feare, and rage 90
 With eylesse lott rules all, vncertayne good,
 Most certaine harmes, be his assured happes.

No lucke can last, nowe here, now their it lights
 No state alike, *Chaunce* blindly snatcheth all,
 And *Fortune* maketh guiltie whom she listes. 95

Mord. Since therefore feare, and hope, and hadde in warres
 Be all obscure, till their successe be seene ·

Your speach doth rather driue me on to trie,
 And trust them all, mine onely refuge now.

Gawi. And feare you not so strange and vncouth warres? 100

Mord. No, were they warres that grew from out the ground.

Gawi. Nor yet your sire so huge, your selfe so small?

Mord. The smallest axe may fell the hugest oake

Gawi. Nor that in felling him, your selfe may fall?

Mord. He falleth well, that falling fells his foe. 105

Gawi. Nor common *Chance* whereto each man is thrall?

Mord. Small manhood were to turne my backe to *Chance*

Gawi. Nor that if *Chance* afflict, kings brooke it not?

Mord I beare no breast so vnpreparde for harmes.
 Euen that I holde the kinghest point of all, 110
 To brooke afflictions well And by how much
 The more his state and tottering Empire sagges,
 To fixe so much the faster foote on ground.

No feare but doth foreiudge, and many fall
 Into their *Fate*, whiles they doe feare their *Fate*. 115
 Where courage quailes, the feare exceeds the harme,
 Yea worse than warre it selfe, is feare of warre

Gawi Warre seemeth sweete to such as haue not tried
 But wisdomes wils we should forecast the worst.
 The end allowes the act : that plot is wise, 120
 That knowes his meanes, and least relies on *Chance*
 Eschue the course where errour lurkes, their growes
 But grieve, where paine is spent, no hope to speed.

Striue not aboute your strength · for where your force
 Is ouer matchte with your attempts, it faints, 125
 And fruitlesse leaues, what bootlesse it began

Mord. All things are rulde in constant course . No *Fate*
 But is foreset, The first daie leades the last.
 No wisdomes then : but difference in conceit,
 Which workes in many men, as many mindes 130

You loue the meane, and follow vertues race
 I like the top, and aime at greater blisse
 You rest content, my minde aspires to more :
 In brieve, you feare, I hope you doubt, I dare.

Since then the sagest counsailes are but strifes, 135
 Where equall wits may wreast each side alike,
 Let counsaile go : my purpose must proceede
 Each likes his course, mine owne doth like me best.

Wherefore e'r *Arthur* breath, or gather strength,
 Assault we him least he assault vs first. 140
 He either must destroie, or be destroide
 The mischiefe's in the midst · catch he that can.

Gawi But will no reason rule that desperate minde?

Mord. A fickle minde that euerie reason rules.

I rest resolu'd : and to my Sire say thus

145

If here he stay but three daies to an end,
And not forthwith discharge his band and hoast,
Tis *Mordreds* oath assure himselfe to die.

But if he finde his courage so to serue,
As for to stand to his defence with force

150

In *Cornewalle* if he dare, I'le trye it out

Gawi. O strange contempt like as the craggy rocke,
Resists the streames, and flings the waltering waues
A loofe, so he reiects and scornes my words

Exit

The fourth scene.

Gilla Gillamor Cheldrichus.
Dux Pictorum Conan

Mord. **L**O, where (as they decreed) my faithfull friends
Haue kept their time, be all your powers repaire?

Gilla They be . and all with ardent mindes to *Mars*,
They cry for warres, and longing for th'allarme
Euen now they wish t'incounter with their foes

5

Mord. What could be wisht for more? Puissant King
For your great helpe and valiant *Irish* force,
If I obtaine the conquest in these warres,
Whereas my father claimes a tribute due
Out of your Realme, I here renounce it quite.
And if assistance neede in doubtfull times,
I will not faile to aide you with the like.

10

Gyll It doth suffice me to discharge my Realme,
Or at the least to wreke me on my foes
I rather like to liue your friend and piere,
Then rest in *Arthurs* homage and disgrace.

15

Mord Right noble Duke, through whom the *Saxons* vowe
Their lues with mine, for my defence in warres .

If we preuaile and may subdue our foes
 I will in liew of your so high deserts, 20
 Geue you and yours all *Brytish* lands that lie
 Betweene the flood of *Humber*, and the *Scottes*,
 Besides as much in *Kent* as *Horsus* and
Hengistus had, when *Vortigern* was King
Chel Your gracious proffers I accept with thanks, 25
 Not for the gaine, but that the good desire
 I haue henceforth to be your subiect here,
 May thereby take effect: which I esteeme
 More then the rule I beare in *Saxon* soile
Mord. (Renowmed Lord) for your right hardy *Picts*, 30
 And chosen warriors to maintaine my cause,
 If our attempts receiue a good successe,
 The *Albane* Crowne I giue to you and yours
Pict. Your highnes bountie in so high degree,
 Were cause inough to moue me to my best. 35
 But sure your selfe, without regard of meede,
 Should finde both me and mine at your commaund
Mord. Lord *Gilla*, if my hope may take successe,
 And that I be thereby vndoubted King,
 The *Cornish* Dukedome I allot to you 40
Gilla My Liedege to further your desir'd attempts,
 I ioyfully shall spend my dearest blood
 The rather, that I found the King your Sire
 So heauy Lord to me, and all my stocke
Mord. Since then our rest is on't, and we agreed 45
 To warre it out what resteth now but blowes?
 Driue Destinies on with swords, *Mars* frames the meanes,
 Henceforth what *Mordred* may, now lies in you.
 Ere long if *Mars* insue with good successe,
 Looke whatsoe'r it be, that *Arthur* claimes, 50
 By right, or wrong, or conquests gaind with blood,
 In *Brytaine*, or abroade is mine to giue.
 To shewe I would haue said: I cannot giue,
 51 or wrong] *So corr. with printed slip in GQ. a wrong KQ*

What euery hand must giue vnto it selfe
 Whereof who lists to purchase any share, 55
 Now let him seeke and winne it with his Sword
 The *Fates* haue laide it open in the field.

What Starres (O Heauens) or Poles, or Powers diuine
 Doe graunt so great rewards for those that winne?
 Since then our common good, and ech mans care 60
 Requires our ioint assistance in these toyles
 Shall we not hazard our extreamest hap,
 And rather spend our *Fates*, then spare our foes?

The cause, I care for most, is chiefly yours ·
 This hand and hart shall make mine owne secure. 65
 That man shall see me foiled by my selfe,
 What e'r he be, that sees my foe vnfolde.

Feare not the feild because of *Mordreds* faults,
 Nor shrinke one iotte the more for *Arthurs* right.
 Full safely *Fortune* guideth many a guilt, 70
 And *Fates* haue none but wretches whom they wrenche

Wherefore make speede to cheare your Souldiers harts,
 That to their fires you yet may adde more flames
 The side that seekes to winne in ciuill warres,
 Must not content it selfe with woonted heate. 75

Exeunt omnes preter Mordred & Conan

Cona. **W**ould God your highnes had beene more ad
 uisde,

Ere too much will had drawn your wits too farre ·
 Then had no warres indangered you, nor yours,
 Nor *Mordreds* cause required forreine caie.

Mord. A troubled head . my minde reuolts to feare, 80
 And beares my body backe : I inwards feele my fall.
 My thoughts misgeue me much downe terror : I
 Perceiue mine ende and desperate though I must
 Despire Dispaire, and somewhat hopelesse hope.
 The more I doubt, the more I dare by feare 85
 I finde the fact is fittest for my fame.

What though I be a ruine to the Realme,
 And fall my selfe therewith? No better end.
 His last mishaps doe make a man secure
 Such was King *Priams* ende, who, when he dyed, 90
 Closde and wrapt vp his Kingdome in his death.
 A solemne pompe, and fit for *Mordreds* minde,
 To be a graue and tombe to all his Realme. *Exeunt*

CHORVS.

- 1 Ye Princely Peeres extold to seates of State,
 Seeke not the faire, that soone will turne to fowle.
 Oft is the fall of high and howering *Fate*,
 And rare the roome, which time doth not controwle.
 The safest seate is not on highest hill, 5
 Where windes, and stormes, and thunders thumpe their ill.
 Farre safer were to follow sound aduise,
 Then for such pride to pay so deare a price.
- 2 The mounting minde that climes the hauty cliftes,
 And soaring seekes the tip of lofty type, 10
 Intoxicats the braine with guiddy drifts,
 Then rowles, and reeles, and falles at length plum ripe.
 Loe. heauing hie is of so small forecast,
 To totter first, and tumble downe at last.
 Yet *Pægasus* still reares himselfe on hie, 15
 And coltishly doth kicke the cloudes in Skie.
- 3 Who sawe the grieffe engrauen in a Crowne,
 Or knew the bad and bane whereto it's bound.
 Would neuer sticke to throwe and fling it downe,
 Nor once vouchsafe to heaue it from the ground. 20
 Such is the sweete of this ambitious powre,
 No sooner had, then turnde eftsoones to sowre.
 Atchieu'd with enuie, exercisde with hate,
 Garded with feare, supported with debate.

- 4 O restlesse race of high aspyring head, 25
 O worthlesse rule both pittied and inuied
 How many Millions to their losse you lead :
 With loue and lure of Kingdomes blisse vntryed ?
 So things vntasted cause a quenchlesse thirst,
 Which, were they knowne, would be refused first, 30
 Yea, oft we see, yet seeing cannot shonne
 The fact, we finde as fondly dar'd, as donne.

The argument of the third Act.

- 1 **I**N the first Scene *Cador* and *Howell* incite and exhort
Arthur vnto warre. Who mooued with Fatherly affection
 towards his sonne, notwithstanding their perswasions re-
 solueth vpon peace.
 2 In the second Scene, an Herault is sent from *Mordred* to 5
 commaund *Arthur* to discharge his armies vnder paine of
 death, or otherwise if he dare, to trie it by Battaile.
 3 In the third Scene *Arthur* calleth his Assistants and Souldiers
 together, whom he exhorteth to pursue their foes.
 4 In the fourth Scene *Arthur* between grieve and despaire 10
 resolueth to warre

The Argument and manner of the
 third dumbe shewe

DVring the Musicke after the second Act. There came vpon
 the stage two gentlemen attyred in peaceable manner, which
 brought with them a Table, Carpet, and Cloth and then hauing
 couered the Table they furnisht it with incense on the one ende, and
 banqueting dishes on the other ende. Next there came two gentle- 5
 men apparelled like Souldiers with two naked Swordes in their
 handes, the which they laide a crosse vpon the Table Then there
 came two sumptuously attyred and warrelike, who, spying this
 preparation smelled the incense and tasted the banquet. During

the which there came a Messenger and deliuered certaine letters to 10
 those two that fedde on the daimeties who, after they had well
 viewed and perused the letters, furiously flung the banquet vnder
 feete. and violently snatching the Swordes vnto them, they hastily
 went their way. By the first two that brought in the banquet was
 meant the seruants of Peace, by the second two were meant the 15
 seruants of Warre. By the two last were meant *Arthur* and *Cador*
 By the Messenger and his Letters was meant the defiance from
Mordred

THE THIRD ACT

and Fyrste scene.

Arthur Cador Howell.

Arth. IS this the welcome that my Realme prepares?
 Be these the thanks I winne for all my warres?

Thus to forbid me land? to slaie my friends?

To make their blood distaine my Countrie shoares?

My sonne (belike) least that our force should faint 5
 For want of warres, preparede vs warres himselfe.

He thought (perhaps) it mought empaire our fame,

If none rebeld, whose foile might praise our power.

Is this the fruit of *Mordreds* forward youth,
 And tender age discreet beyond his yeres? 10

O false and guilfull life, O craftie world

How cunningly conuaiest thou fraude vnseene?

Thambitious seemeth meeke, the wanton chast,

Disguised vice for vertue vants it selfe

Thus (*Arthur*) thus hath *Fortune* plaid her part, 15
 Blinde for thy weale, cleare sighted for thy woe.

Thy kingdome's gone, thy phere affordes no faith,

Thy sonne rebels, of all thy wonted pompe

No iot is left, and *Fortune* hides her face.

No place is left for prosperous plight, mishaps 20

16 comma after *Cador* Q

III. 1. Fyrste] So corr with printed shp in GQ second KQ

Haue roome and waies to runne and walke at will.

Lo (*Cador*) both our states, your daughter's trust,
My sonn's respect, our hopes reposde in both

Cado The time (puissant Prince) permits not now
To moane our wrongs, or search each seuerall soie. 25
Since *Arthur* thus hath ransackt all abroad,
What meruaile ist, if *Mordred* raue at home ?

When farie and neere your waries had worne the world,
What warres were left for him, but ciuill warres ?

All which requires reuenge with sword and fire, 30
And to pursue your foes with present force.
In iust attempts *Mars* giues a rightfull doome

Arth Nay rather (*Cador*) let them runne their race,
And leaue the Heauens reuengers of my wrong
Since *Brytaines* prosperous state is thus debasde 35
In seruile sort to *Mordreds* cursed pride,

Let me be thrall, and leade a priuate life
None can refuse the yoake his Countrie beares.
But as for warres, insooth my flesh abhorres,
To bid the battayle to my proper bloud 40
Great is the loue, which nature doth inforce
From kin to kin, but most from sire to sonne.

Howe The noble necke disdaines the seruile yoke,
Where rule hath pleasde, subiection seemeth strange.
A King ought alwaies to preferre his Realme, 45
Before the loue he beares to kin or sonne.

Your Realme destroide is neere restord againe,
But time may send you kine and sonnes inough.

Arth. How hard it is to rule th'aspiring minde,
And what a kingly point it seemes to those, 50
Whose Lordlie hands the stately Scepter swaies,
Still to pursue the drift they first decreed
My wonted minde and kingdome lets me know.

Thinke not, but if you drue this hazard on,
He desperate will resolue to winne or die 55

29 *Q comma at end of line*

31 present] presence *Q*

Whereof who knowes which were the greater guilt,
The sire to slaie the sonne, or sonne the sire

Cado If bloudie *Mars* doe so extreemly swaie,
That either sonne or sire must needs be slaine,
Geue Lawe the choice let him die that deserues. 60
Each impotent affection notes a want

No worse a vice then lenitie in Kings,
Remisse indulgence soone vndoes a Realme
He teacheth how to sinne, that winkes at sinnes,
And bids offend, that suffereth an offence 65
The onely hope of leaue increaseth crimes,
And he that pardoneth one, emboldneth all
To breake the Lawes Each patience fostereth wrongs

But vice seuerely punisht faints at foote,
And creepes no further off, then where it falls 70
One sower example will preuent more vice,
Than all the best perswasions in the world
Rough rigour lookes out right, and still preuailes :
Smooth mildnesse lookes too many waies to thrue.

Wherefore since *Mordreds* crimes haue wrongd the Lawes 75
In so extreame a sort, as is too strange ·
Let right and iustice rule with rigours aide,
And worke his wracke at length, although too late ·
That damning Lawes, so damned by the Lawes,
Hee may receiue his deepe deserued doome. 80

So let it fare with all, that dare the like
Let sword, let fire, let torments be their end.
Seueritie vpholds both Realme and rule.

Arth. Ah too seuer, farre from a Fathers minde.
Compassion is as fit for Kings as wiath. 85
Lawes must not lowre Rule oft admitteth ruthe.
So hate, as if there were yet cause to loue ·
Take not their liues as foes, which may be friends.
To spoile my sonne were to dispoile my selfe :
Oft, whiles we seeke our foes, we seeke our foiles. 90
Let's rather seeke how to allure his minde

With good deserts deserts may winne the worst

Howe Where *Cato* first had saued a theefe from death,
And after was himselfe condemnd to die
When else not one would execute the doome, 95
Who but the theefe did vndertake the taske ?

If too much bountie worke so bad effects
In thanklesse friends, what for a ruthlesse foe ?
Let Lawes haue still their course, the ill disposde
Grudge at their liues, to whom they owe too much 100

Arth. But yet where men with reconciled mindes
Renue their loue with recontinued grace,
Attonement frames them friends of former foes,
And makes the moodes of swelling wiath to swage.
No faster friendship, than that growes from grieve, 105
When melting mindes with mutuall ruth relent.
How close the seuered skinne vnites againe,
When salues haue smoothlie heald the former hurts ?

Cado I neuer yet sawe hurt so smoothly heald,
But that the skarre bewraid the former wound 110
Yea, where the salue did soonest close the skinne,
The sore was oftner couered vp than cur'de
Which festering deepe and filde within, at last
With sodaine breach grew greater than at first.

What then for mindes, which haue reuenging moodes, 115
And ne'r forget the crosse they forced beare ?
Whereto if reconcilment come, it makes
The t'one secure, whiles t'other workes his will

Attonement sield defeates, but oft deferres
Reuenge . beware a reconciled foe 120

Arth Well, what auales to linger in this life,
Which *Fortune* but reserues for greater grieve ?
This breath drawes on but matter of mishap
Death onely frees the guiltlesse from anoies.
Who so hath felt the force of greedie *Fates*, 125
And dur'de the last decree of grislie death,

114 comma at end of line Q

Shall neuer yeeld his captiue armes to chaines,
Nor drawne in triumph decke the victors pompe

Howe What meane these wordes ? Is *Arthur* forc'de to feare,
Is this the fruit of your continuall warres, 130
Euen from the first remembrance of your youth ?

Arth My youth (I graunt) and prime of budding yeares
Puft vp with pride and fond desire of praise,
Foieweening nought what perils might ensue,
Aduentured all, and raught to will the raignes 135

But now this age requies a sager course,
And will aduisde by harmes to wisdomes yeelds
Those swelling spurs the selfe same cause which first
Set them on gog, euen *Fortunes* fauours quaild

And now mine oftneft skapes doe skae me most, 140
I feare the trappe, whereat I oft haue tript
Experience tels me plaine that *Chance* is fraile,
And oft, the better past, the worse to come.

Cado Resist these doubts tis ill to yeeld to harmes.
T'is safest then to dare when most you feare 145

Arth As safe sometimes to feare, when most we dare.
A causelesse courage gues repentance place.

Howe If *Fortune* fawne *Arth* Each waie on me she frowns
For winne I, loose I, both procure my grieve

Cado. Put case you winne, what grieve ? *Arth*. Admit I
doe, 150
What ioi ? *Cador* Then may you rule. *Arth* When I may
die.

Cado To rule is much. *Arth*. Small if we couet naught.

Cado Who couets not a Crowne *Arth*. He that discernes
The swoord aloft *Cador* That hangeth fast. *Arth* But by
A haire. *Cador*. Right holdes it vp. *Arth*. Wrong puls it
downe. 155

Cado The Commons helpe the King. *Arth* They some-
times hurt.

Cado. At least the Peeres. *Arth*. Sield, if allegiance want

Cado Yet Soueraigntie *Arth* Not, if allegeance faile
Cado Doubt not, the Realme is yours *Arth* T'was mine
 till now
Cado And shall be still *Arth* If *Mordred* list *Cador* T'were
 well 160
 Your crowne were wonne *Arth* Perhaps tis better lost
Howe The name of rule should moue a princely minde.
Arth Trust me, bad things haue often glorious names.
Howe. The greatest good that *Fortune* can affoord
Arth A dangerous good that wisdom would eschue. 165
Howe Yet waigh the heaiesale of the olde renouwme,
 And *Fame* the Wonderer of the former age
 Which still extolls the facts of worthyest wights
 Preferring no deserts before your deeds
 Euen she exhorts you to this new attempts, 170
 Which left vntiye your winnings be but losse.
Arth Small credit will be guen of matters past
 To *Fame*, the Flatterer of the former age
 Were all beleeu'd which antique brute imports,
 Yet wisdom waighes the perill ioinde to praise 175
 Rare is the *Fame* (marke well all ages gone)
 Which hath not hurt the house it most enhaun'st
 Besides, *Fame's* but a blast that sounds a while,
 And quickly stints, and then is quite forgot
 Looke whatsoe'r our vertues haue atchieu'd, 180
 The *Chaos* vast and greedy time deuours.
 To day all *Europe* rings of *Arthurs* praise
 T'wilbe as husht, as if I ne'r had beene.
 What bootes it then to venture life or limme,
 For that, which needes e'r long we leaue, or loose? 185
Cado Can blinde affection so much bleare the wise,
 Or loue of gracelesse Sonne so witch the Sue?
 That what concernes the honour of a Prince
 With Countries good and Subiects iust request,

158 allegeance] con with printed slip in G Q to subiection 159 Doubt
 Doube Q 161 better] bettes Q 185 loose?] loose, Q

Should lightly be contemned by a King ? 190

When *Lucius* sent but for his tribute due,
You went with thirteene Kings to roote him out
Haue *Romaines*, for requiuing but their owne,
Abroad your nine yeares brunts Shall *Mordred* scape,
That wrong'd you thus in honour, Queene, and Realme ? 195

Were this no cause to stire a King to wrath,
Yet should your Conquests late atchieu'd gainst *Rome*
Inflame your minde with thirst of full reuenge

Arth. Indeeде, continuall warres haue chafte our mindes,
And good successe hath bred impatient moodes 200
Rome puffed vs vp, and makes vs too too fierce
There, *Brytaines*, there we stand, whence *Rome* did fall

Thou *Lucius* mak'st me proude, thou heau'st my minde
But what ? shall I esteeme a Crowne ought else,
Then as a gorgeous Crest of easelesse Helme, 205
Or as some brittle mould of glorious pompe,
Or glittering glasse, which, whiles it shines, it breakes ?
All this a sodaine *Chaunce* may dash, and not
Perhaps with thirteene Kings, or in nine yeares
All may not finde so slowe and lingring *Fates* 210

What, that my Country cries for due remorse
And some reliefe for long sustained toyles ?
By Seas and Lands I dayly wrought her wrecke,
And sparelesse spent her life on euery foe
Eche where my Souldiers perisht, whilst I wonne 215
Throughout the world my Conquest was their spoile.

A faire reward for all their deaths, for all
Their warres abroad, to giue them ciuill warres.
What bootes it them reseru'd from foireine foiles
To die at home ? What ende of ruthlesse rage ? 220

At least let age, and *Nature* worne to nought,
Prouide at length their graues with wished groanes.
Pitty their hoary haies, their feeble fists,
Their withered lms, their strengths consumde in Campe.
Must they still ende their lues amongst the blades ? 225

Rests there no other *Fate* whiles *Arthur* raignes ?

What deeme you me ? a furie fedde with blood,

Or some *Ciclopian* borne and bred for braules ?

Thinke on the minde, that *Arthur* beares to peace

Can *Arthur* please you no where but in warres ? 230

Be witnessse Heauens how farre t'is from my minde,

Therewith to spoile or sacke my natue soile :

I cannot yeelde, it brookes not in my breast,

To seeke her ruine, whom I erst haue rulde.

What reliques now so e'r both ciuill broyles, 235

And forreine warres haue left, let those remaine

Th'are fewe inough, and *Brytaines* fall to fast.

The second scene.

An Herault from Mordred.

Howe. LO here an Herault sent from *Mordreds* Campe,
LA fioward message, if I neede aright

We mought not sture his wrath peihaps this may

Perswasions cannot moue a *Brytaines* moode,

And yet none sooner stung with present wrong 5

Herau Haile peerelesse Prince, whiles *Fortune* would, our
King,

Though now bereft of Crowne and former rule

Vouchsafe me leaue my message to impart,

No iotte inforst, but as your Sonne affords.

If here you stay but three dayes to an ende, 10

And not forthwith discharge your bands and hoast,

Ti's *Mordreds* oath : Assure your selfe to die.

But if you finde your courage so to serue,

As for to stand to your defence with force,

In *Cornewell* (if you dare) he'll trye it out. 15

Arth Is this the choyce my Sonne doth send his Sue,

And must I die ? Or trye it if I dare ?

To die were ill, thus to be dar'd is worse.

Display my standart forth, let Trumpe and Drumme
 Call Souldiers nere, to heare their Soueraignes heast. 20

The third scene.

Gawin King of Albanie Aschillus King of Denmarke.
King of Norway A number of Souldiers

Arth. O Friends and fellowes of my weriest toyles,
 Which haue borne out with me so many brunts,
 And despeiate stormes of wars and brainsicke *Mars*
 Loe now the hundreth month wheiein we winne.
 Hath all the bloud we spent in forreine Coasts, 5
 The wounds, and deaths, and winters boad abroad,
 Deserued thus to be disgrac'd at home?
 All *Brytaine* rings of warres. No towne, nor field
 But swarmes with armed troupes: the mustering traines
 Stop vp the streetes no lesse a tumult's raide, 10
 Then when *Hengistus* fell and *Horsus* fierce
 With treacherous truce did ouerrunne the Realme.
 Each corner threatneth Death both faire and nere
 Is *Arthur* vext. What if my force had faild,
 And standarde falne, and ensignes all beene torne, 15
 And *Roman* troupes pursude me at the heeles,
 With lucklesse warres assaid in forreine soiles?
 Now that our *Fortune* heaues vs vp thus hie,
 And Heauens themselues renewe ouir olde renowme
 Must we be darde? Nay, let that Princocke come, 20
 That knowes not yet himselfe, nor *Arthurs* force,
 That n'er yet waged warres, that's yet to learne
 To giue the charge Yea let that Princocke come,
 With sodayne Souldyers pampered vp in peace,
 And gowned troupes, and wantons worne with ease. 25
 With sluggish *Saxons* crewe, and *Irish* kernes,
 And *Scottish* aide, and false redshanked *Picts*,
 Whose slaughters yet must teach their former foyle.

They shall periceaue with sorrow e'r they part,
 When all their toyles be tolde, that nothing workes 30
 So great a wast and ruine in this age,
 As doe my warres O *Mordred* blessed Sonne
 No doubt, these market mates so highly hier'd
 Must be the stay of thy vsurped state.

And least my head inclining now to yeares, 35
 Should ioi the rest, which yet it neuer reapt
 The Traytor *Gilla*, traund in teacheious iaires,
 Is chiefe in armes, to reauue me of my Realme

What corner (ah) for all my warres shall shrowde
 My bloodlesse age · what seate for due deserts ? 40
 What towne, or field for auncient Souldiers rest ?
 What house ? What rooffe ? What walls for weried lims ?

Stretch out againe, stretch out your conquering hands,
 Still must we vse the force so often vsde.
 To those, that will pursue a wrong with wreke, 45
 He giueth all, that once denies the right

Thou soile which erst *Diana* did ordaine
 The certaine seate and bowre of wandring *Brute*
 Thou Realme which ay I reuerence as my Saint,
 Thou stately *Brytaine* th'auncient tipe of *Troy*, 50
 Beare with my forced wrongs I am not he,
 That willing would impeach thy peace with warres

Lo here both farne and wide I Conqueror stand,
Arthur each where thine owne, thy Liedge, thy King
 Condemne not mine attempts he, onely he 55
 Is sole in fault, that makes me thus thy foe

Here I renounce all leagues and treats of truce,
 Thou *Fortune* henceforth art my garde and guide
 Hence peace, on warres, runne *Fates*, let *Mars* be iudge,
 I erst did trust to right, but now to rage. 60

Goe tell the boy that *Arthur* feares no brags,
 In vaine he seekes to braue it with his Sire.
 I come (*Mordred*) I come, but to thy paine.

Yea, tell the boy his angry father comes,
To teach a Nouist both to die, and daie *Herault Exit* 65

Howe. If we without offence (O greatest guide
Of *Brytish* name) may pouie our iust complaints
We most mislike that youi too milde a moode
Hath thus withheld our hands and swords from stokes

For what ? were we behind in any helpe ? 70
Or without cause did you misdoubt our force,
Or truth so often tried with good successe ?

Goe to Conduct your army to the field,
Place man to man, oppose vs to our foes
As much we neede to worke, as wish your weale 75

Cado. Seemes it so sowre to winne by ciuill waies ?
Were it to goare with Pike my fathers breast,
Were it to riuē and cleaue my brothers head,
Were it to teare peecemeale my dearest childe,
I would inforce my grudging handes to helpe 80

I cannot terme that place my natue soyle,
Whereto your trumpets send their warlike sounds.
If case requir'd to batter downe the Towres
Of any Towne, that *Arthur* would destroy
Yea, wer't of *Brytaines* selfe, which most I iede 85
Her bulwarkes, fortresse, rampiers, walles and fence,
These armes should reare the Rams to runne them downe

Wherefore ye Princes, and the rest my mates,
If what I haue auerd in all your names,
Be likewise such as stands to your content, 90
Let all your Yeas auow my promise true

Soul. Yea, yea, &c

Asch Wherein renowned King my selfe, or mine,
My life, my Kingdome, and all *Denmarke* powre
May serue your turne, account them all your owne. 95

King of Norway And whatsoe'r my force on *Norwaie* aide
May helpe in your attempts, I vow it here

Gaww. As heretofore I alwayes serude your heast,

So let this daie be iudge of *Gawins* trust.
 Either my brother *Mordred* dies the death 100
 By mine assault, or I at least by his

Arth Since thus (my faithfull mates) with vowes alike,
 And equall loue to *Arthurs* cause you ioyned
 In common care, to wreake my priuate wrongs .
 Lift vp your Ensignes eft, stretch out your strengths, 105
 Pursue your *Fates*, perfoime your hopes to *Mars*,
 Loe here the last and outmost worke for blades

This is the time that all our valour craues
 This time by due desert restores againe
 Our goods, our lands, our hues, our weale and all 110
 This time declares by *Fates* whose cause is best,
 This, this condemnes the vanquisht side of guilt

Wherefore if for my sake you scorne your selues,
 And spare no sword nor fire in my defence
 Then whiles my censure iustifies your cause, 115
 Fight, fight amaine and cleare your blades from crime,
 The Iudge once changde, no warres are free from guilt

The better cause giues vs the greater hope
 Of prosperous warres, wherein if once I hap
 To spie the wonted signes, that neuer failde 120
 Their guide, your threatning lookes, your fine eyes,
 And bustling bodies piest to present spoile :
 The field is wonne Euen then me thinkes I see
 The wonted wasts and scattered heads of foes,
 The *Irish* carcas kickt, and *Pictes* opprest, 125
 And *Saxons* slaine, to swim in streames of bloud
 I quake with hope I can assure you all,
 We neuer had a greater match in hand

March on . delate no *Fates* whiles *Fortune* fawnes,
 The greatest praise of warres consists in speed. 130

Exeunt Reges et Cohors

The fourth scene.

Cador Arthur

Cado. Since thus (victorious King) your Peeres, allies,
 Your Lords, and all your powres be ready prest,
 For good, for bad, for whatsoe'er shall hap,
 To spend both limme and life in your defence
 Cast of all doubts, and rest your selfe on *Mars*
 A hopelesse feare forbids a happy *Fate* 5

Arth In sooth (good *Cador*) so our *Fortune* faies,
 As needes we must returne to wonted force
 To warres we must but such vnhappy warres,
 As yeeld no hope for right or wrong to scape 10
 My selfe foresees the *Fate*, it cannot fall

Without our dearest blood much may the murde
 Of pensiue Sire presage, whose Sonne so sinnes
 All truth, all trust, all blood, all bands be broke,
 The seedes are sowne that spring to future spoyle,
 My Sonne, my Nephew, yea each side my selfe, 15
 Nerer then all (woe's me) too nere, my foe

Well. 'tis my plague for life so lewdly ledde,
 The price of guilt is still a heavier guilt
 For were it light, that eu'n by both my selfe 20
 Was bad, I made my sister bad nay were
 That also light, I haue begot as bad.
 Yea worse, an heire assignde to all our sinnes.

Such was his birth what base, what vulgar vice
 Could once be lookt for of so noble blood? 25
 The deeper guilt descends, the more it rootes
 The younger imps affect the huge crimes *Exeunt*

CHORVS.

1 When many men assent to ciuill warres,
 And yeelde a suffradge to inforce the *Fates*
 No man bethinkes him of his owne mishappe,
 But turnes that lucke vnto an other's share.

Whereas if feare did first forewarne ech foyle,
Such loue to fight would breed no *Brytains* bane 5

And better were still to preserue our peace,
Then thus to vent for peace through waging warres
What follie to forgoe such certayne happes,
And in their steede to feede vnceitayne hopes? 10

Such hopes as oft haue puft vp many a Realme,
Till crosse successe hath prest it downe as deepe
Whiles blind affection fetcht from priuate cause
Misguiding wit hath maskt in wisdom's vaile,
Pretending what in purpose it abhorr'd 15

2 Peace hath three foes incamped in our breasts,
Ambition, *Wrath*, and *Enuie* which subdude,
We should not faile to finde eternall peace.

T'is in our powre to ioi it all at will,
And fewe there be, but if they will, they may 20
But yet euen those, who like the name of peace,
Through fond desire repine at peace it selfe.

Betweene the hope whereof, and it it selfe,
A thousand things may fall that further warres.
The very speech sometimes and treats of truce, 25
Is slasht and cut a sunder with the sword

Nor sield the name of peace doth edge our mindes,
And sharpeneth on our furie till we fight.
So that the mention made of loue and rest
Is oft a whetstone to our hate and rage 30

3 Lo here the end, that Kingly pompe imparts,
The quiet rest, that Princely pallace plights.
Care vpon care, and euery day a newe
Fresh rysing tempest tires the tossed mindes.

Who strues to stand in pompe of Princely port, 35
On guiddy top and culme of slippery Court,
Findes oft a heauy *Fate*, whiles too much knowne
To all, he falles vnknowne vnto himselfe.

- Let who so else that list, affect the name,
 But let me seeme a Potentate to none · 40
 My slender barke shall creepe anenst the shoare,
 And shunne the windes, that sweepe the waltering waues
 Prowde *Fortune* ouerskippes the saffest Roades,
 And seekes amidst the surging Seas those Keeles,
 Whose lofty tops and tacklings touch the Cloudes. 45
- 4 O base, yet happy Boores ! O giftes of Gods
 Scant yet perceau'd when poudied Ermine roabes
 With secreete sighes mistrusting their extreames,
 In bailefull breast forecast their foultring *Fates*,
 And stirre, and striue, and storme, and all in vaine 50
 Behold, the Peasant poore with tattered coate,
 Whose eyes a meaner *Fortune* feedes with sleepe,
 How safe and sound the carelesse Snudge doth snore
 Low rooffed lurkes the house of slender hap,
 Costlesse, not gay without, scant cleane within . 55
 Yet safe . and oftner shroudes the hoary haies,
 Then haughty Turrets rearde with curious art,
 To harbour heads that wield the golden Crest
 With endlesse carke in glorious Courts and Townes,
 The troubled hopes and trembling feares doe dwell. 60

The Argument of the fourth Act.

- 1 I N the first Scene *Gildas* and *Conan* conferre of the state
 of *Brytaine*
 2 In the Second Scene *Nuntius* maketh report of the whole
 battaile, with the death of *Mordred* and *Arthurs* and *Cadors*
 deadly wound. 5
 3 In the third Scene *Gildas* and *Conan* lament the infortunate
 state of the Countrie

41 creepe] ceeepe Q

43 ouerskippes] ouerhippes Q

The Argument and manner of the

fourth dumbe shewe.

DVing the Musicke appointed after the third act, there came a Lady Courtly attyied with a counterfaite Childe in her armes, who walked softly on the Stage. From an other place there came a King Crowned, who likewise walked on an other part of the Stage From a third place there came foure Souldiers all armed, who 5 spying this Lady and King, vpon a sodaine puisued the Lady from whom they violently tooke her Childe and flung it against the walles, She in mournefull sort winging her hands passed hei way. Then in like mannei they sette on the King, tearing his Crowne from his head, and casting it in peeces vnder feete draue him by 10 force away, And so passed themselues ouer the Stage. By this was meant the fruit of Warre, which spareth neither man woman nor childe, with the ende of *Mordreds* vsurped Crowne.

THE FOVRTH ACT

and first scene.

Gildas Conan

Gild. LORD *Conan*, though I know how hauid a thing
 L It is, for mindes traunde vp in Princely Thrones,
 To heare of ought against their humor's course
 Yet sithence who forbiddeth not offence,
 If well he may, is cause of such offence 5
 I could haue wisht (and blame me not my Lord)
 Your place and countnance both with Sonne and Sire,
 Had more preualde on either side, then thus
 T'haue left a Crowne in danger for a Crowne
 Through ciuill warres, our Countries woonted woe 10
 Whereby the Kingdom's wound still festring deepe,
 Sucks vp the mischiefe's humor to the hart.

The staggering state of *Brytaines* troubled braines,
 Headsicke, and sore incumbred in her Crowne,

io peeces] peeces *Q* *The Argument is clipped, shortening Courtly,*
 likewise, Souldiers, Lady, She, they, vnder, childe, and cutting off on and By

With guiddy steps runnes on a headlong race 15
 Whereto this tempest tend's, or where this storme
 Will breake, who knowes? But Gods auert the worst
Cona Now surely (*Gildas*) as my duety stood,
 Indifferent for the best to Sonne and Sire
 So (I protest) since these occasions giewe, 20
 That in the depth of my desire to please,
 I more esteemde what honest faith requir'd
 In matters meete for their estates and place
 Than how to feede each fond affection pione
 To bad effects, whence their disgrace mought growe. 25
 And as for *Mordreds* desperate and disloyall plots,
 They had beene none, or fewer at the least,
 Had I preuail'd which *Arthur* knowes right well
 But eu'n as Counters goe sometimes for one,
 Sometimes for thousands more, sometimes for none 30
 So men in greatest countnance with their King,
 Can worke by fit perswasion sometimes much .
 But sometimes lesse . and sometimes nought at all.
Gild Well: wee that haue not spent our time in warres,
 But bent our course at peace, and Countries weale, 35
 May rather now expect what strange euent,
 And *Chaunce* insues of these so rare attempts .
 Then enter to discourse vpon their cause,
 And erre as wide in wordes, as they in deedes
Cona. And Lo to satisfie your wish therein, 40
 Where comes a Souldier sweating from the Camps.

The second scene.

Nuncius

Nunc. **T**HOU *Eccho* shill that haunst the hollow hilles,
 Leaue off that woont to snatch the latter word :
 Howle on a whole discourse of our distresse,
 Clippe of no clause . sound out a perfect sense.

Gild. What fresh mishap (alas) what newe annoy,
Remoues our pensie mindes from wonted woes,
And yet requires a newe lamenting moode?
Declare we 1oy to handle all our harmes
Our many griefes haue taught vs still to mourne.

Nunc. But (ah) my tounge denies my speech his aide.
Great force doth driue it forth. a greater keepes
It in I rue surprisde with woontlesse woes

Cona. Speake on, what griefe so e'r our *Fates* afford.

Nunc. Small griefes can speake the great astonisht stand.

Gild. What greater sinnes could hap, then what be past?
What mischiefes could be meant, more then were wrought?

Nunc. And thinke you these to be an end to sinnes?
No. Crime proceedes those made but one degree.
What mischiefes earst were done, terme sacred deedes
Call nothing sinne, but what hath since insu'd.
A greater griefe requires your teares Behold
These fresh annoyes your last mishaps be stale.

Cona. Tell on (my friend) suspend our mindes no more:
Hath *Arthur* lost? Hath *Mordred* woonne the field?

Nunc. O nothing lesse. Would Gods it were but so.
Arthur hath woonne but we haue lost the field.

The field? Nay all the Realme, and *Brytaines* bounds

Gild. How so? If *Arthur* woonne, what could we loose?
You speake in cloudes, and cast perplexed wordes
Vnfolde at large and sort our sorrowes out.

Nunc. Then list a while this instant shall vnwrappe
Those acts, those warres, those hard euent, that all
The future age shall eu'r haue cause to curse.

Now that the time drewe on, when both the Camps
Should meet in *Cornwell* fieldes th'appointed place
The recklesse troupes, whom *Fates* forbad to lue
Till noone, or night, did storme and raue for warres.
They swarmed about their Guydes, and clustring cald
For signes to fight, and fierce with vpioures fell,

30 ou] out Q

They onwards hayld the hastning howies of death 40
A direfull frenzie rose ech man his owne,
And publike *Fates* all heedlesse headlong flung

On *Mordreds* side were sixtie thousande men,
Some boiowed powres, some *Brytans* bied at home
The *Saxons*, *Irish*, *Normans*, *Pictes*, and *Scottes* 45
Were first in place, the *Brytanes* followed last.

On *Arthurs* side there were as manie more
Islandians, *Gothes*, *Noruegians*, *Albanes*, *Danes*,
Were forraine aides, which *Arthur* brought from *Fraunce*,
A trustie troupe, and tryed at many a trench. 50

That nowe the day was come, wherein our State
For aye should fall, whenceforth men might inquire
What *Brytaine* was these waries thus neere bewraide
Nor could the Heauens no longer hide these harmes,
But by prodigious signes portende our plagues. 55

For lo er both the Campes encountering coapt,
The Skies and Poles opposed themselues with stormes.
Both East, and West with tempestes darke were dim'd,
And showres of Hayle, and Rayne outiagious pow'd.
The Heauens were rent, ech side the lightnings flasht, 60
And Clowdes with hideous clappes did thundering roare.

The armies all agast did senselesse stand,
Mistrusting much, both Force, and Foes, and *Fates*
T'was harde to say, which of the two appal'd
Them most, the monstrous ayre, or too much feare 65

When *Arthur* spide his Souldiers thus amaz'd,
And hope extinct, and deadly dreade drawne on
My mates (quoth he) the Gods doe skowre the skies,
To see whose cause and courage craues their care.
The *Fates* contende to worke some straunge euent 70
And *Fortune* seeks by stormes in Heauens and Earth,
What pagions she may play for my behoofe
Of whom she knowes, she then deserues not well,
When lingring ought, she comes not at the first.

Thus saide : reioycing at his dauntlesse minde, 75

They all reuiude, and former feare recoylde

By that the light of *Titan's* troubled beames
 Had pearceing scattered downe the drowping fogges,
 And greeted both the Campes with mutuall viewe
 Their choller swelles, whiles fell disposed mindes 80
 Bounce in their breastes, and stirre vncertayne stormes
 Then palenes wanne and sterne with chearelesse chaunge,
 Possessing bleake their lippes and bloodlesse cheekes,
 With troublous trembling shewes their death is nere.

When *Mordred* sawe the danger thus approacht, 85
 And boystrous throngs of Warriars threatning blood
 His instant ruines gaue a nodde at *Fates*,
 And minde though prone to *Mars*, yet daunted pause.

The hart which promist earst a sure successe,
 Now throbs in doubts nor can his owne attempts, 90
 Afforde him feare, nor *Arthurs* yeelde him hope
 This passion lasts not long, he soone recalls
 His auncient guise, and wonted rage returnes.
 He loathes delays, and scorcht with Scepters lust,
 The time and place, wherein he oft had wisht 95
 To hazarde all vpon extreamest *Chaunce*,
 He offred spies, and spide pursues with speede.

Then both the Armies mette with equall might,
 This stird with wrath, that with desire to rule
 And equall prowesse was a spurre to both. 100
 The *Irish* King whirle out a poysned Dart,
 That lighting pearced deepe in *Howels* braines,
 A peerelesse Prince and nere of *Arthurs* bloud.

Hereat the Aire with vproie lowde resoundes,
 Which efts on mountains rough rebounding reares. 105
 The Trumpets hoarce their trembling tunes doe teare
 And thundring Drummes their dreadfull Larums ring
 The Standards broad are blowne, and Ensignes spread,
 And euery Nation bends his woonted warres

Some nere their foes, some further off doe wound, 110
 With dart, or sword, or shaft, or pike, or speare,

The weapons hide the Heauens a night composede
 Of warrelike Engines ouershades the field
 From euery side these fatall signes are sent
 And boystrous bangs with thumping thwacks fall thicke 115

Had both these Camps beene of vsurping Kings,
 Had euery man thereof a *Mordred* beene,
 No fiercelier had they fought for all their Crownes
 The murthers meanelesse wext, no art in fight,
 Nor way to ward nor trie each others skill, 120
 But thence the blade, and hence the blood ensues.

Cona But what? Did *Mordreds* eyes indure this sight?

Nunc They did. And he himselfe the spure of fiends
 And *Gorgons* all, least any part of his
 Scapt free from guilt, enflamde their mindes to wrath. 125
 And, with a valure more, then Vertue yeelds,
 He chearde them all, and at their backe with long
 Outreached speare, stude vp each lingring hand.
 All furie like frounst vp with frantick fiets

He bids them leaue and shunne the meaner sort, 130
 He shewes the Kings, and *Brytaines* noblest peeres

Gild He was not now to seeke what blood to drawe
 He knewe what iuice refresht his fainting Crowne
 Too much of *Arthurs* hart. O had he wist
 How great a vice such vertue was as then. 135
 In Ciuill warres, in rooting vp his Realme?
 O frantike fury, faire from Valures praise.

Nunc. There fell *Aschillus* stout of *Denmarke* King,
 There valiant *Gawin Arthurs* Nephew deare,
 And late by *Augels* death made *Albane* King, 140
 By *Mordreds* hand hath lost both life and Crowne

There *Gilla* wounded *Cador Cornish* Duke,
 In hope to winne the Dukedome for his meede.
 The *Norway* King, the *Saxons* Duke, and *Picts*,
 In wofull soyt fell groueling to the ground. 145

There Prince and Peasant both lay hurlede on heapes
Mars frownde on *Arthurs* mates. the *Fates* wext fierce,

And iointly ianne their race with *Mordreds* rage
Cona But with what ioy (alas) shall he returne,
 That thus returnes, the happier for this field? 150

Nunc These odds indure not long, for *Mars* retires,
 And *Fortune* pleasse with *Arthurs* moderate feare,
 Returnes moie full, and friendlyer then her woont.

For when he saw the powers of *Fates* opposde,
 And that the dreadfull houre thus hastened on · 155
 Peiplexed much in minde, at length resolues,
 That feare is couered best by daing most.

Then forth he pitcht the *Saxon* Duke withstoode,
 Whom with one stoke he headlesse sent to Hell
 Not farre from thence he spide the *Irish* King, 160
 Whose life he tooke as price of broken tuce.

Then *Cador* foreward prest, and haphe mette
 The Traytor *Gilla*, worker of these warres,
 Of whom by death he tooke his due reuenge
 The remnant then of both the Camps concurre, 165

They *Brytaines* all, or most few *Forieines* left
 These wage the warres, and hence the deaths insue
 Nor t'one, nor t'other side, that can destroy
 His foes so fast, as tis it selfe destroyed

The biethren broach their bloud the *Sire* his *Sonnes*, 170
 The *Sonne* againe would proue by too much Wrath,
 That he, whom thus he slew, was not his *Sire*
 No blood nor kinne can swage their irefull moodes
 No *forieine* foe they seeke, nor care to finde
 The *Brytaines* bloud is sought on euery side. 175

A vaine discourse it were to paint at large
 The seuerall *Fates*, and foiles of either side
 To tell what grones and sighes the parting Ghosts
 Sent forth . who dying bare the fellest breast
 Who chaunged cheare at any *Brytaines* fall 180
 Who oftneest stooke who best bestowde his blade
 Who ventred most who stoode who fell who failde
 Th'effect declares it all thus far'd the field

Of both these Hoasts so huge and maine at first,
 There were not left on either side a score, 185
 For Sonne, and Sire to winne, and loose the Realme

The which when *Mordred* saw, and that his Sire
 Gainst foes, and *Fates* themselues would winne the field,
 He sigh'd, and twixt despaire and rage he cryed,
 Here (*Arthur*) here, and hence the Conquest comes 190
 Whiles *Mordred* liues, the Crowne is yet vnwoonne.

Hereat the prince of prowesse much amaz'd,
 With thrilling teases, and countnance cast on ground,
 Did groaning fetch a deepe and earefull sigh

Anone they fierce encountering both concur'd, 195
 With griesly lookes, and faces like their *Fates*
 But dispar mindes, and inward moodes vnlike.

The Sire with minde to safegard both, or t'one ·
 The Sonne to spoile the t'one, or hazard both.
 No feare, nor fellnes failde on either side 200
 The wager lay on both their liues and bloods

At length when *Mordred* spyde his force to faint,
 And felt him selfe opprest with *Arthurs* strength,
 (O haplesse lad, a match vnmeete for him)
 He loathes to lue in that afflicted state, 205
 And valiant with a forced Vertue, longs
 To die the death in which perplexed minde,
 With grenning teeth, and crabbed lookes he cries,
 I cannot winne . yet will I not be wonne

What should we shun our *Fates*, or play with *Mars*, 210
 Or thus defiaude the warres of both our blouds ?
 Whereto doe we reserue our selues ? Or why
 Be we not sought ere this, amongst the dead ?
 So many thousands murthred in our cause,
 Must we suruiue, and neither winne nor loose ? 215

The *Fates* that will not smile on either side,
 May frowne on both · So saying forth he flings,
 And desperate runs on point of *Arthurs* Sword,
 (A Sword (alas) prepar'd for no such vse)

Whereon engoarde he glides, till nere approacht, 220
 With dying hand he hewes his fathers head
 So through his owne annoy, he noyes his Liedge .
 And gaines by death accesse to daunt his Sire
 There *Mordred* fell, but like a Prince he fell.
 And as a braunch of great *Pendragons* grafte 225
 His life breaths out, his eyes forsake the Sunne,
 And fatall Cloudes inferre a lasting Clips
 There *Arthur* staggering scant sustaind him selfe,
 There *Cador* found a deepe and deadly wound,
 There ceast the warres, and there was *Brytaine* lost 230
 There lay the chosen youths of *Mars*, there lay
 The peerelesse Knights, *Bellona's* brauest traine
 There lay the Mirrours rare of Martiall praise,
 There lay the hope and braunch of *Brute* suppress.
 There *Fortune* laid the prime of *Brytaines* pride, 235
 There laide her pompe, all topsie turue turnde. *Exit*

The third scene.

Gildas Conan.

Gild C Ome cruell griefes, spare not to stretch our
 strengths,
 Whiles bailefull breastes inuite our thumping fists.
 Let euery signe, that mournefull passions worke,
 Expresse what piteous plights our mindes amaze
 This day supplants what no day can supply, 5
 These handes haue wrought those wastes, that neuer age,
 Nor all the broode of *Brute* shall e'er repaire.
 That future men may ioy the surer rest,
 These warres preuent their birth, and nip their spring.
 What Nations earst the former age subdude 10
 With hourele toyles to *Brytaines* yoke, this day
 Hath set at large, and backwardes turnde the *Fates*
 Hencefoorth the *Kernes* may safely tread their bogges .

The *Scots* may now their inrodes olde renewe,
The *Saxons* well may vow their former clames, 15
And *Danes* without their danger drue vs out

These warres found not the'ffect of woonted warres,
Nor doth their waight the like impression woorke
There seuerall *Fates* annoyde but seuerall men,
Heere all the Realme and people finde one *Fate* 20
What there did reache but to a Souldiers death,
Contains the death of all a Nation here

These blades haue giuen this *Isle* a greater wounde,
Then tyme can heale. The fruite of ciuill warres
A Kingdom's hand hath goard a Kingdom's heart, 25

Cona When Fame shall blaze these acts in latter yeares,
And time to come so many ages hence
Shall eft report our toyles and *Brytish* paynes ·
Or when perhaps our Childrens Children reade,
Our woefull warres displaid with skilfull penne 30
They'l thinke they heere some sounds of future facts,
And not the ruines olde of pompe long past
Twill mooue their mundes to ruth, and frame a fresh
New hopes, and feares, and vowes, and many a wish,
And *Arthurs* cause shall still be fauour'd most 35

He was the ioy, and hope, and hap of all,
The Realmes defence, the sole delay of *Fates*,
He was our wall and forte, twice thirteene yeares
His shoulders did the *Brytaine* state support

Whiles yet he ragnd, no forren foes preualde, 40
Nor once could hope to binde the *Brytaine* boundes
But still both farre and nere were forc'd to flie,
They thrall to vs, we to our selues were free.

But now, and hencefoorth aye, adue that hope,
Adue that pompe, that freedome, rule and all 45
Let *Saxons* now, let *Normans*, *Danes*, and *Scottes*,
Enioye our medowes, fieldes, and pleasant plaines
Come, let vs flye to Mountaines, Cliffes and Rockes,
A Nation hurt, and ne'r in case to heale.

Hencefoorth the waight of *Fates* thus falne aside, 50
 We rest secure from feare of greater foile
 Our leasure serues to thinke on former times,
 And know what earst we were, who now are thus. *Exeunt.*

CHORVS

- 1 **O** *Brytaines* prosperous state weic Heauenlye powers
 But halfe so willing to preserue thy peace,
 As they are prone to plague thee for thy warres
 But thus (O Gods) yea, thus it likes you still,
 When you decree to tume, and touse the worlde, 5
 To make our errors cause of your decrees
 We fretting fume, and burning wax right wood,
 We crye for swordes, and harmefull harnesse clauie,
 We rashly raue, whiles from our present rage,
 You fiamme a cause of long foredeemed doome 10
- 2 When *Brytaine* so desir'd hei owne decaille,
 That eu'n her natue broode would roote her vp
 Seamde it so huge a wooike, (O Heauens) for you
 To tumble downe, and quite subuert her state,
 Vnlesse so many Nations came in aide? 15
 What thirst of spoile (O *Fates*?) In ciuil warres
 Were you afiaide to faint for want of blood?
 But yet, O wretched state in *Brytaines* fond,
 What needed they to stoope to *Mordreds* yoke,
 Or feare the man themselues so fearefull made? 20
 Had they, but lynckt like friendes in *Arthurs* bandes,
 And ioynde their force against the forren foes
 These warres and ciuill sinnes had soone surceast,
 And *Mordred* reft of rule had feard his Sire
- 3 Would Gods these warres had drawne no other blood, 25
 Then such as spioong from breasts of forreine foes
 So that the fountaine, fedde with chaungelesse couse,
 Had found no neerer vents for dearer iuyce.

Ch 1 were] So corr. with ink in GQ from wert 4 Q period at end of line

Or if the *Fates* so thirst for *Brytish* blood,
 And long so deeply for our last decaye 30
 O that the rest were sparde and safe reseru'd,
 Both *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans* most of all.

Heereof when ciuill warres haue worne vs out,
 Must *Brytaine* stand, a borrowed blood for *Brute*.

4 When prosperous haps, and long continuing blisse, 35
 Haue past the ripenesse of their budding growth,
 They fall and foulter like the mellow fruite,
 Surcharg'd with burden of their owne excesse.
 So *Fortune* wearyed with our often warres,
 Is forc'd to faint, and leaue vs to our fates. 40

If men haue mindes presaging ought their harmes,
 If euer heaue heart foreweene her woe
 What *Brytaine* liues, so far remou'd from home,
 In any Ayre, or Pole, or Coast abroad
 But that euen now through *Natures* sole instinct, 45
 He fees the fatall sword imbrue his breast,
 Wherewith his natue soyle for aye is slaine?
 What hopes, and happes lye wasted in these warres?
 Who knowes the foyles he suffered in these fieldes?

The argument of the fift Act.

- 1 I N the first scene *Arthur* and *Cador* returned deadlie
 wounded and bewaild the misfortune of themselues and
 their Countrie, and are likewise bewailed of the *Chorus*.
 2 In the seconde scene the Ghoast of *Gorlois* returneth
 reioycing at his reuendge, and wishing euer after a happier 5
Fate vnto *Brytaine*, which done, he descendeth where he
 first rose.

The Argument and manner of the

fift and last dumbe shewe

Sounding the Musicke, foure gentlemen all in blacke halfe armed, halfe vnarmed with blacke skarffes ouerthwart their shoulders should come vppon the stage. The first bearing alofte in the one hand on the trunchion of a speare an Helmet, an arming sworde, a Gauntlet, &c representing the Trophea in the other hand 5 a Target depicted with a mans hart soe wounded & the blood gushing out, crowned with a Crowne imperiall and a Lawrell garland, thus written in the toppe *En totum quod superest*, signifying the King of *Norway* which spent himselfe and all his power for *Arthur*, and of whom there was left nothing but his heart to 10 inioy the conquest that insued The seconde bearing in the one hand a siluer vessell full of golde, pearles, and other iewels representing the *Spolia* in the other hande a Target with an Olephant and Dragon thereon fiercely combating, the Dragon vnder the Olephant and sucking by his extreme heate the blood from him 15 crushed in peeces with the fall of the Olephant, so as both die at last, this written aboue, *Victor, an Victus* 2 representing the King of *Denmarke*, who fell through *Mordreds* wound, hauing first with his souldiers destroyed the most of *Mordreds* aemie The third bearing in the one hand a *Pyramus* with a Lawrell wreath about it repre- 20 senting victorie In the other hand a Target with this deuise a man sleeping, a snake drawing neere to sting him, a Leazard preuenting the Snake by fight, the Leazard being deadlie wounded awaketh the man, who seeing the Leazard dying, pursues the Snake, and kils it, this written aboue, *Tibi morimur*. Signifying *Gaww* 25 King of *Albanye* slaine in *Arthurs* defence by *Mordred*, whom *Arthur* afterwarde slewe The fourth bearing in the one hande a broken pillar, at the toppe thereof the Crowne and Scepter of the vanquisht King, both broken asunder, representing the conquest ouer vsurpation in the other hand a Target with two Cockes 30 painted thereon, the one lying dead, the other with his winges broken, his eyes pecked out, and the bloode euerye where gushing forth to the grounde, he standing vppon the dead Cocke and crowing ouer him, with this embleme in the toppe, *Qua uici, perdidit*,

signifying *Cador* deadly wounded by *Gilla* whom he slewe After 35
 these followed a King languishing in complet Harnesse blacke,
 bruised & battered vnto him, besprinkled with blood On his head
 a Lawrell garland, leaning on the shoulders of two Heraults in
 mourning gownes & hoods, th'on in *Mars* his coate of arms, the
 other in *Arthurs*, presenting *Arthur* victoriously but yet deadly 40
 wounded there followed a page with a Target whereon was por-
 traited a Pellican pecking hei blood out of her brest to feede her
 young ones, through which wound she dieth, this writen in the
 toppe, *Qua fou, peru*, signifying *Arthurs* too much indulgencie of
Mordred, the cause of his death All this represented the dismayed 45
 and vnfortunate victorie of *Arthur*, which is the matter of the Act
 insuing.

THE FIFT ACT and first Scene.

Arthur Cador Chorus.

Arth. COME *Cador*, as our frendship was most firme
 Throughout our age, so now let's linke as fast.

Thus did we lue in warres, thus let vs dye

In peace, and arme in arme pertake our *Fates*.

Our woundes, our greefe, our wish, our hap alike,

5

Our end so neere, all craue eche others helpe

Cado O King, beholde the fruite of all our *Fame*

Lo here our Pompe consumed with our selues,

What all our age with all our warres had woonne,

Loe here one day hath lost it all at once

10

Well so it likes the Heauens . thus *Fortune* gibes .

She hoyseth vp to huile the deepe downe

Chor. 1. O sacred Prince . what sight is this we see ?

Why haue the *Fates* reserv'd vs to these woes

Our onely hope the stay of all our Realme .

15

The pillar of our state . thus sore opprest ?

O would the Gods had fauour'd vs so much

That, as we liu'd partakers of your paines,

And likewise ioyde the fruit of your exploiters :

So hauing thus bereft ouir Soueraignes blisse, 20
 They had with more indifferent doome conioynd
 The Subjects both, and Soueraignes bane in one.

It now (alas) ingendereth double greefe,
 To rue your want, and to bewaile our woes

Arth Rue not my *Brytaines* what my rage hath wrought, 25
 But blame your King, that thus hath rent your Realme
 My meanelesse moodes haue made the *Fates* thus fell,
 And too much anger wrought in me too much

For had impatient ire induide abuse,
 And yeelded where resistance threatned spoyle 30
 I mought haue liu'd in foireine coastes vnfoilde,
 And six score thousand men had bene vnmoande

But wrong incensing wrath to take reuenge
 Preferred *Chaunce* before a better choyse.

Chor. 2 T'was *Mordreds* wrong and to vnust desertes 35
 That iustly mooude your Highnesse to such wrath
 Your claime requir'd no lesse then those attempts.
 Your cause right good was prais'd, and praide for most

Arth I claime my Crowne, the cause of claime was good,
 The meanes to claime it in such sorte was bad 40

Yea rather then my Realme and natue soile
 Should wounded fall, thus brused with these warres
 I should haue left both Realme, and right, and all
 Or dur'd the death ordaind by *Mordreds* oath.

Cado And yet so farre as *Mars* coulde bide a meane, 45
 You hatelesse sought the safegard of them all.

Whereto the better cause, or badder *Chaunce*
 Did diawe, you still inclinde preferring oft
 The weaker side, sometimes for loue, sometimes
 For right, (as *Fortune* swaide) youi Sonne, your selfe 50

So pittie spai'd, what reason sought to spoyle
 Till all at length, with equall spoyle was spent.

Chor. 3 Would Gods your minde had felt no such remoise,
 And that your foes had no such fauour founde.
 So mought youi friends haue had far frendlier *Fates*, 55

If Rebels for then due deserts had dyde

The wickeds death is safety to the iust
To spare the Traitors, was to spoile the true
Of force he hutes the good, that helps the bad

In that you sought your Countries gaine, t'was well 60

In that you shunned not her losse, t'was hard

Good is the frend, that seekes to do vs good

A mighty frend, that doth preuent our haimes

Arth Well so it was it cannot be redrest

The greater is my greefe, that sees it so 65

My lyfe (I feele) doth fade, and sorrowes flowe,

The rather that my name is thus extinct.

In this respect, so *Mordred* did succede,

O, that my selfe had falne, and *Mordred* liu'd .

That hauing conquer'd all my foes but him, 70

I mought haue left you him, that conquer'd me

O heaue wretched lotte . to be the last

That falles, to viewe the buriall of my Realme.

Where each man else hath felt his seuerall *Fate*,

I onely pine opprest with all their *Fates* 75

Chor. 4. Although your Highnesse do susteine such greefe,

As needes enforceth all your Realme to rue .

Yet since such iuth affordeth no releefe,

Let due discretion swage each cuelesse sore,

And beare the harmes, that run without rediesse. 80

The breath- The losse is ours, that loose so rare a Prince,

lesse body of Mordred

in Armour You onely win, that see your foe here foilde.

as he fell is *Arth.* A causelesse foe. When waires did call me hence

brought He was in yeares but young, in wit too olde.

vpon the As vertue shineth most in comliest wightes, 85

Stadge. When inward gifts are deckt with outward grace

So did his witte and feature feede that hope,

Which falsely trainde me to this wofull hap.

His minde transformed thus, I cannot chuse

But long to see what change his face sustaines. 90

My blood and kinred doubled in his birth,

Inspires a mixt, and twice descending loue,
Which driues my dying vaines to wish his view
Vnhealme his luckelesse head, set bare his face
That face which earst pleas'd me and mine to much. 95

Chor. 1. See (worthest King) the hope of all your Realme,
Had not his lust to rule pieuented all

Arth. I see (alas) I see (hide, hide againe .
O spaie mine eyes) a witnesse of my crimes
A fearefull vision of my former gulte . 100
A dreadfull horror of a future doome :

A present gaule of minde O happie they,
Whose spotlesse lues attaine a dreadlesse death
And thou, O haplesse boye, O spight of *Fates*,
(What mought I terme thee, Nephew, Sonne, or both ?) 105
Alas, how happie should we both haue bene,
If no ambitious thought had vext thy head
Nor thou thus stru'de to reauue thy Fathers rule,
But staide thy tyme, and not forstalde vs both ?

Cado. The hoat spurde youth that forste the forward steedes,
Whiles needes he would his Fathers Chariot guide, 111
Neglecting what his Sire had said in charge,
The fires, which first he flung about the poles,
Himselfe at last most wofull wretch inflamde.
So to much loue to houer in the Heauens 115
Made him to paie the price of rash attemptes.

Arth. What ruth, (ah,) rent the wofull Fathers hart,
That sawe himselfe thus made a Sonneslesse Sire ?
Well : since both Heauens and Hell conspir'd in one,
To make our endes a mirror to the worlde, 120
Both of incestious life, and wicked buth .
Would Gods the *Fates* that linckt our faultes alike,
Had also fram'de our minds of fiendlier mouldes :
That, as our lnage had approcht too neere,
So our affections had not swaru'd to farre. 125

Then mought I lu'd t'inlarge the *Brytaines* praise,
In rearing efts the first triumphant *Troy*

And after thou succeeding mine attempts,
 Haue spent thy couage in a iuster cause

But t'would not be Ambition grew to greate 130
 We could not ioyne our mindes our *Fates* we ioynde
 And through thy blood, a way was made to mine.

Chor. 2 And must we needes (O worthiest Peeres) foigoe,
 By this vntimely *Fate* our greatest hope?
 That in your ripest yeares and likeliest time, 135
 Your chieftest force should on this sodaine fall?

Chor. 3 Haue you throughout your youth made *Brytaines*
 pompe

A Soueraigne of so many Nations stout,
 To th'end ere halfe your age vntimely death
 Should leaue vs Subject to our woonted foiles? 140

Chor. 4. See, see, our idle hopes, our brittle trust,
 Our vaine desires, our ouer fickle state,
 Which, though a while they sayle on quiet seas,
 Yet sinke in surge, ere they arriue to Rode
 O wofull warres, O *Mordreds* cursed pride, 145
 That thus hath wrought both King, and Kingdomes woe

Cado. Let plaints and mournings passe, set moanes a part.
 They made much of themselues Yea too too much
 They lou'd to liue, that seeing all then Realme
 Thus topsie turuey turnd, would grudge to dye. 150

Arth Yea sure. since thus (O *Fates*) your censure seemes,
 That free from force of forreine foes, there rests,
 That *Mordred* reape the glory of our deaths
 B't so. driue on your doome, worke your decree.
 We fearelesse hide what bane so e'r you bidde 155

And though our ends thus hastened through your heasts,
 Abruptly breake the course of great attempts:
 Yet goe we not inglorious to the ground.
 Set wish a part we haue perfourmd inough.

The *Irish* King and Nation wilde we tamde: 160
 The *Scots* and *Picts*, and *Orcade* Isles we wanne.

The *Danes* and *Gothes* and *Friseland* men, with all
 The Isles insertid nere those Seas, And next
 The *Germanne* King, and *Saxons* we subdude.

Not *Fraunce*, that could pieuaile against our force, 165
 Nor lastly *Rome*, that rues her pride suppress.
 Ech forreine power is parcell of our praise,
 No titles want to make our foes affraide

This onely now I craue (O *Fortune* erst
 My faithfull friend) let it be soone forgot, 170
 Nor long in minde, nor mouth, where *Arthur* fell.
 Yea though I Conquerour die, and full of *Fame*
 Yet let my death and parture rest obscure
 No graue I neede (O *Fates*) nor buriall rights,
 Nor stately hearce, nor tombe with haughty toppe . 175
 But let my Carkasse lurke yea, let my death
 Be ay vnknownen, so that in euery Coast
 I still be feard, and lookt for euery houre.

Exeunt Arthur & Cador

Chor. 1. Lo here the end that *Fortune* sends at last
 To him, whom first she heau'd to highest happe 180
 The flattering looke wherewith he long was led
 The smiling *Fates*, that oft had fedde his *Fame* .
 The many warres and Conquests, which he gaund,
 Are dasht at once . one day inferres that foile,
 Whereof so many yeares of yore were free. 185

Chor. 2 O willing world to magnifie man's state .
 O most vnwilling to maintaine the same
 Of all misfortunes and vnhappy *Fates*,
 Th'unhappiest seemes, to haue beene hapie once
 T'was *Arthur* sole, that neuer found his ioies 190
 Disturb'd with woe, nor woes relieu'd with ioye
 In prosperous state all Heauenly powies aspir'd
 Now made a wretch, not one, that spares his spoile.

Chor. 3. Yea *Fortunes* selfe in this afflicted case,
 Exacts a paine for long continued pompe. 195
 She vrgeth now the blisse of woonted weale,

And beares him downe with waight of former *Fame*,
 His prayes past be pient shame . O tickle trust
 Whiles *Fortune* chops and chaungeth eury *Chaunce*,
 What certaine blisse can we enioy a lue, 200
 Vnlesse, whiles yet our blisse endures, we die ?

Chor. 4. Yea since before his last and outmost gaspe,
 None can be deemde a happy man or blest,
 Who dares commit him selfe to prosperous *Fates*,
 Whose death preparte attends not hard at hand ? 205
 That sithence death must once determine all,
 His life may sooner flie, then *Fortune* fitte

The second scene.

Gorlois

Gorl NOW *Gorlois* swage thy selfe Pride hath his pay
 Murther his price Adult'rie his desert .
 Treason his meede Disloyaltie his doome
 Wrong hath his wreake and Guilt his guerdon beares.
 Not one abuse erst offered by thy foes 5
 But since most sternely punisht, is now purg'd.
 Where thou didst fall, eu'n on the selfe same soile
Pendragon, Arthur, Mordred, and their stocke,
 Found all their foiles not one hath scapte reuenge
 Their line from first to last quite razed out 10

Now rest content, and worke no further plagues
 Let future age be free from *Gorlois* Ghost
 Let *Brytaine* henceforth bath in endlesse weale.
 Let *Virgo* come from Heauen, the glorious Starre .
 The Zodiac's ioy . the Planets chiefe delight 15
 The hope of all the yeare : the ease of Skies .
 The Aires reliefe, the comfort of the Earth.

That vertuous *Virgo* borne for *Brytaines* blisse
 That pierlesse braunch of *Brute* . that sweete remaine
 Of *Priam's* state that hope of springing *Troy* 20
 Which time to come, and many ages hence
 Shall of all warres compound eternall peace

Let her reduce the golden age againe,
 Religion, ease, and wealth of former world
 Yea, let that *Virgo* come and *Saturnes* raigne, 25
 And yeares oft ten times tolde expirde in peace
 A Rule, that else no Realme shall euer finde,
 A Rule most rare, vnheard, vnseene, vnread,
 The sole example that the world affordes

That (*Brytaine*) that Renowme, yea that is thine. 30
 B't so . my wrath is wrought, Ye furies blacke
 And vglie shapes, that houle in holes beneath :
 Thou *Orcus* darke, and deepe *Auernas* nooke,
 With duskish dennes out gnawne in gulfes belowe,
 Receaue your ghastly charge, Duke *Gorlois* Ghoast 35
 Make roome I gladly thus reuengde returne
 And though your paine surpasse, I greete them tho
 He hates each other Heauen, that haunteth Hell.

Descendit.

EPILOGVS.

See heere by this the tickle trust of tyme .
 The false affiance of each mortall force,
 The wauering waight of *Fates* . the fickell tiace,
 That *Fortune* trips . the many mockes of life
 The cheerelesse change . the easelesse brunts and broyles, 5
 That man abides the restlesse race he runnes.

But most of all, see heere the peerelesse paines :
 The lasting panges . the stintlesse greefes the teares .
 The sighes . the grones the feares the hopes the hates :
 The thoughts and cares, that Kingly pompe impartes. 10

What follies then bewitch thambicious mindes,
 That thirst for Scepters pompe the well of woes ?
 Whereof (alas) should wretched man be proude,
 Whose first conception is but Sinne, whose birth
 But paine, whose life but toyle, and needes must dye ? 15

See heere the store of great *Pendragons* broode,
 The to'ne quite dead, the to'ther hastening on,
 As men, the Sonne but greene, the Sire but ripe .

Yet both forestalde ere halfe then race were run.
 As Kinges, the mightiest Monarches in this age,
 Yet both suppress and vanquisht by themselues.

20

Such is the brittle breath of mortall man,
 Whiles humane *Nature* workes her dayly wrackes
 Such be the crazed crests of glorious Crownes,
 Whiles worldly powers like sudden puffed do passe
 And yet for one that goes, another comes,
 Some borne, some dead So still the store indures
 So that both *Fates* and common care prouide
 That men must needes be borne, and some must rule.

25

Wherefore ye Peeres, and Loidings lift aloft,
 And whosoe'r in Thrones that iudge your thralls
 Let not your Soueraingty heaue you to hye,
 Nor their subiection presse them downe too lowe.
 It is not pride, that can augment your power,
 Nor lowlie lookes, that long can keepe them safe

30

35

The *Fates* haue found a way, whereby ere long
 The proude must leaue their hope, the meeke their feare.
 Who ere receau'd such fauor from aboue,
 That could assure one day vnto himselfe?
 Him, whom the Morning found both stout and strong,
 The Euening left all groueling on the ground.

40

This breath and heate wherewith mans life is fedde
 Is but a flash, or flame, that shines a while,
 And once extinct, is as it ne'r had bene
 Corruption hourelly frets the bodies frame,
 Youth tends to age, and age to death by kinde
 Short is the race, prefixed is the end,
 Swift is the tyme, wherein mans life doth run.
 But by his deedes t'extend renowne and fame,
 That onely vertue workes, which neuer fades

45

50

FINIS.

Thomas Hughes.

*Sat cyth, si sat bene. vicung,
 Quod non dat spes, dat optio.*

Heere after followe such
speeches as were penned by others, and pro-
nounced in stead of some of the former spee-
ches penned by Thomas Hughes.

A speach penned by William

Fulbecke gentleman, one of the societie of Grayes-
 Inne, and pronounced in stead of *Gorlois*
 his first speeche penned by Thomas
 Hughes, and set downe in the first
 Scene of the first Acte.

A *Lecto*. thou that hast excluded mee
 From feeldes *Elysyan*, where the guiltlesse soules
 Avoide the scouge of *Radamanthus* Ire
 Let it be lawfull, (sith I am remou'd
 From blessed Ilands, to this cursd shoare, 5
 This loathed earth where *Arthurs* table standes,
 With Ordure foule of *Harpies* fierce disteind,)
 The fates and hidden secrets to disclose
 Of blacke *Cocytus* and of *Acheron*,
 The floudes of death the lakes of burning soules. 10
 Where Hellish frogges doe prophecie reuenge.
 Where *Tartars* sprights with carefull heede attende
 The dismall summons of *Alectoes* mouth
 My selfe by precept of *Proserpina*,
 Commaunded was in presence to appeare, 15
 Before the Synode of the damned sprights.
 In fearefull moode I did performe their hest,
 And at my entrance in th'inchaunted snakes,
 Which wrap themselus about the furies neckes,

Did hisse for ioi and from the dreadfull benche 20
 The supreme furie thus assignde her charge.
Gorlois quoth she thou thither must ascend.
 Whence through the rancour of malicious foes
 Wearyed with woundes thou didst descend to vs
 Make *Brytaine* now the maik of thy reuenge 25
 On ruthlesse *Brytaines* and *Pendragons* race,
 Disburse the treasure of thy Hellish plagues
 Let blood contend with blood, Father with Sonne,
 Subiect with Prince, and let confusion raigne.
 She therewithall enioynde the duskie cloudes 30
 Which with their darkenesse turnde the earth to Hell,
 Conuert to blood and poure downe streames of blood
 Cornewell shall groane, and *Arthurs* soule shall sigh,
 Before the conscience of *Gueneuora*
 The map of hell shall hang and fiendes shall rage 35
 And *Gorlois* ghost exacting punishment,
 With dreames, with horrors and with deadly traunce
 Shall gripe their hearts the vision of his corse
 Shalbe to them, as was the terror vile
 Of flaming whippes to *Agamemnons* sonne. 40
 And when the Trumpet calles them from their rest
Aurora shall with watry cheekes behold
 Their slaughtered bodies prostrate to her beames.
 And on the banckes of *Cambala* shall lye
 The bones of *Arthur* and of *Arthurs* knightes . 45
 Whose fleete is now tryumphing on the seas.
 But shall bee welcom'd with a Tragedie
 Thy natue soyle shalbe thy fatall gulfe
Arthur thy place of birth thy place of death.
Mordred shalbe the hammer of my hate 50
 To beate the bones of Cornish Lordes to dust.
 Ye rauening birdes vnder *Celenoes* power,
 I doe adiure you in *Alectoes* name.
 Follow the sworde of *Mordred* where he goes.

Follow the sworde of *Mordred* for your foode 55
 Aspyring *Mordred*, thou must also dye
 And on the Altar of *Proserpina*
 Thy vitall blood vnto my Ghost shall fume.
 Heauen, Earth, and hell, concurre to plague the man
 That is the plague of Heauen, Earth, and hell. 60
 Thou bids *Alecto* · I pursue my charge.
 Let thy *Cerastæ* whistle in mine eares,
 And let the belles of *Pluto* ring reuenge

¶ One other speeche penned

by the same gentleman, and pronounced in steade
 of *Gorlois* his last speache penned by *Thomas Hughes*, and set downe in the second Scene of the fift and last Act.

DEath hath his conquest . hell hath had his wish.
Gorlois his vow · *Alecto* her desire.
 Sinne hath his pay and blood is quit with blood,
 Reuenge in Tryumphe beares the strugling hearts.
 Now *Gorlois* peace the craggie Rockes of hell, 5
 Through chunckes wherof infernall sprites do glaunce,
 Returne this answer to the furies courte.
 That Cornewell trembles with the thought of warre ·
 And *Tamers* flood with drooping pace doth flowe,
 For feare of touching *Camballs* bloodie streame. 10
Brytaine remember, write it on thy walles,
 Which neyther tyme nor tyannie may race,
 That Rebelles, Traytors and conspiratois,
 The semenarye of lewde *Cateline*,
 The Bastard Couue of Italian bides, 15
 Shall feele the flames of euer flaming fire,
 Which are not quenched with a sea of teares.

And since in thee some glorious starie must shine,
 When many yeares and ages are expirde
 Whose beames shall cleare the mist of discontent 20
 And make the dampe of *Plutoes* pit retire,
Gorlois will neuer fray the *Brytans* more.
 For *Brytaine* then becomes an Angels land,
 Both Diuels and sprites must yeelde to Angels power,
 Vnto the goddesse of the Angels land 25
 Vaunt *Brytaine* vaunt, of her renowned raigne,
 Whose face deterres the haggies of hell from thee
 Whose vertues holde the plagues of heauen from thee,
 Whose presence makes the earth fruitfull to thee
 And with foresight of her thrice happie daies, 30
Brytaine I leaue thee to an endlesse praise

Besides these speaches there was also penned a *Chorus* for
 the first act, and an other for the second act, by Maister
Frauncis Flower, which were pronounced accordingly.

The dumbe showes were partly deuised by Maister
Christopher Yeluerton, Maister *Frauncis Bacon*,
 Maister *John Lancaster* and others, partly
 by the saide Maister *Flower*, who with
 Maister *Penroodocke* and the said
 Maister *Lancaster* directed
 these proceedings
 at Court.

()

18, 21 *Q period at end of line*

NOTES

Act numbers or book numbers in these notes are printed in Roman capitals, scenes and chapter numbers in small letters, line numbers in Arabic. *Macbeth* III. 1 77 means Act III, scene 1, line 77, and *Historia Britonum* IV. iii means Book IV, chapter or section iii. Arg = Argument, Ch = Chorus, D.S = Dumb Show, Ep = Epilogue, Pr = Prologue, S.D = Stage Direction. The line numbers in the Seneca references are those of the Teubner edition (Peiper and Richter, 1867); the readings are those of the Aldine edition of 1517, of which Peiper and Richter say: 'si uniuersum spectamus, nullum librum uel manu scriptum uel impressum fatendum est tam prope ad genuinam recensionis uolgaris condicionem accedere quam Aldinam.'

GORBODUC

(NOTES BY DR. H. A. WATT)

The argument of the Tragedie the ultimate source of the story of King Gorboduc and his two sons is the Latin chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the *Historia Regum Britanniae*. Here the account is as follows:

'Post hunc [i.e. Rivallo, son of Cunedagius] uero successit Gurgustius filius eius, cui Sisillius, cui Lago Gurgustii nepos, cui Kimmarcus Sisilli filius; post hunc Gorbogud. Huic nati fuerunt duo filii. quorum unus Ferrex, alter Porrex nuncupabatur. Cum autem in senium uergeret pater, orta est contentio inter eos, uter eorum in regno succederet. At Porrex maiori cupiditate subductus, patris insidiis Ferrecem fratrem interficere parat, quod cum illi competum fuisset, fratre uitato, in Gallias transfugit. Sed Suardi regis Francorum auxilio usus, reuersus est et cum fratre dimicauit. Illis autem pugnantibus, Ferrex est interfectus et tota multitudo quae eum comitabatur. Porro eorum mater, cui nomen Widen, cum de filii nece certior facta esset, ultra modum commota, in alterius odium uersa est. Diligebat enim defunctum magis altero, unde tanta ira ob ipsius mortem ignescebat, ut ipsum in fratrem undicare affectaret. Nacta ergo tentorium, quo ille sopitus fuerat, aggreditur eum cum suis ancillis et in plurimas sectiones dilacerauit. Exin ciuili discordia multo tempore populum afflavit, et regnum quinque regibus submissum est, qui sese mutuis cladibus infestabant' (II. xvi, ed. San-Marte)

It will be seen that the authors follow the Latin chronicle closely,

the only marked changes being that in the play no mention is made of the flight of Ferrex into France, and Porrex, instead of Ferrex, is made the aggressor. The authors may have found an immediate source in Grafton's chronicle, 1556, which follows Geoffrey's version closely. In the tragedy many of the details of the story are brought out, it should be noted, not in the action, but in the dumb shows which precede each of the acts.

Arg 7-9 for want of issue . . . became uncertaine the earliest indication in the play of its political purpose, obvious throughout from numerous allusions. In fact, the entire tragedy, and especially the last act, is very largely an argument for the limitation of the succession, and but one of the means which English statesmen were taking, in Parliament and out, to suggest to Queen Elizabeth that she either marry and bear children, or definitely appoint her successor and thereby decide at once the claims to the succession of Mary Stuart, Lady Katharine Grey, and others.

The P. to the Reader i.e. the Printer (John Daye) to the Reader.

6 *W. G.* William Griffith, the printer of the first (unauthorized) edition, Sept. 22, 1565.

8-9 *the said Lord was out of England* from 1563 to 1566 Sackville was travelling in France and Italy, where he was engaged for part of the time on a diplomatic mission. See F. W. Maitland's article entitled *Thomas Sackville's Message from Rome* in the *English Historical Review* for Oct., 1900, pp 757-60.

10-11. *exceedingly corrupted*: this is not true, the pirated edition of 1565 contained very few mistakes.

30. *the house from whence she is descended* the Inner Temple

The names of the Speakers: the first five names are taken from the Latin chronicle. The names of the four 'dukes' are, according to Geoffrey, Cloten rex Cornubiae, Staterius rex Albaniae, Ymner rex Loegriae, and Rudaucus rex Kambriae (II. xvii). The other proper names are classical, concerning the significance of those of the counsellors and of the parasites see note on II 1

The domine shew. the dumb shows of *Gorboduc* are the most striking native element in the tragedy. Nowhere in Seneca do we have any hint of such performances. Their purpose was to supply the action which the drama itself lacked and to point out in the form of an allegorical pantomime the moral lessons which the audience was to derive from the play. Although a species of entertainment, allegorical in character, had long been employed between the acts in Italian comedy and tragedy, it is likely that the authors of *Gorboduc* obtained their suggestion for the dumb shows from the allegorical tableaux or 'stands' which were a regular accompaniment of city pageants and court masques, and which were usually political in character. This view of their origin is borne out by the appearance in the dumb shows of certain characteristics of the civic entertainments, notably the 'sixe wilde men'—the familiar Elizabethan processional police—in the first dumb show, and the firearms in the fifth.

I D.S I *Musicke of Violenze*. each of the dumb shows begins with music, and in each instance there has been an attempt to make the music harmonize with the nature of the pantomime presented. This is, of course, most noticeable in the fifth dumb show, where 'drommes and flutes' introduce 'a company of Hargabusiers and of Armed men', but it is sufficiently apparent in the fourth, where the three Furies appear 'as though out of hell' to the weird squealing of 'Howboies'.

Actus primus. Scena prima it will be noted that no stage directions of any kind are given. These will be inserted, whenever necessary, in the notes. The opening scene of the tragedy takes place in a room of Gorboduc's palace.

I 1 1-6 *The silent grieffull plaint*. this speech of Videna's is distinctly Senecan in style and should be compared with *Hercules Furens* 125-40, *Oedipus* 1-5, *Agamemnon* 53-6, and *Octavia* 1-6. The dialogue which follows between Videna and Ferrex, with its speeches of equal length, its play upon words, and its general rhetorical quality, is almost certainly an attempt by Norton, the author of the first three acts, at Senecan *stichomythia*. The passage should be compared with such a stichomythic series of verses in Seneca as, for example, *Medea* 192-200.

3-4. *makes me . . . or shame*. the half dozen instances of rhyming couplets which occur in the body of the tragedy Miss L. Toulmin Smith suggests (in her reprint of the tragedy in *Englische Sprach- und Literaturdenkmale des 16., 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts*, Heilbronn, 1883, p. xv), may have been 'slips of the pen, relics of the old habit of rhyming'. They are used for no apparent effect and occur only once at the end of a speech (II. ii. 27-8). The other instances all occur within the speech (I i. 3-4, 73-4, II i. 123-4, III i. 106-7; III i. 164-5). These instances occur mainly in the acts written by Norton. There is one instance of alternate end-rhyme—probably accidental (I i. 16-18). The two or three internal rhymes which occur (I i. 36, IV. ii. 190; V. ii. 9) are evidently unintentional, the first of the rhyming words does not, in the first two instances at least, appear after the internal caesura, and the rhyme in each case roughens and spoils the verse.

25. *To spoile thee of my sight*: probably a printer's error for 'to spoile me of thy sight'.

59-61. *When lordes, . . . of gouernance* possibly an allusion to Northumberland's attempt at the accession of Mary Tudor in 1553 to put upon the throne his daughter-in-law Lady Jane Grey, basing his action on the nomination of the boy king, Edward VI.

Actus primus. Scena secunda: the following debate evidently takes place in the council-chamber of King Gorboduc.

I. ii. 47-8. *the Gods . . . For kings*: an expression of the attitude of right-thinking Englishmen toward their queen, the belief that she was divinely appointed to rule. Similar expressions occur in II. i. 144-5 and V. ii. 55.

74. *Shew forth . . . of circumstance*. a verse of only four feet—probably accidental.

105. *To draw . . . swifter pace* : to cause death, who is slow when a man is young, to quicken his pace

131. *temperd youthe with* youth tempered with, &c.

161-3. *bloudie ciuill . . . in Camberland* Morgan, or Mairganus, was the son of Gonorilla, eldest daughter of King Leir, and Maglaunus, duke of Albany. With the help of his cousin Cunedagius, son of Regan, Leir's second daughter, he deposed his aunt, Cordeilla, Leir's youngest daughter, who had become queen at her father's death. The cousins divided the kingdom, Morgan taking the section north of the Humber, Cunedagius, the part south. Later Morgan permitted flatterers to persuade him that he should rule the entire island, accordingly he invaded the provinces of Cunedagius, but after a bloody civil war he was defeated and slain by the latter 'in pago Kambriae'. (See *Historia Regum Britanniae* II. xv) There are so many details in this story of the two cousins which correspond with those in the story of Ferrex and Porrex as Norton and Sackville have retold it, but which are not in Geoffrey's account of the civil war between the brothers, that there can be no doubt but that the authors of *Gorboduc* borrowed from the chronicler's account of the first civil war details for their own version of the second. The frequent references to Morgan in the earlier part of *Gorboduc* and the fact that in all the chronicles the history of the two cousins immediately precedes that of the two brothers seem to establish this borrowing beyond question.

165 *Three noble . . . forefather Brute* Brute, or Brutus, the natural son of Sylvius, grandson of Aeneas, had three sons, Locrinus, Kamber, and Albanactus, who divided the kingdom at his death. (*Historia Regum Britanniae* I. iii, II. i)

197. *With hateful slaughter he preuentes the fates* : he anticipates the fate which would naturally be his brother's by murdering him. The classical phrasing of this and of other lines throughout the tragedy (e.g. III. i. 11, IV. ii. 225-6) is at once apparent. Some of this phrasing may have come from Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of Vergil's *Aeneid*, since the metre of *Gorboduc* was undoubtedly suggested by this translation; but the authors of the tragedy were university men, and would fall, naturally enough, into classical usages.

203 *the head to stoupe beneath them bothe* for the king to make his own rank lower than that of his sons

232. *But longe . . . to rule* a hypermetrical verse which there is no need to reduce to the pentameter. One editor, R. W. Sackville-West, omits the *but*, but this omission of the adversative conjunction spoils the force of the sentence.

251. *other here my lordes* : an inversion for 'other lords who are here'.

262-8. *Suche is . . . wold attune* : an example of the sententious moralizing which has been imitated from Seneca. Other examples occur in II. i. 143-55; III. Ch. 1-3; and elsewhere in the tragedy.

273. *For his three sonnes three kingdoms* : see note on I. ii. 165.

277-82. *princes slaime . . . chaunce againe* : at the time when

Gorboduc was written, the War of the Roses, that great civil strife which cost England so much royal blood, was yet 'rawe in minde'. The last line expresses at once the fear of serious-minded Englishmen that, if Elizabeth at her death were to leave the succession disputed, the bloody scenes of the War of the Roses would be re-enacted, and their hope that such a civil war might be averted.

330-1 *To soone . . on fire* Phaeton, in Greek mythology the son of the Sun-god Phoebus, in a rash attempt to drive his father's chariot through the heavens, set the earth on fire and was himself destroyed. The story is again alluded to in the third stanza of the Chorus at the end of this act and is but one of the numerous borrowings from classical myth which appear in the tragedy. Seneca makes frequent use of the Phaeton story (see *Medea* 602-5, 834, *Hercules Oetaeus* 681-6, *Hippolytus* 1090-1104).

364 *fensed eares* see note on I. II 131

Chorus The council has, of course, broken up, and the king and the councillors have departed. It is probable that the Chorus remains on the stage during the entire performance of the tragedy. The Chorus in *Gorboduc* is, of course, borrowed directly from Seneca. As far as its proper function as chorus goes, it is purely formal. In fact, it is much more detached from the action than in any of the Senecan plays. In the latter it occasionally takes the part of an actor, engaging in conversation with some one of the regular characters, in *Gorboduc* its expression is confined to the utterance of moral platitudes suggested by the misfortunes of the characters in the main action. In Seneca the Chorus is made up of persons whose fortunes we may suppose to be connected more or less directly with those of the leading actors, in *Gorboduc* the Chorus consists simply of 'four auncient and sage men of Brittain'. In *Gorboduc*, however, it should be noted, the Chorus has the new function of expounding to the audience at the end of the act the significance of the pantomime presented at the beginning of the act.

I. Ch. 16. *the proude sonne of Apollo*: Phaeton, see note on I. II. 330-1.

23. *A myrrour . . Princes all* the figurative use of the word *mirror*, though a common literary affectation which occurs repeatedly in Elizabethan literature, recalls Sackville's contributions to the famous *Mirror for Magistrates*. Although these contributions, the powerful *Induction* and the *Legend of Buckingham*, did not appear until 1563, there is evidence that they were composed at about the same time as the tragedy, and many ideas and phrases in the poems are strikingly similar to those in the play.

Actus secundus. Scena prima. the action takes place at the Court of Ferrex

II. 1. *Ferrex. Hermon. Dordan* the arrangement of the characters in this scene and in the closely parallel scene following is an evidence of the influence of the moral plays on the structure of *Gorboduc*. Just as in moral plays of the *Everyman* type we have a central figure accompanied by personified evil on the one hand and personified good on the other hand, and a contest between

good and evil for the soul of the central figure, so in *Gorboduc* we have in the old king and each of his two sons central figures accompanied by good and evil counsellors. From this point of view the chief actors with their good and their evil angels may be divided as follows :

<i>Good Counsellor.</i>	<i>Central Figure.</i>	<i>Evil Counsellor.</i>
Eubulus	Gorboduc.	Arostus
Dordan.	Feirex	Hermon.
Philander.	Poirex	Tyndal.

The counsellors are, of course, mere colourless lay figures. It should be noted further that just as in the moral plays the personified virtues and vices are given tag-names—Riches, Good Deedes, Vice, &c—to indicate their characters, so here some attempt has been made to indicate the characters of the counsellors by the names given them, Eubulus means *The Good Counsellor*, and Philander, the *Friend of Man*, while Tyndar, an abbreviation of Tyndarus, is suspiciously like *Tinder*, a name which fits the parasite's character exactly.

II 1. 16 *The hellish prince* Pluto or Dis, in Greek mythology the ruler of the under-world.

36-44 *Yea and . . . his reigne* on these lines Warton has the following note: 'The chaste elegance of the following description of a region abounding in every convenience, will gratify the lover of classical purity.' The description is, of course, a glorification of England.

126-9. „*Wise men . . . to come.* the quotation marks are used here and elsewhere in the tragedy, as often in Elizabethan literature, to mark a particular bit of sententious moralizing. It seems curiously inconsistent thus to mark the words of the traitorous Hermon, but the device is employed again toward the end of this harangue. The particular lines here have a general reference to contemporary political conditions.

143-5 *Know ye . . . in rascall routes*: see *Jocasta* II. 1 390-3 and notes thereon.

194. *I feare . . . draweth on*. Dordan here, like Philander in the closely parallel scene following and Eubulus at the end of the tragedy, acts as a detached chorus leader or expositor, who remains alone at the end of the scene to cloak his fears of the outcome of the policies determined upon in the debate immediately preceding.

198. *Secretaries wise aduise*: the secretary was Eubulus, see the Names of the Speakers.

Actus secundus. Scena secunda: at the Court of Porrex.

II. Ch. 10 *lawes kinde*: the laws of kindred

25-6. *Loe, thus . . . cuppe forsake*. the couplet at the end serves to explain the significance of the dumb show at the beginning of the act. *Poyson in golde to take* is Seneca's '*uenenum in auro bibitur*' (*Thyestes* 453).

Actus tertius. Scena prima. the Court of the old king. Gorboduc, Eubulus, and Arostus are present at the opening of the

scene; Philander and the Nuntius enter late (l. 58 and l. 154 respectively).

III. 1 2-3. *Simois stayed . . . with blood* the Senecan '*fluctusque Simois caede purpureos agens*' (*Agamemnon* 215). On this passage Warton has the following note. 'It must be remembered that the ancient Britons were supposed to be immediately descended from the Trojan Brutus, and that consequently they were acquainted with the pagan history and mythology' This explanation, however, is hardly necessary to account for so many allusions to Greek mythology in the work of writers who were so steeped in Seneca as were Norton and Sackville

15. *lyued to make a myrrour of* see note on I Ch 23

57-8 *Loe yonder . . . hast Philander*. a characteristically Senecan method of introducing a new actor upon the stage With these lines compare, for example, *Troas* 526-7:

'cohibe parumpet oia, questusque opprime.
gressus nefandos dux Cephalenum admouet.'

122. *And adde . . . latter age*. this line and line 155 in the speech of the Nuntius at the end of the scene are the only Alexandrines in the tragedy As they are used for no apparent purpose, they were probably accidental

132. *Loe here the perill*. Eubulus appears here, as elsewhere in the tragedy, as the expositor of the moral.

155. *O king the greatest grieffe*. here as in Act v the Nuntius performs the regular Senecan part of reporting the events which do not occur on the stage and of thereby, in this instance at least, keeping bloodshed decently from the sight of the audience

161. *his owne most bloody hand* a familiar Senecan figure; cf.

'rudem cruore regio dextram inluit' (*Troas* 226)

'hominum cruenta caede pollutas manus.' (*Octavia* 435.)

'... in patrios toros

tuli paterno sanguine adspersas manus' (*Thebais* 267-8.)

III. Ch. 12. *Morgan his . . . cosyns hand* see note on I II. 161-3.

13. *plagues pursue the guiltie race* the idea expressed here and elsewhere in the tragedy is the classical one of the family curse that cannot be escaped In Seneca it appears, for example, in those tragedies which set forth the fate overhanging the house of Cadmus or of Oedipus (see *Hercules Furens* 386-94, *Thebais* 276-8; *Hippolytus* 698-700).

21-2 *hence doth . . . & woe*: the usual explanation by the Chorus of the meaning of the dumb show at the beginning of the act

IV. D.S. 2. *from vnder the stage, as though out of hell* one may assume from this the presence of a trap-door in the stage, similar, no doubt, to those implied in *Jocasta* II. D.S. 6-7, III. D.S. 3; *The Misfortunes of Arthur* I. D.S. 1-2, and V II 38 S.D., *Gismond of Salerne*, IV I. I. S.D. Plays at the Inns of Court and court masques were usually performed on simple platforms sufficiently elevated to

allow the audience a free view of the performance and to allow for the occasional presence, as here, of actors under the stage.

9-10 *Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea*: Tantalus was the grandfather of Atreus, who killed the sons of his brother Thyestes. Medea killed her children by Jason when he planned to desert her. Athamas, the son of Aeolus, King of Thessaly, was made mad by Hera and slew his son Learchus. Ino, the wife of Athamas, threw herself into the sea with her remaining son after the murder of Learchus. Cambises, son of Cyrus, a mad king of the Medes and Persians, killed both his brother and his sister. Althea, wife of Aeneas, King of Calydon, caused the death of her son Meleager.

Actus quartus. Scena prima a room in the palace of Gorboduc

IV 1 *Why should I lyne*. with Act IV begins the work of Sackville. The last two acts of the tragedy are distinctly fresher and more dramatic than the first three; the opening impassioned speech of Videna is, for example, much superior in power and in language to anything which Noiton has produced in the first three acts. It and other passages in the last two acts should be compared with Sackville's contributions to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, his powerful *Induction* and the *Legend of Buckingham*. This speech of Videna should be also compared with Seneca's *Medea* 1-55.

30-1. *Thou Porrex, . . and me*: inversion of the iamb in the first foot occurs occasionally in the first three acts, much more frequently in the last two. The inversion is usually for rhetorical emphasis. Cf. ll. 65-73 of this scene. The repetition of words in '*Thou Porrex, thou*' seems to be a mannerism of Sackville, since it occurs only once in the three acts written by Norton (III. 1. 27) but several times in the last two acts (e.g. IV. 1. 9, 29, 53, 65, IV. 11. 106, 120, V. 1. 56).

53-7. *Or if . . reward therefore Thebais* 443-7:

'in me arma et ignes uertite. in me omnis ruat
unam iuuentus, .

. . . cuius atque hostis simul
hunc petite uentrem qui dedit fratres uno.'

71-6. *Ruthelasse, unkinde . . to life Hercules Oetaeus* 143-6

'quae cautes Scythiae, quis genuit lapis?
num Titana ferum te Rhodope tulit,
te praeruptus Athos, te fera Caspia,
quae uirgala tibi praebeuit ubera ?'

and *Aeneid* IV 365-7.

'nec tibi diua parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
perfidē, sed diuis genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.'

Actus quartus. Scena secunda the Court of Gorboduc again. Gorboduc and Arostus hold the stage at the beginning of the scene; Eubulus, Porrex, and Marcella enter later at points clearly indicated by the dialogue.

IV 11. 70-1. *the minde . . . be fraile*. a possible reminiscence of

Mark xiv. 38, which reads in Tyndale's translation, 'the sprete is redy, but the flessch is weeke.'

166 *Marcella*: one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting performs here the function of the Nuntius in reporting the murder of Porrex. For the touch of colour and romance which she adds, however, to the part of the messenger see *Introduction*, p lxxxiii.

225-6 *And straight . . . corpes forsooke*. the classical phraseology of these and of many other lines in the tragedy is unmistakable.

iv. Ch. 5-6 *Beholde how . . . brother slayes*: the didactic function of the Chorus is especially marked here

11. *The dreadfull furies* the customary reference to the dumb show at the beginning of the act

v DS 3-4. *after their peeeces discharged* the use of firearms and of fireworks on the Elizabethan stage was very frequent. The first Globe theatre, it will be remembered, was destroyed in 1613 by a fire resulting from such a discharge of firearms as is mentioned here. Jonson ridicules the use of fireworks on the stage in the Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* (acted 1598):

'Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afeard
The gentlewomen.'

8. *by the space of fiftie yeares* the Latin chronicle reads simply *multo tempore*. (See note, p. 297)

11. *Dunwallo Molmutius*. the son of Cloten, King of Cornwall, who, according to the Latin chronicle, conquered the petty kings and reduced Great Britain again to a single monarchy (*Historia Regum Britanniae* II. xvii).

Actus quintus. Scena prima the last act takes place at what had been the Court of Gorboduc. It consists of a specific argument for the limitation of the succession to the English throne Elizabeth's first Parliament had petitioned her through a committee headed by Thomas Gargrave, Speaker of the House of Commons, that she 'by marriage bring forth children, heires both of their mothers vertue and Empire'. (See Camden, William. *Historie of the most renowned and victorious Princesse Elizabeth, Late Queene of England*. Lond, 1630. I. 25-37) A year after the performance of *Gorboduc* another petition was addressed to the queen, the record of which, taken from the Commons' Journal (I. 62-5) is as follows.

'Friday, 15 Janry, 1562-3. Speaker.

Saturday 16 " " A motion made by a Burgess at length for the Succession

Monday 18 " " Divers members spoke on the same subject.

Tuesday 19 " " A Committee was appointed, and on

Tuesday 26 " " A petition devised by the Committees, to be made to the Queen's Maj^y by M^r Speaker, for Limitation of Succession read by M^r Norton, one of the Committees.'

From these entries it is evident that Noiton took an active part in the discussion regarding the succession. Concerning Sackville's interest in the question there is less positive evidence.

V. 1. 41-2 *Eke fully . . . they ought*. the reasons for the omission between these verses in the edition of 1571 of eight lines which appeared in the surreptitious edition of 1565 (see footnote) have been variously stated. Miss Smith believes the omission a mere inadvertence on the part of the printer. Cooper, following Waiton, remarks that 'the eight omitted lines are in an act especially ascribed to Sackville and were opposed to the more lax opinions of Noiton, who in revising the tragedy probably left them out from his dislike of the sentiment they conveyed.' In support of this latter view it should be added that John Daye was Noiton's printer. The lines, it will be noted, are an expression of the Elizabethan idea of complete and unresisting submission to royal authority, the doctrine of passive non-resistance.

64-5 *So giddy . . . the sea: Hercules Furens* 171 'fluctuque magis mobile uulgus'.

92-4 *the rascall . . . neuer trustie* Sackville has expressed the same idea in the *Legend of Buckingham* (Stanza 61).

'O, let no prince put trust in commonie,
Nor hope in fayth of giddy people's mynde.'

124 *Fergus*: all the other lords have, of course, departed

137 *Discended from . . . noble bloud* the Duke of Albany (Statierus he is named in the *Historia Regum Britanniae*) was the direct descendant of Albanactus, son of Brute and Duke of Albany or Scotland (see note on I. II. 165). In the Latin chronicle he is represented as the last of the petty kings to hold out against Dunwallo Molmutius.

Actus quintus. Scena secunda Eubulus is, of course, alone when the scene begins; the other lords and the Nuntius enter later.

V. II 26-41 *One sort . . . enaged sort* this pedantic division of the rebels into groups is a striking example of the formal preciseness which characterizes Seneca's style.

120 *From forreine . . . a prince*: while Elizabeth was dallying with foreign suitors for her hand, her subjects were dreading a foreign king and especially Philip of Spain. It is not clear why the Duke of Albany should be here referred to as a foreign prince.

155. *by colour of pretended right* a reference to the claims of the Duke of Albany to the throne, and an allusion in contemporary politics to false claims to the succession.

165-8. *Right meane . . . to aduance*: an argument, as L. H. Courtney has pointed out (*Notes and Queries*, ser. 2, v. 10, p. 262), for the justice of the claim of Lady Katharine Grey to the succession. Her name rested both upon 'natue line' and on the 'vertue of some former lawe', that, namely, of Henry VIII, whereas Mary Stuart had no such warrant and was foreign born. The use of the pronoun *hers* in the text is significant.

234-52. *Hereto it to rest* a summary by the 'Good Counsellor' of the action of the play, and a final expounding of the moral with particular reference, it will be seen, to the allegory of the dumb shows Eubulus here takes the place of the Chorus, which does not appear after the last act

264-71. *Parliament should . . . quiet stay* a statesman's advice as to the action the English Parliament should take to determine the succession to the throne

278-9. *For right . . . to last*: a healthy English moral, which Courthope characterizes as 'a noble conclusion, and quite unlike the moral of Seneca's plays'.

JOCASTA

The opening scene is taken directly from Dolce, who in this part of the play dealt very freely with his original. But he kept closely to the main lines of the action as laid down by Euripides and only departed occasionally from the original arrangement of the episodes, as the following abstract of the *Phoenissae* will show.

	lines
Prologue by Jocasta . . .	1- 87
Paedagogus and Antigone . .	88- 201
Parode by Chorus . . .	202- 260
Polynices and Chorus	261- 300
Jocasta, Polynices	301- 415
Jocasta, Polynices, Eteocles .	416- 637
First stasimon	638- 689
Creon, Eteocles	690- 783
Second stasimon	784- 833
Teiresias, Menoeceus, Creon .	834- 985
(Dolce interpolates the Priest's part and extends the dialogue between Menoeceus and Creon.)	
Soliloquy of Menoeceus (omitted by Dolce) . .	985-1018
Third stasimon	1019-1066
Messenger, Jocasta	1067-1283
Chorus	1284-1309
Creon, Messenger	1310-1484
Monody of Antigone	1485-1537
Oedipus, Antigone, Creon . .	1538-1766

I. 1. 1: as is usual in texts of this period, the name first given in the scene heading is understood to be that of the first speaker.

35. *Thebs*: here, and in line 183, obviously a monosyllable; but apparently used as a dissyllable in lines 113, 203, and 255 of this scene. Gascoigne adopts the same licence as Kinwelmarsh. Usually he pronounces the word as one syllable (II. 1 45, 61, 383, 468, 516, 559, 578, 597, and 627; II. 11. 79); but in II. 11. 107 it is two syllables.

70-1. „*Experience proues*, &c. ‘The lines marked with initial commas are so distinguished to call the attention to some notable sentiment or reflection’—F. J. C. (Francis James Child) in *Four Old Plays*

89 *Phocides lande*: ‘Phocis. The early poets are in the habit of using the genitive of classical proper names, or the genitive slightly altered, for the nominative. Thus Skelton writes *Zenophontes* for Xenophon, *Eneidos* for Eneis, &c.’—F. J. C. *u. s.*

221-40. *The simple . . . to lawe*. this speech is considerably enlarged by Kinwelmeish, the corresponding Italian text being as follows:

‘Color che i seggi e le reali altezze
Ammiran tanto veggono con l’ occhio
L’ adombrato splendor ch’ appar di fuori,
Scettri, gemme, corone, aurati panni;
Ma non veggon dappoi con l’ intelletto
Le penose fatiche, e i gravi affanni,
Le cure, e le molestie, a mille a mille,
Che di dentro celate e ascose stanno.’

263. At the top of the page of Gabriel Harvey’s copy of *The Posies*, now in the Bodleian Library, he has written above the stage direction giving the names ‘Seneca saepe, the state of princes.’ He evidently refers to the commonplaces of the preceding speech

I. II. 4-5. *To whom . . . gouenour* these lines are, of course, inconsistent with the change made by Kinwelmersh in the stage-direction just above, in which he speaks of ‘hir gouenour’, although the Italian text says plainly ‘Bailo di Polinice’. The phrase, ‘hir gouenour,’ is repeated in the stage-direction at the end of this scene. The change may have been made deliberately, for it is supported by the text of the *Phoemissae*, from which Dolce has departed more in the opening than in any other part of the play.

71 *To trappe him in* this broken line was perhaps suggested by the irregular metre of this speech in the Italian text. In Euripides all Antigone’s speeches in this scene are in strophic measures, which Dolce apparently attempted to present, in part at least, by varying the length of his lines. The English translators reduced all except the choruses to blank verse

173 *It standes not*, &c : cf Laertes’ speech to Ophelia (*Hamlet* I. iii): ‘Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain, &c.’—F. J. C. *u. s.*

181-90 *You cannot be . . . fade away* here again, as will be seen by a comparison with the original, which is given below, the Italian has been extended by the translator

‘E ’l grido d’ onestà che di voi s’ ode
E qual tenero fior, ch’ ad ogni fiato
Di picciol’ aura s’ ammarcisce e muore.’

I. Ch. 1-63: the choruses, especially those of Kinwelmersh, are more loosely translated than the dialogue. The original of this one is here given, for purposes of comparison:

‘Se, come ambiziosa e ingorda mente
Noi misei i mortali
Diverse cose a desiar accende,
Così sapesse antiveder i mali,
E quel che parimente
Giova all’ umana vita, e quel ch’ offende
Tal piange oggi, e ripiende
Fortuna chi gioioso e lieto fora
Perocchè con prudente accolto ciglio
S’ armeria di consiglio,
Di quanto porge il Ciel contento ogn’ ora,
Laddove avvien che con non poco affanno
Quel più si cerca ch’ è più nostro danno.
Alcun di questo umil fugace bene,
Che si chiama bellezza,
Superbo andò, che sospirò dappoi.
Altri bramò dominio, altri ricchezza,
E n’ ebbe angosce e pene,
O vide acerbo fine ai giorni suoi.
Perchè non è fra noi
Stato di cui fidar possa alcuno.
Quinci l’ instabil Diva in un momento
Volge ogni uman contento,
E n’ invola i diletti ad uno ad uno:
Talchè tutto ’l gioir che ’l cor n’ ingombra
A par delle miserie è fumo et ombra.
Da grave error fu circondato e cinto
Quei che tranquilla vita
Pose nella volgar più bassa gente
Quando la luce a chi regge è sparita,
A noi si asconde il giorno,
E sdegna il Sol mostrarsi in Oriente.
Nè può sì leggermente
Il Principe patir ruina, o scempio,
Che ’l suddito meschin non senta il danno:
E di ciò d’ anno in anno
Scopie il viver uman più d’ uno esempio.
Così delle pazzie de’ Real petti
Ne portano il flagel sempre i soggetti.
Ecco siccome voglia empia, e perversa
D’ esser soli nel Regno
L’ uno e l’ altro fratello all’ arme ha spinto:
Ma Polinice con più onesto sdegno
Move gente diversa
Contra la patria onde ne giace estinto
Nel cor di velen tinto
Il debito, l’ amor, e la pietate
E, vinca chi si vuol de’ due fratelli,
Noi Donne, e tutti quelli
Di Tebe, sentiem la crudeltate

Dì Marte, che l' aspetto ad ambi ha mostro.
 Per tinger la sua man nel sangue nostro.
 Ma tu, figlio di Semele, e di Giove,
 Che l' orgogliose prove
 Vincesti de' Giganti empì e superbi,
 Difendi il popol tuo supplice pio,
 Che te sol cole, e te conosce Dio.'

II. 1. 40. *My feeble*. . . *and agonie*: my feet enfeebled with age and suffering.

73-9. *Thou thus . . . mothers due* it is curious to note how from translation to translation this passage has lost the beauty and force of the original. Readers of Greek should look up the text of *Phoenissae* 339-57, thus translated by Mr A. S. Way

'But thou, my son, men say, hast made affianced
 With strangers children gotten in thine halls
 Gladden thee, yea, thou soughtest strange alliance'
 Son, on thy mother falls
 Thine alien bridal's curse to haunt her ever.
 Thee shall a voice from Laius' grave accuse.
 The spousal torch for thee I kindled never,
 As happy mothers use;
 Nor for thy bridal did Ismenus bring thee
 Joy of the bath; nor at the entering-in
 Of this thy bride did Theban maidens sing thee.
 A curse be on that sin,
 Whether of steel's spell, strife-lust, or thy father
 It sprang, or whether revel of demons rose
 In halls of Oedipus!—on mine head gather
 All tortures of these woes'

Dolce rendeis this as follows.

'Tu in tanto, figliuol mio, fatt' hai dimora
 In lontani paesi, e preso moglie,
 Onde di pellegrine nozze attendi,
 Quando piaceà al Ciel, figliuolo e prole:
 Il che m' è grave, e molto più, figliuolo,
 Che potuto non m' ho trovar presente,
 E fornir quell' officio che conviene
 A buona madre'

391-3 *If lawe . . . buckler best*. the Greek (*Phoenissae* 524-5), Latin, and Italian versions underlying this passage are given below.

ἐπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρεΐ, τυραννίδος πέρι
 κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν

'Nam si uiolandum est ius, imperii gratia
 Violandum est. alius rebus pietatem colas.'
 'Che s' egli si convien per altro effetto,
 Si convien molto più (se l' uomo è saggio)
 Per cagion di regnar romper la legge.'

392-3. (*margin*). *Tully's opinion* Cicero, *De officiis* I. viii. 'Declarauit id modo temeritas C. Caesaris, qui omnia iura diuina atque humana peruerit, propter eum, quem sibi ipse opinionis errore finxerat, principatum.' Gascoigne's marginal note is a little astray, in that Cicero does not give this maxim as his own view, but merely ascribes it to Caesar.

393. *beare the buckler best* offer the best defence or justification.

410. *hrr.* ambition's

415 *Equalitie*: the translation here indicates that Gascoigne used the edition of *Joocasta* published by Aldus in octavo in 1549, in which we have the reading *egualità*; in the duodecimo edition of 1560 the word *equità* is substituted. Kinwelmersh evidently used the same edition, for line 116 of IV 1, which is found in the duodecimo but is omitted in the original octavo edition, is also omitted from the English translation, which in Act IV is done by Kinwelmersh.

419. *that other*: ambition.

441 *That compts . . . to command*: that takes pride in absolute rule

534-6. *For well . . . be callde*. these three lines are a misunderstanding of the original Italian, which reads

'Il cauto Capitan sempre è migliore
Del temerario; e tu, più che ciascuno,
Vile, ignorante, e temerario sei.'

545-6 *Good Gods . . . to flight*: another mistranslation. The Italian merely says 'Oimè, chi vide mai cosa piu fiera?'

II. II. 56 *Cammassado* camisado. 'It is a sudden assault, wherein the souldiers doe were shirts over their armouris, to know their owne company from the enemy, least they should in the darke kill of their owne company in stead of the enemy, or when they take their enemies in their beds and their shirts, for it commeth of the Spanish *Camica*, i. e. a shirt.' Minshew, *Dict. Etym.*, quoted by F. J. C. u. s.

65. *As who . . . defence* do you expect them to make no defence?

76. *to done*. to do Dative of verbal noun.

81. *Well with the rest* well with the help of the other citizens

III 1. 1. *Thou truste guide* 'The reader with remember Milton's imitation of this passage at the beginning of *Samson Agonistes* and Wordsworth's beautiful reminiscence of both poets'—F. J. C. u. s.

86 *Venus* the 'angie Queene' was, of course, Hera. The mistake in the margin is corrected in a contemporary handwriting in the copy of Q 3 at the British Museum.

118-20 *I see . . . be greene*. Dolce seems to have taken some details of this sacrificial scene from Seneca Cf these lines with *Oedipus* 318-24

'non una facies mobilis flammae fuit.
imbrifera qualis implicat uarios sibi
his colores parte quae magna poli
curuata picto nuntiat nimbos sinu
quis desit illi quisue sit dubites color.

caerulea fuluis mixta obeerat notis,
sanguinea ruisus, ultimum in tenebras abit.'

150-1. *Why fleest . . . fell* a very natural misunderstanding of the Italian text, which reads:

'Cre Perchè mi fuggi?
Tire. Io certo
Non ti fuggo, o Signor, ma la fortuna'

It suggests, however, that Gascoigne did not even consult the original Greek, *Phoenissae* 898

KPE. Μείνον τί φεύγεις μ'; T. ἡ τύχη σ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐγώ

III. 11 72-3 *A beast . . . life* the second line is an addition by Gascoigne The Italian says merely

'È pazzo l' uom che sè medesimo uccide'

103. *Thesbeotia*: as to the significance of the MS and Q1 reading *Thesbrotia*, see *Introduction*, p xxxvii.

IV. 1 57 *Whose names ye haue alreadie vnderstoode*: the names of the captains, although given in Euripides, were as a matter of fact suppressed by Dolce They are given in the Latin translation of the *Phoenissae*, together with the names of the seven gates, including the *portas Homoloidas* and *Electrae portas* so often referred to in the stage-directions of the English play.

123. *die the death* it is at this point that there is an omission from the second edition of the Italian version, as pointed out in the note on II. 1 415, the Italian edition of 1560 adds.

'O che forse periscano ambedue.'

179-81. *Antigone . . . daunce* a singularly inept rendering, both in the Italian and the English, of the original Greek. *Phoenissae* 1264-6

ᾧ τέκνον, ἔξελθ', Ἀντιγόνη δόμων πάρος
οὐκ ἐν χορείαις οὐδὲ παρθελεύμασι
νῦν σοι προχωρεῖ δαιμόνων κατάστασις.

'Antigone, figliuola, esci di fuori
Di questa casa di mestizia e pianto
Esci, non per cagion di canti o balli'

IV 11. 40-2 *In mourning weede . . . despoyle my selfe* a ludicrous mistranslation of the Italian, which reads

'Qui pria vestei, Signor, la mortal gonna,
È qui onesto fia ben ch' io me ne spogli'

V 11 164 *With staggering . . . Stigian reigne* the alliteration of this line is characteristic of Gascoigne. Cf. V. 111 5 and V 11. 11 See Schelling, *Life and Writings of George Gascoigne*, pp. 31-42

200. *we haue wonne*: at this point Gascoigne has omitted two lines, which close the speech in the Italian version:

'Poichè miseramente in questa guerra
I tre nostri Signor perduto abbiamo.'

Scena 3, Scena 4. as to the metre of these lines see note on I. 11

v. 111 22. *O Polinice*: at the beginning of this speech of Antigone's, two lines which occur in the Italian version have been omitted

'Madre, perduto io v' ho, perduto insieme
Ho i miei cari fratelli.'

v. 128. *I will ensue* . . . *steppes* : another instance of growing weakness as the translations recede from the original. In the *Phoenissae* (1669) Antigone says.

Νύξ ἄρ' ἐκέλευη Δαναΐδων μ' ἔξει μίαν

The allusion is, of course, to the daughters of Danaus, who were forced to marry the sons of Aegyptus, and killed them on their wedding night. The mistake was made by Dolce, who has

'Io seguirò lo stil d' alcune accorte.'

135. *What others . . . not thee* another mistranslation, for which Dolce was mainly responsible. The Greek reads (*Phoenissae* 1674).

Γενναϊότης σοι, μωρία δ' ἔνεστί τις

In the Latin version the original is prosaically but correctly translated:

'Generositas tibi inest, sed tamen stultitia quaedam inest'

Dolce changes this to

'Quel ch' in altri è grandezza è in te pazzia'

Gascoigne submissively follows Dolce, and makes it clear that he did not consult either the original text or the Latin translation.

v. Ch 1-15 this is Dolce's, though the thought is taken from Seneca. The Greek play ends with a 'tag' purporting to be spoken by the Chorus, not in their assumed character as persons in the drama, but in their true character as Athenians contending in a dramatic competition. The tag takes the form of a prayer to Victory, 'O mighty lady, Victory, pervade my life, and cease not to give me crowns'. Alluding to the fact that the *Phoenissae* gained the second prize, it signifies a hope that the play may please readers as well as it pleased the judges, and that other successes may follow.—See A. W. Verrall, *Euripides the Rationalist*, pp 169-70. Dolce probably omitted the tag because he did not understand its significance, and having to substitute something for it, he turned to his favourite author, Seneca

GISMOND OF SALERNE

As to the general relation of this play to its sources—the First Novel of the Fourth Day of Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, Dolce's *Didone* (1547), and Seneca—see *Introduction*

Arg 10 *a cloven cane*: we have here the first indication that the authors of the tragedy did not use the translation of Boccaccio's novel published just before in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. The cane sent by Ghismonda is described by Boccaccio as *fessa*, i.e. 'split', or, as the author of the argument says, 'cloven', Painter mistranslates *fessa* by the word *hollowe*. This, together with much other evidence, given in detail below, entitles us to reject the conclusion arrived at by Sherwood (*Die Neu-Englischen Bearbeitungen der Erzählung Boccaccios von Ghismonda und Guiscardo*) and adopted by Brandl (*Quellen des weltlichen Dramas*) that Painter was most probably used: it is manifest that Painter was not followed: if used at all, his translation was carefully checked and corrected by comparison with the original.

Of the characters not found or implied in Boccaccio's novel, Cupid is taken from Dolce, Renuchio, Megaera, and the Chorus from Seneca, Lucrece and Claudia are the conventional confidantes of classical tragedy.

I 1 in this act (written by 'Rod Staf') little use is made of the novel, the purpose of the dramatist being to present Gismond's grief at the loss of her husband, which Boccaccio does not even refer to, contenting himself with the statement that after a short married life she became a widow, and returned home to her father.

S D There was evidently a machine to let Cupid down, as well as a trap door for Megaera (IV. 1)

I-12. *Loe I . his brest*. Dolce in the prologue to *Didone* introduced Cupid as the evil influence which worked the Queen's ruin. The original suggestion came perhaps from Vergil (for in Dolce's prologue Cupid appears in the form of Ascanius), perhaps from a Latin translation of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, where Aphrodite speaks the prologue, but so far as the English dramatists are concerned, it is obvious that not only the idea, but the words, were taken directly from Dolce

'Io, che dimostro in viso,
A la statura, e a i panni,
D' esser picciol fanciullo,
Sì come voi mortale.
Son quel gran Dio, che 'l mondo chiama Amore.
Quel, che pò in cielo, e in terra,
Et nel bollente Averno;
Contra di cui non vale
Forza, ne human consiglio
Ne d' ambrosia mi pasco,

Sì come gli altri Dei,
 Ma di sangue, e di pianto.
 Ne l' una mano io porto
 Dubbia speme, fallace, e breve gioia;
 Ne l' altra affanno, e noia,
 Pene, sospiri, e morti'

(*Didone* 1-16)

The indebtedness of the English to the Italian tragedy, however, goes much further than the borrowing of a single passage or a single character or device. Not only is the supernatural machinery taken from Dolce's play, but the whole conception of Gismond, the grief-stricken widow a second time the victim of Love, is due to the Italian tragedy, and not to the novel, for Boccaccio's heroine is presented in a very different light. The forces to which his Ghismonda yields are natural forces. Speaking on his own behalf in the Introduction to the Fourth Day, Boccaccio says 'Carissime donne . . . io conosco, che altra cosa dir non potrà alcun con ragione, se non che gli altri, ed io, che v' amiamo, naturalmente operiamo. Alle cui leggi, cioè della natura, voler contrastare, troppo gran force bisognano, e spesse volte, non solamente in vano, ma con grandissimo danno del faticante s' adoperano.' The obedience of his heroine to this law of nature is conscious and deliberate 'sì pensò di volere avere, se esser potesse, occultamente un valoroso amante.' Her plea to her father in her own defence is to the same effect—that she is made of flesh, and not of rock or iron—a plea which the English dramatist has weakened by placing it not in her mouth, but in that of the Aunt, Lucrece, and putting it before, not after, the event. At the end of the novel, the lovers' fate is lamented, but they are felt to be objects of envy as well as compassion. 'Il Re con rigido viso disse Poco prezzo mi parebbe la vita mia a dover dare per la metà diletto di quello, che con Guiscardo ebbe Ghismonda.' The writers of the English tragedy took a very different view. R. Wilmot, in his preface to *Tancred and Gismunda*, protests that his purpose 'tendeth only to the exaltation of virtue and suppression of vice', and compares the tragedy with Beza's *Abraham* and Buchanan's *Jephtha*, apologizing for any defects on account of the youth of his coadjutors. 'Nevertheless herein they all agree, commending virtue, detesting vice, and lively deciphering their overthrow that suppress not their unruly affections.' Accordingly the Chorus in *Gismond of Salerne* hold up 'worthy dames' such as Lucrece and Penelope as 'a mirrour and a glasse to womankind', and exhort their hearers to resist Cupid's assaults and be content with a moderate and virtuous affection (Choruses II, III, IV). The Epilogue assures the ladies in the audience that such disordered passions are unknown 'in Britain land'.

13-16 *Well hath . . . forthblown*: these lines might be suggested by *Didone* II. 1. 27-9:

'Dio più ch' altro possente;
 Dio, che disprezzi le saette horrende
 Del gran padre d' i Dei';

but are more probably taken direct from Seneca, with whom this thought is a commonplace. See *Phaedra* 191-2 and *Octavia* 566-8, and compare the references to Mars and Troy in the following lines with *Phaedra* 193 and *Octavia* 832-3

25 *The bloody . . . my might. Phaedra* 193

'Gradius istas belliger sensit faces'

29-32. *In earth . . . the soile Octavia* 831-3

'fregit Danaos, fregit Atidem
regna euerit Priami, claras
diruit uibes'

Hercules Oetaeus 476.

'uicit et superos amor'

45-8. *What Natures . . . for ruthe. cf. Ovid, Metamorphoses*
311-14

'ipse negat nocuisse tibi sua tela Cupido,
Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine uindicat isto
stipite te Stygio, tumidisque adflauit Echidnis
e tribus una Soror.'

Hercules Oetaeus 197

'Cyprias lacrimas Myrrha tuetur.'

See also Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde* IV. st 163 (l 1139)

61-4. *This royall . . . and woe. these lines resemble a passage*
in Dolce's prologue (27-34)

'Con quella face ardente,
C' hò nel mio petto ascosa,
Il che subito i' fei
Ch' ella mi strinse al seno
Sotto imagine falsa
Del pargoletto mio nipote caro
Et d' occulto veneno
L' hebbi il misero cuor colmo e ripieno.'

But the resemblance may be due to a common origin in Seneca's
Medea 823-4

'imas
urat serpens flamma medullas'

I II. 1-8. *Oh vaine . . . states vnrest: cf. Didone* V. 1 37-43:

'Et tu volubil Dea, che 'l mondo giri
Calcando i buoni, e sollevando i rei.
Che t' hò fatto io? che invidia ohime t' ha mosso
A ridurmi a lo stato, in ch' io mi trovo?
Quanto mutata m' hai da quel ch' io fui,
Che in un sol punto m' hai levato, e tolto
Tutto quel, che mi fea viver contenta.'

30-1. *Thy sprite . . . after come. though 'Rod. Staf.' did not*
obtain much help from Boccaccio in his part of the play, he found

that a line or two which Ghismonda uses in the novel about her lover might be transferred in application to her husband. She says of the soul (*anima*) of Guiscardo: 'Io son certa, che ella è ancoia quicentio, e riguarda i luoghi de' suoi diletti, e de' miei. e come colei, che ancor son certa, che m'ama, aspetta la mia, dalla quale sommamente è amata'. Like his fellows, 'Rod Staf' used the novel in the original, and not in the English translation. The evidence here is slight, but the two lines of the text bear a closer resemblance to the Italian than to Painter's. 'Truly I am well assured, that it is yet here within, that hath respecte to the place, aswell of his owne pleasures, as of mine, being assured (as she who is certaine, that yet he looveth me) that he attendeth for myne, of whom he is greatly beloved.'

33-6. *But yet . . . a wife* *Didone* v. 1 55-6.

Peiò è ben tempo di prouar s' io posso
Finir le pene mie con questa mano'

I iii 19-20 *His lamp . . . longer bide*. cf. *Oedipus* 1001-11.

53-9. *Oh sir . . . neuer none* Senecan stichomythia

I. Ch. This Chorus is identical in thought with that which closes Act II in Dolce, but as both are mere tissues of Senecan common-places, this similarity does not necessarily prove indebtedness. One or two resemblances in phraseology are, however, noted below. There appear to be also reminiscences of *Thyestes* 596-622, *Octavia* 933-5, *Oedipus* 1010-11, *Agamemnon* 57-70, *Hercules Furens* 376-82, *Phaedra* 1132-52, *Octavia* 915-18, in the order given; but the resemblance is in no case very close.

9-10 *No ransom . . . worthy dedes* *Didone* u. s. 16-17:

'In van contia di lor nostio intelletto
Opra l' alta virtù d' i domi suoi.'

11. *twelve labors*. of Hercules.

13. *king*. Alexander.

23. *he*: Hector.

29-30. *Like what . . . not remoue*: *Oedipus* 1010-11:

'non illa deo uertisse licet
quae nexa suis currunt causis.'

33-6. *But happy . . . and miserie* *Didone* u. s. 25-7

'Beato chi più tosto s' avvicina
Al fine, a cui camina
Chi prima è nato, ò nascera giamai'

The last three lines were probably taken by Dolce from *Hercules Oetaeus* 104-11:

'par ille est superis cui pariter dies
et fortuna fuit. mortis habet uices
lente cum trahitur uita gementibus.
quisquis sub pedibus fata rapacia
et puppem posuit liminis ultimi,
non captiua dabit bracchia uinculis

nec pompae ueniet nobile feiculum.
numquam est ille miser cui facile est mori'

But they might have been suggested by a Latin translation of Sophocles.

μή φῖναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον· τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῇ,
βῆναι κείθεν ὅθεν περ ἦκει πολὺ δεύτερον ὡς τάχιστα.
(*Oedipus Coloneus* 1225-8)

or by Cicero's 'Non nasci homini longe optimum esse, proximum autem quam primum mori' (*Tusc.* I. xlviii). The thought was taken by Sophocles from Theognis, but with the latter writer Dolce, who knew no Greek, was probably unacquainted

41-4. *Not Euripus . . . mortal woe*. cf. *Agamemnon* 57-70; *Hercules Furens* 376-82

45-52. *Whose case . . . of all*. cf. *Hippolytus* 1132-52, *Octavia* 915-8

Act II. we have again a tedious dialoguizing of considerations which Boccaccio expresses in a few lines, and again borrowings from another part of the novel, in themselves of no great moment, but pointing to the Italian text rather than to Painter as the authority on which they rest. The passages in question are given below.

II 1 26-9. *For if . . . semely shape*: the parallels with the *Didone* in this act are fewer and less striking. In this passage Gismond expresses herself in much the same terms as Dido (I 1. 32-4).

'Et ch' a l' incontro era sciochezza grande
A consumar il fior de' miei verd' anni
Senza gustar alcun soave frutto.'

The comparison of a wave-beaten ship with which Gismond closes this speech (53-8) is used by Aeneas in *Didone* (II. 11. 87-94), but this is a favourite Senecan metaphor (see *Medea* 945-51 and *Agamemnon* 139-44)

38-40. *No, no . . . pleasure past*. cf. Boccaccio.

'Sono adunque, sicome da te generata, di carne, e sì poco vivuta, che ancor son giovane . . . e per l' una cosa, e per l' altra piena di concupiscibile desiderio al quale maravigliossime forze hanno dato l' aver già, per essere stata maritata, conosciuto qual piacer sia a così fatto desiderio dar compimento.'

Painter translates the passage thus:

'I am then as you be, begotten of fleshe, and my yeres so few, as yet but yonge, and thereby full of lust and delight. Wherunto the knowledge which I have had alredey in marriage, forceth me to accomplishe that desire'

59-63. *Suffiseth this . . . yo' blisse*. the author of Act II (probably Henry Noel) either had not learnt the lesson one admirer of Seneca's tragedies used to teach his pupils—'how and wherein they may imitate them, and borrow something out of them'—or he preferred to rely on his own efforts. His imitations of Seneca are as few and faint as of the *Didone*. The chorus was, no doubt, suggested by

Octavia 298-312 and 689-95. The only other parallel I have thought worth noting is this passage, which may be compared with *Agamemnon* 126-9.

Regina Danaum et inclitum Ledae genus
quid tacita uersas quidue consilii inpotens
tumido feroces impetus animo geris?
licet ipsa sileas, totus in uultu est dolor.'

II. II. 19-28 *such passions . . . that age* Boccaccio and Painter .

'Esser ti dovè, Tancredi, manifesto, essendo tu di carne, aver generata figliuola di carne. e non di pietra, o di ferro . e ricordar ti dovevi, e dei, quantunque tu oia sii vecchio, chenti, e quali, e con che forza vengano le leggi della giovanezza.'

'You ought deare father to knowe, that your selfe is of fleshe, and of fleshe you have engendred me your daughter, and not of Stone or Iron, In likewyse you ought, and must remembe (although now you be arrived to olde yeares) what yonge folkes bee, and of what great power the lawe of youth is'

III. I. 1. *Now shall . . . can do.* cf. the beginning of Euripides *Hippolytus*:

APHRODITE. Πολλή μὲν ἐν βροτοῖσι κοῦκ ἀνώνυμος
θεὰ κέκλημαι Κύπρις οὐρανοῦ τ' ἔσω·

δείξω δὲ μύθων τῶνδ' ἀλήθειαν τάχα·

This act (by 'G Al.') contains no parallels with Dolce worth noting, but the imitations of Seneca are more numerous.

II. *Iuno . . . forclosed* marriage prevented

III. II. I. *Pitie, that . . . gentle hart*: borrowed, of course, from Chaucer. This whole speech is modelled upon Seneca, *Phaedra* 368-94; cf especially 18-20 of the text with *Phaedra* 389-91.

21-31. *Whoes sharp . . . for day.* *Phaedra* 105-6:

'non me quies nocturna non altus sopor
soluere curis: alitur et crescit malum.'

The presaging or disturbing dream is, of course, a stock device of classical Renaissance tragedy. Dido has such a dream in Dolce; so had Sophonisba in Trissino, and Orbecche in Giraldi.

III. III. 6-8. *that doeth . . . of rest.* *Phaedra* 106-8, 649-51.

41-8. *Assuredly it . . . some thing enclosed*, the dramatist's direct reference to Boccaccio is here obvious.

'Guiscardo il prese; ed avisando costei non senza cagione dovergliela aver donato, e così detto, partitosi, con esso sene tornò alla sua casa. E guardando la canna, e quella trovando fessa, l'aperse'

'Guiscardo toke it, and thought that shee did not geve it unto him without some special purpose, went to his chambei, and loking upon the Cane perceived it to be hollowe, and openyng it founde the etter within whiche shee had written'

For the significance of Painter's mistranslation of *fessa*, see above.
 57-70. *Mine own . . . own* G. cf. the letter from Troilus to
 Criseyde signed *Le vostre T*', v. st 189-203

86-8 *Not only . . . to thee Phaedra* 621-4.

III. Ch. 1-4 *Full mighty . . . earth belowe*

'quid fera frustra bella mouetis?
 inuicta genit tela Cupido
 flammis uestros obruet ignes,
 quibus extinxit fulmina saepe
 captumque Iouem caelo traxit' (Octavia 820-4)

'et iubet caelo superos relicto
 uultibus falsis habitare terras.' (Phaedra 299-300)

5-8. *Then how . . . and sure*

'sacer est ignis, credite laesis,
 nimiumque potens.
 qua terra mari cingitur alto
 quaque ethereo
 candida mundo sidera currunt.' (Phaedra 336-40.)

9-12. *But why . . . their floure* Minerva and Diana were
 virgin goddesses.

17-19. *For Loue . . . into smart*

'uis magna mentis blandus atque animi calor
 amor est. iuuentae gignitur luxu otio,
 nutritur inter laeta fortunae bona.' (Octavia 573-5.)

33-8. *Whoe yeldeth . . . is cold*

'extingue flammis neue te dirae spei
 praebe obsequentem. quisquis in primo obstitit
 pepulitque amorem tutus ac uictor fuit,
 qui blandiendo dulce nutriuit malum
 seio recusat ferre quod subit iugum.' (Phaedra 136-40.)
 'quem si foueie atque alere desistas, cadit
 breuique uires perdit extinctus suas.' (Octavia 576-7.)

41. *But he . . . in gold.*

'uenenum in auro bibitui.' (Thyestes 453)

Act IV: the writer of this act (undoubtedly Christopher Hatton,
 who was Master of the Game at the Grand Christmas of 1561-2,
 when *Gorboduc* was performed) evidently kept an eye on the *Didone*
 Megaera, who opens the act, is no doubt derived ultimately from
 Seneca's *Thyestes*, where she drives the ghost of Tantalus to curse
 his own descendants. He comes unwillingly.

'quid ora terres uerbere et tortos ferox
 minaris angues? quid famem infixam intimis
 agitas medullis? flagrat incensum siti
 cor et perustis flamma uisceribus micat.
 sequor.'

In *Didone* the ghost introduced is that of Sichaeus; the serpents

and other torments are applied, not to the beaier, but to the victim of the curse. Cupid says in the Prologue

‘Però discendo al fondo
De l’ empia styge, e del suo ceichio fuora
Vò tiai la pallid’ ombra
Del misero Sicheo
(Che ben impetierò de Pluto questa
Gratia degna, et honesta)
Et vò, ch’ a Dido ella si mostri inanzi
Tolto prima d’ Abyssso
Una de le ceraste,
Che in vece di capei, torte e sanguigne
A le tempie d’ intorno
Ondeggiano di quelle
Furie spietate e felle,
Che sogliono voltar sossopra il mondo.
Et questa i’ vò, che tutto l’ empì il core
Di sdegno, e di furore,
Fin ch’ à morte trabocchi,
Et turbar vegga gli occhi
De la sirocchia altera
Di quei, che move il sole, e ogni sphaera.’

In *Didone* II. 1 Cupid brings the snake on to the stage.

‘Che in tanto io le porrò su ’l bianco petto
Questo serpe sanguigno horrido, e fiero,
C’ hò divolto pur’ hora
Dal capo di Megera,
Il quale il cor di lei roda e consumi.’

We learn later (III. 1 79-83) that the serpent was actually seen on Dido’s neck.

‘Fu posto a lei da non veduta mano
Un serpe al collo, che con molti nodi
Lo cinse errando, e sibillando pose
La testa in seno; e la vibrante lingua
Quinci e quindi lecò le poppe e ’l petto.’

Hatton spared the English audience some of the details, but he gave them two snakes instead of one, and added a characteristic moral turn at the end of Megaera’s speech (37-44).

The Gentlemen of the Inner Temple were apparently fond of these grisly sights, see *Gorboduc* IV. D.S. and IV. Ch 12-15.

IV. 1. 1-14. *Vengeance and . . . do fele* these lines are doubtless imitated from the opening of the *Thyestes*, but the same examples of the pains of hell occur in *Octavia* 631-5 and *Didone* IV. 1. 126-33.

IV. 11. 1-16. *O great . . . pitt remaine*: the invocation of Jove’s thunder came originally from Sophocles, *Electra* 823-6

ποῦ ποτε κεραυνοὶ Διός, ἢ ποῦ φαέθων
“Ἄλιος, εἰ ταῦτ’ ἐφορώμεντες κρύπτουσιν ἔκηλοι,

But it was probably suggested to Hatton by *Phaëdra* 679-90 or *Thyestes* 1081-1100, this stock device of Seneca was to become no less familiar in Elizabethan tragedy. It had already been used in *Gorboduc* (end of III. 1):

'O heuens, send down the flames of your reuenge;
Destroy, I say with flash of wrekeful fier
The traitour sonne, and then the wretched sire.'

The original passage in the *Phaëdra* was quoted—or rather misquoted—in *Titus Andronicus* IV 1, 81-2

'Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis sceleia? tam lentus vides?'

Shakespeare possibly had it in mind when he made Lear say (II iv. 230-1)

'I do not bid the thunder bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove'

122. *Iulio, this is the case* the rhymed Alexandrines, with strongly marked alliteration, here break off, and the usual measure of the tragedy (iambic pentameter, rhymed alternately) is resumed. The alliteration continues

IV. III in Boccaccio and Painter Tancred sees Guiscardo before Ghismonda.

17-28. *No, no . . . and myne*. this is taken from Boccaccio, apparently directly, and not through Painter's translation

'Ghismonda, parendomi conoscere la tua virtù, e la tua onestà, mai non mi sarebbe potuto cader nell' animo (quantunque mi fosse stato detto) se io co' miei occhi non l'avessi veduto, che tu di sottoporti ad alcuno huomo, se tuo marito stato non fosse, avessi, non che fatto, ma pur pensato'

'Gismonda, I had so much affiaunce and truste in thy vertue and honestie, that it coulde never have entred into my mynde (althoughe it had bene tolde me, if I had not sene it with mine owne propre eyes) but that thou haddest not onely in deede, but also in thought, abandoned the companie of all men, except it had bene thy husbände.'

55-82. *Father . . . to stay*. Gismond's speech is much shorter and weaker than in the novel, some parts of this famous passage in Boccaccio had been already used by the dramatists, and some were unusable on account of their conception of the character and situation.

IV iv. 36-9. *But greater . . . my self* taken, not from Painter, but from the original.

'Al quale Guiscardo niuna altra cosa disse, se non questo. Amor può troppo più, che nè voi, nè io possiamo.'

'To whom Guiscardo gave no other aunswere, but that Love was of greater force, than either any Prince or hym self.'

V. 1. it is in this scene that the imitation of Seneca is most extensive and most obvious. Renuchio is the regular Senecan

messenger, the detailed horror of his story is quite after Seneca's manner, and there are many lines translated, with slight alterations, from the narratives of the *Thyestes* and other plays, as will be seen from the parallel passages given below.

1-2. *O cruel . . . be told*

'O sors acerba' (Phaedra 1000.)

'O dua fata saeva miseranda horrida.' (Troades 1066)

The imitations of Seneca were made, so far as one is able to judge, from the original, and not from the English translation of 1581. The latter reveals occasional similarities of phrase, as in this instance, where the translators render Seneca's lines

'O heavy happe.'

'O dyre, fierce, wretched, horrible,
O cruell fates accurst'

But these might well be mere coincidences, and such instances of the use of the same words are rare. In most cases the version of the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple gives every evidence of independence of the English translation. A fair idea of the relation of the two to the original text is given by comparing the longer passages given below with Heywood's rendering of the same lines in his translation of the *Thyestes*, which is also reproduced

21-38 *What newes . . . you bring: Thyestes 626-40:*

'Chor. quid poitas noui'

Nunt. Quanam ista regio est? Argos et Sparte impios
sortita fratres et maris gemini premens
fauces Corinthos, an feris Hister fugam
praebens Alanis, an sub aeterna niue
Hyrcana tellus, an uagi passim Scythae?

Chor. quis hic nefandi est conscius monstri locus?
effare et istud pande quodcumque est malum.

Nunt. Si steterit animus, si metu corpus rigens
remittet artus haeret in uultu truci
imago facti. ferte me insanae procul
illo procellae ferte, quo fertur dies
hinc raptus.

Chor. animos grauius incertos tenes.
quid sit quod horres effer, autorem indica
non quaero quis sed uter. effare ocius.'

40-2. *although my . . . haue seen. Phaedra 1004:*

'uocem dolori lingua luctifica negat.'

45-68. *Fast by . . . is found* this description is modelled upon *Thyestes* 641-79, with a possible reminiscence of the tower in the *Troas* (630-1), from which Astyanax leaps 'intrepidus animo'. The passage from the *Thyestes* is copied also in Giraldi's *Orbecche*.
IV. 1 59-62.

'Giace nel fondo di quest' alta torie,
In parte sì solinga, e sì iiposta,
Che non vi giunge mai iaggio di Sole,
Un luoco dedicato a' sacrificii'

149-67 *Cho. O cruel . . . and all: Thyestes* 743-52

'*Chor* o saeuum scelus
Nunt exhorruistis? hactenus non stat nefas,
plus est

Chor. An ultra maius aut atocius
natura recipit?

Nunt sceletis hunc finem putas?
gradus est.

Chor. quid ultra potuit? obiecit feris
lanianda forsan corpora atque igne arcuit

Nunt. utinam arcuisset ne tegat functos humus,
ne soluat ignis, aubus epulandos licet
ferisque triste pabulum saevis trahat
Votum est sub hoc, quod esse supplicium solet.'

182-8. *The warme . . . they tore: Thyestes* 755-6

'erepta unius exta pectoribus tremunt
spirantque uenae corque adhuc pauidum salit.'

201-4. *Thy father . . . of all: this passage makes it clear that*
R. Wilmot], the writer of Act v, translated independently from
Boccaccio, and was not content to rely upon Painter.

'Il tuo padre ti manda questo, per consolarti di quella cosa, che
tu più ami, come tu hai lui consolato di ciò, che egli più amava.'

'Thy father hath sent thee this presente, to comforte thy selfe
with the thing, which thou doest chieflie love, as thou haste com-
forted him of that which he loved most.'

The *di* of the last line, which the dramatist translated 'with' and
Painter 'of', seems to mean 'concerning, with respect to, for',
and here Painter comes nearer the original than R. W.; but the
divergence is none the less significant.

207-8. *O heynous . . . ones beleue: Thyestes* 753-4.

'O nullo scelus
credibile in aevo quodque posteritas neget.'

It will be seen that in ll. 149-67, 182-8, 207-8 Wilmot has appro-
priated the whole of *Thyestes* 743-56, which is accordingly given
below in Heywood's translation for purposes of comparison:

'*Chor.* O heynous hateful act.

Mess. Abhorre ye this? ye heare not yet the end of all the fact,
There follows more.

Chor. A fiercer thing, or worse then this to see
Could Nature beare?

Mess. why thinke ye this of gylt the end to be?

It is but part.

Chor what can be more ? to cruel beastes he cast
Perhappes their bodies to be torne, and kept from fyres at
last.

Mess Would God he had that neuer tombe the dead might ouer
hyde,
Nor flames dissolue, though them for food to foules in
pastures wyde
He had out thiowen, or them for pray to cruell beastes
would flinge
That which the worst was wont to be, were here a wished
thing.
That them their father saw untombd but oh more cursed
crime
Uncredible, the which denye will men of after tyme.
From bosomes yet alive out drawne the trembling bowels
shake,
The waynes yet breath, the feareful hart doth yet both pant
and quake'

V 11 25-50. *Ah pleasant . derely loue*. it is worth while to
compare this soliloquy with the passage in Boccaccio on which it is
founded and with Painter's translation .

'Ahi dolcissimo albergo di tutti i miei piaceri, maladetta sia la
crudeltà di colui, che con gli occhi della fronte or mi ti fa vedere.
Assai m'era con quegli della mente riguardati a ciascuna ora. Tu
hai il tuo corso fornito, e di tale, chente la fortuna tel concedette, ti
se' spacciato. Venuto se' alla fine, alla qual ciascun corre. Lasciate
hai le miserie del mondo, e le fatiche, e dal tuo nemico medesimo
quella sepoltura hai, che il tuo valore ha meritata. Niuna cosa ti
mancava ad aver compiute esequie, se non le lagrime di colei, la
qual tu, vivendo, cotanto amasti: le quali, acciocchè tu l'avessi,
pose Iddio nell'animo al mio dispietato padre, che a me ti man-
dasse: ed io le ti darò (comechè di morire con gli occhi asciutti,
e con viso da niuna cosa spaventato proposto avessi) e dateleti,
senza alcuno indugio farò, che la mia anima si congiugnerà con
quella, adoperandol tu, che tu già cotanto caia guardasti'

'Oh sweete harboroughe of my pleasures, cursed be the crueltye
of him that hath caused mee at this time to loke upon thee with
the eyes of my face it was pleasure ynoughe, to see thee every
hower, amonges people of knowledge and understanding. Thou
hast finished thy course, and by that ende, which fortune vouchsafed
to give thee, thou art dispatched, and arrived to the ende wher-
unto all men have recourse: thou hast forsaken the miseries and
traveyles of this world, and haste had by the enemy himselfe such
a sepulture as thy worthnesse deserveth. There needeth nothing
els to accomlishe thy funerall, but onely the teares of her whom
thou diddest hartelye love all the dayes of thy lyfe. For having
wherof, our Lord did put into the head of my unmercifull father to
send thee unto me, and truly I will bestow some teares upon thee,

although I was determined to die, without sheading any teares at all, stoutlie, not fearefull of any thinge And when I have powred them out for thee, I will cause my soule, which thou hast heretofore so carefully kepte, to be joyned wyth thine.'

R W, in line 32, correctly translates 'con quegli della mente', which Painter woefully misunderstands, and in the last line quoted, the sense of 'che tu già cotanto cara guardasti' is more closely rendered by the dramatist than by the professed translator.

THE MISFORTUNES OF ARTHUR

Pr 131-3 *Thus . to stadge* a somewhat daring piece of flattery in face of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots on Feb 8, 1587, and the preparations already made on both sides for the final conflict between England and Spain.

Arg. 1 *Uther Pendragon* 'The cause why he was surnamed Pendragon, was, for that Merline the great prophet likened him to a dragons head, that at the time of his natiuitie maruelouslie appeared in the firmament at the corner of a blasing star, as is reported But others supposed that he was so called of his wisdom and serpentine subtiltie, or for that he gaue the dragons head in his banner'—Holinshed, *Historie of England* V x

11-12 *the Saxons . poisoned*: H C Grumbine in his edition of the play published in *Litterarhistorische Forschungen* (Berlin, 1900) has shown that Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae* was the main source of the tragedy This particular incident of the poisoning of Uther by the Saxons is given by Geoffrey, and omitted by Malory from *Le Morte Darthur*. 'Erat namque prope aulam fons nitidissimae aquae, quam rex solitus fuerat potare, cum caeteros liquores propter infirmitatem abhoireret Fontem namque aggressi sunt nefandi proditores, ipsumque undique ueneno infecerunt, ita ut manans aqua tota corrumperetur Ut ergo potauit rex ex ea, festinae morti succubuit' (VIII xxiv)

13 *Mordred*. so far the names and incidents are taken from Geoffrey; this name and the fact of Mordred's incestuous birth are taken from Malory 'kyng Arthur begate vpon her Mordred and she was his syster on the moder syde Igrayne. . . But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster' (I. xix). In Geoffrey, Modredius is the son of Lot.

16. *Gueneuora* in Geoffrey, Guanhumara; in Malory, Guenever. The story, however, is taken in the main from Geoffrey. 'Arturus, Modredo nepoti suo ad conseruandum Britanniam, atque Ganhumarae reginae committens, cum exercitu suo portum Hamonis adiuit' (X 11) 'Hostes quoque suos miseratus, praecepit indigenis sepelire eos: corpusque Lucii ad senatum deferre, mandans non debere aliud tributum ex Britannia reddi. Deinde post subsequentem hyemem, in partibus illis moratus est. et ciuitates Allobrogum subiugare uacauit. Adueniente uero aestate, cum

Romam petere affectaret, et montes transcendere incoepisset, nunciatus ei Modredum nepotem suum, cuius tutelae commiserat Britanniam, eiusdem diademate per tyrannidem et prodicionem insignitum esse, reginamque Ganhumaram, uiolato iure priorum nuptiarum, eidem nefanda Venere copulatam esse' (X xiii) 'Postquam tandem, etsi magno labore, littora adepti fuerunt, mutuum reddendo cladem, Modredum et exercitum eius pepulerunt in fugam . . . Quod ut Ganhumarae reginae annunciatum est, confestim despeians, ab Eboraco ad urbem Legionum diffugit, atque in templo Iuli martyris, inter monachas eiusdem caste uiuere proposuit, et uitam monachalem suscepit' (XI. 1). In Malory the Queen's retirement to a nunnery takes place after Arthur's death: 'and whan quene Gueneuer vndeistood that kyng Arthur was slayn & al the noble knyghtes syr Mordred & al the remenaunte / Than the quene stale awaye & v ladyes wyth hyr / & soo she wente to almesburye / & there she let make hir self a Nonne' (XXI vii). Up to Arthur's landing she defends herself in 'the toure of london'.

The . . . first dumbe shewe: with this compare the dumb show before Act I of *Gorboduc* u. s.

The names of the speakers: Cadur rex Cornubiae, Guiliamur rex Hyberniae, Aschillius rex Dacorum, Hoelus rex Armoricanorum Britonum, Cheldricus Saxonum dux are found in Geoffrey as well as the names Conan and Angarad, Gawain is in Malory. Gildas is mentioned by Geoffrey as a previous historian (I. 1)

I. i. 1 *Gorlois*: this ghost is, of course, a reproduction of the familiar figure of Tantalus in the *Thyestes*. Particular passages borrowed or imitated are shown below.

22-6. *Let mischiefes . . . complet sinne Thyestes* 26-32

'nec sit irarum modus
pudorue. mentes caecus instiget furor,
rabies parentum duret et longum nefas
eat in nepotes. nec uacet cuiquam uetus
odisse crimen: semper oriatur nouum
nec unum in uno, dumque punitur scelus,
crescat.

The renderings of Hughes surpass in exactitude and elegance those of the translation of 1581: this instance will suffice as an example.

'Let them contend with all offence, by turnes and one by one
Let swordes be drawne: and meane of ire procure there may
be none,

Nor shame let fury blynd enflame theyr myndes and wrathful
will,

Let yet the parentes rage endure and longer lasting yll
Through childrens children spreade. nor yet let any leysure
be

The former fawte to hate, but still more mischiefe newe to see,
Nor one in one. but ere the gylt with vengeance be acquit,
Encrease the cryme.'

27-8 *Go to . yet conceal Thyestes* 192-3 :

'age anime fac quod nulla posteritas probet,
sed nulla taceat'

54 *Cassiopea* a brilliant new star appeared in this constellation in 1572. This compliment to Queen Elizabeth, together with that noted just below, must be commended for ingenuity

63. *a thousand yeares to come* Geoffrey dates Arthur's death A D. 542

I 11 2 A curious punctuation mark (') is used by the printer at the end of this line, in lines 29, 37, *et passim*; but as it simply means that he was short of the ordinary interrogation marks, the colon and apostrophe have not been reproduced.

8-9 *Attempt some . . . rather his* Thyestes 193-5

'aliquid audendum est nefas
atrox cruentum tale quod frater meus
suum esse malit'

11-16 *Frame out . . or fire: Agamemnon* 117-22 :

'tecum ipsa nunc evolue femineos dolos,
quod ulla coniunx perfida atque impos sui
amore caeco, quod nouercales manus
ausae, quod ardens impia uirgo face
Phasiaca fugiens regna Thessalica trabe
ferrum, uenena.'

19 *The wrath . . to lurke* Thyestes 504 :

'cum spirat ira sanguinem nescit tegi.'

21-3 *I am . . him life: Hercules Oetaeus* 307-9 :

'iam displicemus, capta praelata est mihi.
non piaferetur . qui dies thalami ultimus
nostri est futurus, hic erit uitae tuae.'

24-8. *Though, neither . . norve subdue Hercules Oetaeus* 285-90.

'gesseis caelum licet
totusque pacem debeat mundus tibi .
est aliquid hydia peius iratae dolor
nuptae. quis ignis tantus in coelum furt
ardentis Aetnae? quicquid est uictum tibi
hic uncet animus.'

29-33 *What's this . . this venge Hercules Oetaeus* 310-14 :

'quid hoc? recedit animus et ponit minas,
iam cessit ira quid miser langues dolor?
perdis furorem, coniugis sanctae fidem
mihi reddis iterum. quid uetas flammam ali?
quid frangis ignes? hunc mihi serua impetum.'

34-8. *At lest . . high reuenge Agamemnon* 122-5 :

'uel Mycenaea domo
coniuncta socio profuge furtiua rate.
quid timida loqueris furta et exilium et fugas?
sors ista fecit. te decet maius nefas.'

39-42. *Come spitefull . . . monsters yet. Thyestes* 250-4 :

'dira furiarum cohois
discorsque Erinnyes ueniat et geminas faces
Megaera quatiens. non satis magno meum
ardet furore pectus, impleri iuuat
maiore monstro.'

42-4. *My hart . . . it's huge Thyestes* 267-70

'nescio quid animus maius et solito amplius
supiaque fines moris humani tumet
instatque pigris manibus haud quid sit scio,
sed grande quiddam est.'

46 *Omit no . . . be enough: Thyestes* 256.

'nullum relinquam facinus et nullum est satis'

47. *Wrong cannot . . . by excesse. Thyestes* 195-6.

'scelera non ulcisceris
nisi uincis.'

It will be seen that the borrowing from Seneca in this speech is continuous there is really nothing of the author's own.

49-51. *is there . . . in reuenge Thyestes* 1055-7.

'Thy. sceleris est aliquis modus?
Atr. scelem modus debetur, ubi facias scelus,
non ubi reponas.'

52-3. *Great harmes . . . it selfe. Medea* 155-6.

'leuis est dolor, qui capere consilium potest
et clepere sese, magna non latitant mala.'

54-5. *Hatred concealde . . . failes reuenge. Medea* 153-4 :

'ira quae tegitur nocet,
professa perdunt odia uindictae locum'

70. *Vnlawfull loue . . . lawfull lothes Hercules Oetaeus* 360.

'illicita amantur, excidit quicquid licet.'

74-5. *How can . . . her offence. Agamemnon* 150-1.

'Nutr. piget prioris et nouum crimen struis?
Clyt. res est profecto stulta nequitiae modus.'

84-5 *Whom Gods . . . He breakes. Hercules Oetaeus* 444-5.

'caelestis ira quos premit, miseros facit,
humana nullos.'

85-7 *Your grieve . . . so greeue. Hercules Oetaeus* 447-9

'maior admisso tuus
alumna, dolor est culpa par odium exigat.
cui saeva modice statuis? ut passa es, dole.'

98-9. *Well shame . . . sage aduise. Hippolytus* 255-6 :

'non omnis animo cessit ingenuo pudor:
paremus altrix.'

I 111. 1-2 *The loue no foule Hippolytus* 256-7:

'qui regi non uult amor
uncatui. haud te fama maculari sinam.'

7-10. *Her breast it selfe Hercules Furens* 1226-8

'nondum tumultu pectus attonitum caret.
mutauit iras quodque habet proprium fuor,
in se ipse sacuit'

13-14. *Thereby the . . . to dye Hippolytus* 261-2

'dignam ob hoc uita reor
quod esse temet autumas dignam nece'

15-17 *Death is . . . of knife Hippolytus* 263-4

'decreta mors est quaeritur fati genus
laqueone uitam finiam an ferro incubem?'

18-19. *All hope . . . left vnlost. Hercules Furens* 266-7

'cuncta iam amisi bona.
mentem arma famam coniugem.'

Cf *Macbeth* v. 111. 22-9

20-1. *My selfe of harmes. Medea* 166-7

'Medea superest, hic mare et terras uides,
ferrumque et ignes et deos et fulmina'

22-3 *Who now . . . by death. Hercules Furens* 1268-9

'nemo polluto queat
animo mederi. morte sanandum est scelus.'

Cf. *Macbeth* v 111. 40-6.

27. *Alone you . . . you may. Thebais* 66

'perire sine me non potes, mecum potes.'

28-30. *They, that . . . Offend alike Thebais* 98-9:

'qui cogit mori
nolentem in aequo est quique properantem impedit.'

31-2 *But will . . . doe mourne Hippolytus* 888-9:

'Thes. lacrimae nonne te nostrae mouent?
Phaed. mors optima est perire lacrimant dum sui.'

33-6 *Ech where . . . our graues. Thebais* 151-3.

'ubique mors est. optime hoc cauit deus.
eripere uitam nemo non homini potest,
at nemo mortem: mille ad hanc aditus patent.'

Cf *Julius Caesar* I 111. 91-7. The same idea is expressed by Marston (I *Antonio and Melida* 111. 11), Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger (*The Duke of Milan* I. 111), and Shirley (*Love's Cruelty* v. 1).

37-40. *Who then haue sworne. Hercules Furens* 869-71.

'nemo ad id sero uenit unde numquam,
cum semel uenit, potuit reuerti
quid iuvat diuim properare fatum?'

Cf. *Hamlet* III 1. 78-80.

43. *Death is . . . it selfe: Thyestes* 246.

'de fine poenae loqueris, ego poenam uolo'

44-54. *Is't meete . . . Natures boundes Oedipus* 957-72:

'itane' tam magnis breues
poenas sceleribus soluis atque uno omnia
pensabis ictu? moreris. hoc patii sat est.
quid deinde matris, quid male in lucem editis
gnatis, quid ipsi quae tuum magna luit
scelus ruina flebilis patriae dabis?
soluenda non est illa quae leges iatas
natura in uno uertit Oedipode, nouos
commenta partus, supplicis eadem meis
nouetur. iterum uiuere atque iterum mori
liceat renasci semper, ut totiens noua
supplicia pendas. utere ingenio miser.
quod saepe fieri non potest fiat diu
mors eligatur longa quaeratur uia
qua nec sepultis mixtus et uiuis tamen
exemptus erres moriere sed citra patrem.'

61. *The monde . . . th' unchast: Hippolytus* 743.

'mens inpudicam facere non casus solet'

62-3. *Then is . . . her Fate. Oedipus* 1041

'fati ista culpa est. nemo fit fato nocens.'

65. *Impute mishaps . . . manners faultes Hippolytus* 149

'nam monstra fato, moribus scelera imputes.'

67. *A mightie . . . a sinne: Hercules Furens* 1245.

'saepe error ingens scelestis optinuit locum.'

1. 1v 1-7. *The houre . . . guiltie heade Agamemnon* 227-32.

'quod tempus animo semper ac mente horruui,
adest profecto rebus extremum meis.
quid teiga uertis anime? quid primo impetu
deponis arma? crede perniciem tibi
et dira saeuos fata moliri deos
oppone cunctis uile supplicis caput.'

9. *What shouldst . . . to hope Medea* 163

'qui nil potest sperare, desperet nihil'

Agamemnon 147

'cui ultima est fortuna, quid dubium timet?'

11. *He safely . . . his harmes Thebais* 198-9

'cuius haud ultra mala
exire possunt in loco tuto est situs.'

12-16. *Thine (death) . . . our lives Hercules Furens* 874-8

'tibi crescit omne,
et quod occasus uidet et quod ortus.
paice uenturis tibi mors paramur.
sis licet segnis, pioeramur ipsi.
prima quae uitam dedit hora, carpit.'

24-8. *My feare . . . his crimes . Agamemnon* 240-4 .

'amor iugalis uincit ac flectit retio
remeemus illuc, unde non decuit prius
abire. sed nunc casta repetatui fides
nam sera numquam est ad bonos mores uia.
quem poenitet peccasse, poenae est innocens.

36. *Nor loue . . . a peere Agamemnon* 260 .

'nec regna socium ferre nec taedae sciunt.'

37-43 *Why dost . . . be forgiuen . Agamemnon* 261-8 .

'Aegisthe quid me rursus in praeceps rapis
iramque flammis iam residentem excitas?
permisit aliquid uictor in captas sibi
nec coniugem hoc respicere nec dominam decet
lex alia solio est alia priuato toro
quid quod seueras ferre me leges uiro
non patitur animus turpis admissi memor
det ille ueniam facile cui uenia est opus'

48. *A Iudge . . . to himselfe: Agamemnon* 271 :

'nobis maligni iudices aequi sibi.'

53. *His is . . . in steede . Medea* 503-4 .

'cui prodest scelus,
is fecit.'

58-9. *Well should . . . thy sake: Medea* 506 .

'tibi innocens sibi quisquis est pro te nocens.'

74. *His waies . . . his guide: Agamemnon* 146 .

'caeca est temeritas quae petit casum ducem.'

77. *The safest . . . to worse: Agamemnon* 116 .

'per scelestia semper sceleribus tutum est iter.'

Cf. *Macbeth* III. 11 .

'Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.'

Marston, *The Malcontent* V. 11 :

'Black deed only through black deed safely flies.'

Jonson, *Catiline* I. 11 :

'The ills that I have done cannot be safe
But by attempting greater.'

Webster, *The White Devil* II. 1 :

'Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.'

Massinger, *Duke of Milan* II. 1.

'One deadly sin, then, help to cure another.'

79. *He is . . . in crimes. Agamemnon* 151.

'res est profecto stulta nequitiae modus.'

81 *So sword . . . the soare Agamemnon* 153:

'et ferrum et ignis saepe medicinae loco est.'

82 *Extremest cures . . . used first: Agamemnon* 154.

'extrema primo nemo temptavit loco.'

83. *In desperate . . . is best. Agamemnon* 155.

'capienda rebus in malis praecepta uia est.'

93 *Mischief is . . . ne'r secure: Hippolytus* 169

'scelus aliqua tutum, nulla securum tulit'

94-5. *The wrongfull . . . his Sword. Hercules Furens* 345-6.

'rapta sed trepida manu
sceptra optinentur. omnis in ferro est salus.'

Cf *King John* III. iv.

'A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd.'

97-8. *The Kingliest . . . but right. Thyestes* 213-15.

'Sat. rex uelit honesta. nemo non eadem uolet
Atr. ubicumque tantum honesta dominant licent,
precario regnatur.'

121-3. *She is . . . soone suppress: Octavia* 596-8

'Sen. leuis atque uana. Nero. sit licet, multos notat.
Sen. excelsa metuit Nero. non minus carpit tamen.
Sen. facile opprimetur.'

II. 1. 'The entire scene is a dramatization of Geoffrey of Monmouth' (Grumbine). '[Arturus] ipse etenim audita suorum strage, quae paulo ante eisdem dabatur, cum legione irruerat, et abstracto Caliburno gladio optimo excelsa uoce atque uerbis commilitones suos inanimabat, inquit 'Quid facitis, uiri?' ut quid muliebres permittitis illaesos abire? ne abscedat illorum ullus uiuus. Memento dextrarum uestrarum, quae tot praelius exercitatae, terdena regna potestati meae subdiderunt . . . Memento libertatis uestrae, quam semiuiri isti et uobis debiliores demere affectant. Ne abeat ullus uiuus, ne abeat. Quid facitis?'—Haec et plura alia uociferando, irruerat in hostes, prosternabat, caedebat et cuiunque obuiabat, aut ipsum aut ipsius equum uno ictu interficiebat. . . Viso igitur rege suo in hunc modum decertante, Britones maiorem audaciam capessunt. Romanos unanimiter inuadunt: densata caterua incedunt.

et dum ex una parte pedestres hoc modo infestarent, equestres ex alia prosternere et penetrare conantui. Resistant tamen acriter Romani et monitu Lucii, illustris regis uicem illatae cladis Britonibus reddere elaborabant. Tanta igitur uis in utraque parte pugnatur, ac si tunc primum iecente conuenient. Hinc autem Arturus saepius ac saepius ut praedictus est hostes percutiens, Britones ad peistandum hortabatur. Fiebat itaque in utraque parte caedes abhorrenda . . . Tunc multa milia Romanorum conciderunt. Tunc etiam Lucius imperator intra tuimas occupatus, cuiusdam lancea confossus interit. At Britones usque insequentes, uictoriam, licet maximo labore, habuerunt' (X 1).

'Hostes quoque suos miseratus, praecepit indigenis sepelire eos. corpusque Lucii ad senatum deferre, mandans non debere aliud tributum ex Britannia reddi' (X xiii).

'Ut igitur infamia praeuinciat sceleris aures ipsius attigit continuo dilata inquietatione, quam Leoni regi Romanorum ingerere affectauerat. dimisso Hoelo duce Armoricanorum cum exercitu Galliarum, ut partes illas pacificaret. confestim cum Insularis tantummodo regibus, eorumque exercitibus in Britanniam remeauit. . . . [Modredus] Arturo in Rutupi portum applicanti obuiam uenit et commissopraelio maximam stragem dedit applicantibus. Postquam tandem, etsi magno labore, littora adepti fuerunt, mutuum reddendo cladem, Modredum et exercitum eius pepulerunt in fugam' (XI 1).

II 1. 1-2 *Lo here . . . of Brute*: Geoffrey: 'Erat tunc nomen insulae Albion, quae a nemine, exceptis paucis gygantibus, inhabitabatur. . . Denique Brutus de nomine suo insulam Britanniam, sociosque suos Britones appellat' (I. xvi)

II. 11 12-15. *Nought shoulde . . . his foes*: Octavia 452-5.

'Sen in nihil propinquos temere constitui decet.

Nero. iustum esse facile est cui uacat pectus metu.

Sen magnum timoris remedium clementia est.

Nero extinguere hostem maxima est uirtus ducis.'

18 *The Subiects . . . the Kings*: Octavia 190:

'Nutr. uis magna populi est. Oct. principis maior tamen.'

19. *The more . . . to feare* Octavia 462:

'hoc plus uerere quod licet tantum tibi.'

20-1. *He is . . . is iust*: Octavia 465-6.

'Nero. inertis est nescire quid liceat sibi.'

Sen id facere laus est quod decet, non quod licet.'

25-6. *The Lawes . . . licence most*: Troas 344-5:

'Pyrrh. quodcumque libuit facere uictori, licet.

Agam. minimum decet libere cui multum licet.'

29-30. *The Fates . . . are low*: Troas 704-5:

'quoque te celsum altius
superi leuarunt, mitius lapsos preme.'

41-2. *My will . . . Gods forbid. Octavia* 472-3 .

'Nero. statuam ipse. Sen. quae consensus efficiat rata.
Nero. despectus ensis faciet. Sen. hoc absit nefas.'

45-8. *Whom Fates . . . cannot use: Hippolytus* 448-51 .

'quem fata cogunt hic quidem uiuat miser,
at si quis ultro se malis offert uolens
seque ipse torquet, perdere est dignus bona
quis nescit uti.'

61-4 *Nor to . . . it none: Thebais* 555-9

'ne precor ferro erue
patriam ac penates neuē, quas regere expetis,
euerte Thebas. quis tenet mentem fuor?
petendo patriam perdis? ut fiat tua,
uis esse nullam?'

67-8. *Must I exiles life Thebais* 586-7 .

'ut profugus errem semper? ut patria arcear
opemque gentis hospes externaē sequar?'

footnote. The first . . . the Realme. Hercules Furens 357 :

'ars prima regni est posse te inuidiam pati.'

footnote. He cannot . . . from Soueraigntie. Thebais 654-6 .

'regnare non uult esse qui inuisus timet.
simul ista mundi conditor posuit deus
odium atque regnum.'

71-3. *No. Tis . . . constraind yeeld: Octavia* 504-6 .

'munus deorum est ipsa quod seruit mihi
Roma et senatus quodque ab inuitis preces
humilesque uoces exprimit nostri metus.'

78-80. *Then is . . . as beare Thyestes* 205-7 :

'maximum hoc regni bonum est,
quod facta domini cogitur populus sui
tam ferre quam laudare.'

82-6 *But who . . . most repine: Thyestes* 209-12 .

'Sat. at qui fauoris gloriā ueri petit,
animo magis quam uoce laudari uolet.
Atr. laus uera et humili saepe contingit uiro,
non nisi potenti falsa. quod nolunt, uelint.

92-3. *And better . . . and Liedge: Thebais* 617-18 .

'melius exilium est tibi
quam reditus iste.'

104-6. *But cease . . . nor like: Octavia* 600-1 :

'Desiste tandem iam grauis nimium mihi
instare. liceat facere quod Seneca improbat'

II iii. 39. *No danger . . . and oft: Hercules Furens* 330-1

‘nemo se tuto diu
periculis offerre tam crebris potest’

42. *Whom chaunce . . . at length: Hercules Furens* 332

quem saepe transit casus aliquando inuenit

60-1. *if Conquerours . . . must perforce: Hercules Furens* 372-3

‘pacem reduci uelle uictori expedit,
uicto necesse est.’

64 *chuse him* let him choose.

68-71. *What Cursed . . . first bewaile: Thebais* 638-41

‘quale tu hoc bellum putas,
in quo execrandum uictor admittit nefas
si gaudet’ hunc quem uincere infelix cupis
cum uiceris, lugebis.’

81-2. *Trust me . . . and Crowne: Thyestes* 470.

‘immane regnum est posse sine regno pati.’

87-92. *Wherefore thinke . . . assured happes: Thebais* 629-33:

‘fortuna belli semper ancipiti in loco est.
quodcumque Mars decernit. exaequat duos,
licet inpaes sint gladius et spes et metus,
sors caeca uersat praemium incertum petit,
certum scelus.’

100-1. *And feare . . . the ground: Medea* 169:

‘Nutr. non metuis arma? Med. sint licet terra edita.’

105. *He falleth . . . his foe: Hercules Oetaeus* 353.

‘felix iacet, quicumque, quos odit, premit.’

107. *Small manhood . . . to Chance: Oedipus* 86

‘haud est uirile terga fortunae dare.’

109 *I beare . . . for harmes: Hippolytus* 1003.

‘non imparatum pectus aerumnis gero.’

110-13. *Euen that . . . on ground: Oedipus* 82-5:

‘regium hoc ipsum reor
aduersa capere quoque sit dubius magis
status et cadentis imperi moles labat,
hoc stare certo pressius fortem gradu’

114-15. *No feare . . . their Fate: Oedipus* 1014-16:

‘multis ipsum timuisse nocet.
multi ad fatum uenere suum
dum fata timent.’

117. *Yea worse . . . of warre: Thyestes* 572:

‘peior est bello timor ipse belli.’

118. *Warre seemeth . . . not tried* 'Dulce bellum inexpertis' is one of the *Adages* of Erasmus and the title of one of Gascoigne's longer poems (Cambridge edition, v. I, p. 141).

127-8. *All things . . . the last Oedipus* 1008-9:

'omnia certo tramite uadunt
primusque dies dedit extremum'

The same fatalistic note had been already struck in *Gorboduc* and *Gismond of Salerne*, and is continued throughout Elizabethan tragedy.

141-2 *He either . . . that can: Thyestes* 203-4

'aut perdet, aut peribit in medio est scelus
positum occupanti.'

152-4. *like as . . . my words. Hippolytus* 588-90.

'ut dura cautes undique intractabilis
resistit undis et lacescentes aquas
longe remittit, uerba sic spernit mea'

II iv. 80-1. *A troubled . . . body backe. Thyestes* 418-20:

'nunc contra in metus
reuoluor, animus haeret ac retro cupit
corpus referre.'

III. 1. 11-14. *O false . . . it selfe: Hippolytus* 926-9

'o uita fallax. obditos sensus geris
animisque pulcrum turbidis faciem induis.
pudor inpuidentem celat audacem quies,
pietas nefandum.'

20-1 *No place . . . at will. Troas* 432-3.

'prosperis rebus locus
ereptus omnis, dira qua ueniant habent.'

22. *daughter's*: Geoffrey describes Guinevere as 'ex nobili genere Romanorum editam. quae in thalamo Caduri ducis educata, totius insulae mulieres pulchritudine superabat' (IX. ix).

124. *Death onely . . . from anoues. Oedipus* 955:

'mors innocentem sola fortunae eripit'

125-8. *Who so . . . victors pompe: Hercules Oetaeus* 107-10.

'quisquis sub pedibus fata rapacia
et puppem posuit fluminis ultimi,
non captiua dabit brachia uinculis
nec pompae ueniet nobile ferculum.'

132-9. *My youth . . . fauours guard. Troas* 275-8.

'fateor, aliquando inpotens
regno ac superbus altius memet tuli,
sed fregit illos spiritus haec quae dare
potuisset alii causa fortunae fauor.'

145. *This safest . . . you feare: Hippolytus* 730.

'tutissimum est inferre cum timeas gradum.'

148-61. Senecan hemistichomythia.

151-2 *Then may . . . couet naught: Thyestes* 442-3

'Tant patei, potes regnare. Thy. cum possim mori.

Tant. summa est potestas. Thy nulla si cupias nihil.'

154-5 *But by A haire. the sword of Damocles.*

163. *Trust me . . . glorious names Thyestes* 446

'mihî crede, falsis magna nominibus placent.'

192. *thirteene Kings. the names are given in Geoffrey IX. xii*

201-2. *Rome puffes . . . did fall Troas* 273-5:

'Troia nos tumidos facit
nimium ac feroces' stamus hoc Danaï loco
unde illa cecidit'

203-10 *Thou Lucius . . . lingring Fates Troas* 279-84.

'tu me superbum Priame tu timidum facis
ego esse quicquam sceptria nisi uano putem
fulgore tectum nomen et falso comam
unclo decentem? casus haec rapiet breuis
nec mille foisan ratibus aut annis decem.
non omnibus fortuna tam lenta imminet.'

III. III. 1-65. *O Friends . . . and dare.* The hint for this impressive speech was probably given by Geoffrey 'Arturus quoque suum exercitum in aduersa parte statuit, quem per nouem diuisit agmina pedestria cum dextro ac sinistro cornu quadrata: et unicuique praesidibus commissis, hortatur ut periuros et latrones interimant, qui monitu proditoris sui de externis regionibus in insulam aduecti, suos eis honores demere affectabant. Dicit etiam diuersos diuersorum regnorum Barbaros imbelles atque belli usus ignaros esse, et nullatenus ipsis uirtuosis uiris et pluribus debellationibus usis resistere posse, si audacter inuadere et uiriliter decertare affectarent' (XI 11).

11-12. The story of *Hengistus* and *Horsus* is given in Geoffrey VI. x-xv

47-8. *Diana . . . Brute* Brutus, having landed on the island of Leogecia, found there a deserted city, in which there was a temple of Diana. The image of the goddess, addressed by Brutus, gave the following oracular response (Geoffrey I. xi):

'Brute, sub occasu solis tians Gallica regna,
insula in Oceano est undique clausa mari:
insula in Oceano est habitata Gygantibus olim,
nunc deserta quidem gentibus apta tuis.
hanc pete; namque tibi sedes erit illa perennis:
hic fiet natis altera Troia tuis:
hic de prole tua reges nascentur: et ipsi
totius terrae subditus orbis erit.'

100. *brother Mordred*: Malory I. xix 'kyng Arthur 1ode vnto Carlyon / And thyder cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney in maner of a message / but she was sente thyder to aspye the Courte of kyng Arthur / and she cam 1ychely bisene with her four sones / gawayn Gaherys / Agrauaynes / and Gareth.. for she was a possyngge fayr lady / wherfore / the kyng cast grete loue vnto her / and desyred to lye by hei / so they were agreed / and he begate vpon her Mordred / and she was his syster on the moder syde Igrayne'

In Geoffrey, Modred is the son of Lot, and Arthur's nephew; 'Lot autem, qui tempore Aurelii Ambrosii sororem ipsius duxerat: ex qua Walgannum et Modedrium genuerat' (IX. ix)

III. iv 6 *A hopelesse . . happy Fate Troas* 434

'miserrimum est timere cum speres nihil.'

14. *All truth . be broke Thyestes* 47-8

'fratris et fas et fides

iusque omne peieat'

20-2. *For were . . . as bad Thebais* 367-9:

'hoc leue est quod sum nocens

feci nocentes hoc quoque etiam nunc leue est,

peperi nocentes'

III. Ch 33-4. *Care vpon . . tossed munde Agamemnon* 62-3

'alia ex aliis cura fatigat

uexatque animos noua tempestas'

35-8. *Who strues . . vnto himselfe: Thyestes* 391-2, 401-3

'stet quicumque uolet potens

aulae culmine lubrico

illi mors grauis incubat,

qui notus nimis omnibus,

ignotus moritur sibi'

41-5. *My slender . . the Cloudes . Hercules Oetaeus* 698-703:

'stringat tenuis litora puppis

nec magna meos aura phaselos

iubeat medium scindere pontum.

transit tutos fortuna sinus,

medioque rates quaerit in alto

quarum ferunt suppara nubes.'

59-60. *With endlesse . . doe dwell: Hercules Furens* 163-4.

'turbine magno spes sollicitae

urbibus errant trepidique metus.'

IV. D.S. 3-5. *an other place . . a third place* there are evidently three entrances. The second dumbe shewe also appears to require three entrances, the first 'out of Mordred's house', the second 'out of the house appointed for Arthur', and the third for 'a man bareheaded'.

IV. 1. 4-5. *who forbiddeth . . . such offence: Troas* 300

'qui non uetat peccare, cum possit, iubet.'

IV. 11 8. *Declare . . . our haimes: Troas* 1076-7

'prosequere gaudet aerumnas meus dolor
tractare totas'

14 *Small griefes . . . astomsht stand Hippolytus* 615

'curae leues loquuntur, ingentes stupent.'

Cf *Macbeth* IV. 111

'Give sorrow words the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'eifraught heart, and bids it break.'

15-18. *What greater . . . one degree. Thyestes* 745-7.

'Chor. an ultra maius aut atrocius
natura recipit? Nunt sceleris hunc finem putas?
gradus est'

202-4. *At length . . . for him* Grumbine suggests that Hughes had in mind the following lines of the *Aeneid* (I. 474-6)

'parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
infelix pueri atque impar congressus Achilli,
fertur equis'

217-23 *So saying . . . his Sire* these particulars of the death of father and son are taken from Malory 'Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe his handes & ranne toward syr Mordred cryeng tratour now is thy deth day come / And whan syr Mordred herde syr Arthur he ranne vntyl hym with his swerde drawen in his hande And there kyng Arthur smote syr moidred vnder the shelde wyth a foyne of his spere thoroughoute the body more than a fadom / And whan syr Mordred felte that he had hys dethes wounde / He thyrst hym self wyth the myght that he had vp to the bur of kynge Arthurs speie / And right so he smote his fader Arthur wyth his swerde holden in bothe his handes on the syde of the heed that the sweide persyd the helmet and the brayne panne / and therwythall syr Mordred fyl starke deed to the erthe / And the nobyl Arthur fyl in a swoune to the erthe' (XXI. 14).

Geoffrey's account of the final battle is as follows

'Postquam autem multum diei in hunc modum duxerunt, irruit tandem Arturus cum agmine uno, quo sex milia sexcentos et sexaginta sex posuerat, in turmam illam ubi Modredum sciebat esse, et uiam gladiis aperiendo, eam penetrauit, atque tristissimam caedem ingessit. Concidit namque proditor ille nefandus, et multa milia cum eo. Nec tamen ob casum eius diffugiunt caeteri. sed ex omni campo confluentes, quantum audaciae dabatur, resistere conantur. Committitur ergo dirissima pugna inter eos, qua omnes fere duces qui in ambabus partibus affuerant, cum suis cateruis corruerunt. Corruerunt etenim in parte Modredi. Cheldricus, Elafius, Egbrictus, Bunignus, Saxones. Gillapatriae, Gillamor, Gislafel, Gillarium, Hy-

bernenses. Scoti etiam et Picti cum omnibus fere quibus dominabantur. In parte autem Arturi Olbrictus rex Norwegiae, Aschillius rex Daciae, Cadon Limenic, Cassibellanus, cum multis milibus suorum tam Britonum quam caeterarum gentium quas secum adduxerat. Sed et inclytus ille Arturus rex letaliter uulneratus est, qui illinc ad sananda uulnera sua in insulam Auallonis aduectus, cognato suo Constantino, filio Cadonis ducis Cornubiae, diadema Britanniae concessit, anno ab incarnatione dominica quingentesimo quadragésimo secundo' (XI 11).

IV 111 36-9 *He was . . . state support Troas* 128-31

'columen patriae mora fatorum
tu praesidium Phrygibus fessis
tu murus eras umerisque tuis
stetit illa decem fulta per annos'

V D S 25 *Tibi mormur* we die for thee

34 *Qua uici, perdidit* as I won, I lost.

44 *Qua foui, periit* . as I cherished, I perished.

V 1. 32 *six score thousand* . in Geoffrey, 'sexies uiginti milia' (IX xix)

74-5 *Where each . . . their Fates Troas* 1071

'sua quemque tantum, me omnium clades premit'

110-14. *The hoat . . . wretch inflamde. Medea* 602-5:

'ausus aeternos agitare currus
immemor metae iuuenis paternae
quos polo sparsit furiosus ignes
ipse recepit'

127 *the first triumphant Troy*. Brutus, after his arrival in Britain, 'condidit itaque ciuitatem ibidem, eamque Troiam nouam uocauit' (Geoffrey I. xvii) Cf. II 1 1-2 and III. iii. 47-51 of this play.

131. *We could . . . we roynde Hippolytus* 1192-3

'non licuit animos iungere, at certe licet
iunxisse fata.'

149-50. *They lou'd . . . to dye. Thyestes* 886-7:

'uitae est audus quisquis non uult
mundo secum pereunte mori'

188-9 *Of all . . . hapie once*: Boethius, *Consolatio* II, Prose iv . 'Nam in omni aduersitate fortunae infelicissimum genus est infortuni, fuisse felicem' Translated by Chaucer, 'For in alle aduersitee of fortune, the most unsely kinde of contrarious fortune is to han ben weleful.' Cf. *Troilus and Criseyde* III, st. 233, *Inferno* V. 121-3, *Lockesley Hall* 76.

V. 11. 7-8. *Where thou . . . their stocke* Uther pursued Gollois into Cornwall, where the latter was slain in battle (Geoffrey VIII. xix-xx).

14-29 *Let Virgo . . . world affordes*: the loyal compliment to the Queen usual on these occasions Cf. I. 1. 54-61 and note thereon.

25 *Virgo come and Saturnes rage* Vergil, *Eclogue* IV 6

'iam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna'

Ep. 38-9. *Who ere . . . unto himselfe. Thyestes* 619-20:

'nemo tam diuos habuit fauentes,
crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri.'

40-1 *Him, whom . . . the ground Thyestes* 613-14

'quem dies uidit ueniens superbum,
hunc dies uidit fugiens iacentem.'

53-4 *Sat cytò, si sat benè* this part of Hughes's motto is quoted by St. Jerome as a saying of M. Porcius Cato's Epist LXVI: 'Scitum est illud Catonis, *sat cito, si sat bene*' See Heinrich Jordan's edition of Cato, *Dicta memorabilia* 80. The whole motto seems to mean Quickly enough, if well enough; in any case, what my own hope does not afford, your approval does.

I 1. (Fulbecke) 20. *benche* is probably a misprint for *benche*, though Grumbine suggests a derivation from Gk. *Βένθος*: 'the depth of the sea, hence, perhaps, Pluto's pit.'

44. *Cambala* Geoffrey XI 11: 'Arturus autem interna anxietate cruciatus, quoniam totiens euasisset confestum prosecutus est eum [Modredum] in praedictam patriam usque ad flumen Cambula, ubi ille aduentum eius expectabat.'

52. *Celenoes* Celeno was one of the Harpies. Grumbine compares *Aeneid* III. 209-13

'seruatum ex undis Strophadum me littora primum
accipiunt Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae,
insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno
Harpynaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam
clausa domus, mensasque metu liquere priores.'

62 *Cerastæ*. a genus of venomous serpents found in Africa and some parts of Asia, having a projecting scale or 'horn' above each eye; the horned viper. Early and poetic uses are drawn vaguely from Pliny and other ancient writers, who probably meant a species of the same genus.—N. E. D

V. 11. (Fulbecke) 23-31. *For Brytaine . . . endlessse praise*. The play fitly ends with Fulbecke's adulation of the Queen, carried to its customary point of extravagance. The 'Angels land' is, of course, an allusion to the famous quip of Pope Gregory in the slave market at Rome: 'Rursum interrogauit quod esset uocabulum gentis illius. Mercator respondit: Angli uocantur. At ille. Bene, inquit, Angli, quasi angeli, quia et angelicos uultus habent' (*S. Gregori Magni Vita Auctore Joanne Diacono* I xxi)

GLOSSARY.

G = *Gorboduc*
J = *Jocasta*
S = *Gismond of Salerne*
A = *The Misfortunes of Arthur*

Arg = Argument
Ch = Chorus
D S = Dumb Show
Ep = Epilogue.
Pr = Prologue.

abusde, deceived G V. 11 1
abye, pay for. S IV 11 94, *et passim*
accompt, recount J V 11 8
accursing, cursing J I 1 150
acquiet, alleviate J V 1. 14, *where the Italian text has acquet.*
acquite, fulfil J. III. 1. 22 Re-
lieve J II. 11 7.
adrad, terrified. G V 1. 112.
aduertise, inform J III 1 115
affectes, affections J I Ch 11.
Passions J II 1 270
affray, terrify J II 11 61
allarme' to arms' J V 11 184
allowe, approve G. I. 11 69, *et passim*
all to, altogether, completely, en-
tirely G *The P to the Reader*
13
amased, dismayed. J IV. 1 75;
S Arg 24.
amerualled, astonished S. V 1. 115
anenst, along. A. III Ch 41
anoye, distress, torment. S. *An other*
&c 3, *et passim*
apay, appease, satisfy. J II 1 450,
S V. 1. 94
astonniéd, astonished S V. 1 123
atached, arrested S Arg 29
auaile, profit, advantage J I 1. 192.
auowe, vow G. II. 1 112, *et passim*
Prove A Pr 8.
ayenst, against. S I. 11 22.
bandurion, bandores The bandore
(modern corruption *banyo*) was a
musical instrument resembling

a guttar or lute, with three, four,
or six wire strings, used as a bass
to the cittern J I. D S. 3
battailes, battalions J. I 11 148.
Cf. *Henry V*, IV. iii. 69
bayne, bathe. S V 11 28.
baynes, baths J V 1 18.
beates, abates, impanis. J II. 1
408
become, go, gone J III 11 100;
IV 1. Ch 13
behest, promise, duty. S. II Ch 23.
behight, promise G I 11 97, *et*
passim Command S V. 1. 75
behofe, advantage G I 11 153, *et*
passim
behouefull, advantageous G I 11
141
belike, probably. A III 1. 5
berayed, besmirched G *The P. to*
the Reader 13
bereft, bereued, taken away. G.
II. 1 172, *et passim*
beseeme, become J II 1 349, 609
bestad, beset J II 1 170, II. 11
76
betroutht, pledged J IV. 1. 121.
bewray, betray, reveal G IV 11.
115, *et passim*
blased, blazoned J II 1 492.
boad, endured. A. III 11 6.
bolne, swollen J IV 11 65.
bootes, benefits A. II 11 59, *et*
passim.
bootellesse, without remedy G. II.
11 65, *et passim*
braide, sudden movement, start.
G. IV. 11 222

broach, shed *A. IV* ii. 170
 bronde, brand, sword *J. II* i. 10
 brooke, endure *A. II* iii. 108, 111.
 brust, burst *J. V* ii. 14
 brute, bruit, rumour *J. I* ii. 176,
et passim
 bye, pay fol. *G. IV* i. 30

cammassado, a night attack See
 note on *J. II* ii. 56
 cankred, venomous, malicious *J.*
V ii. 67, 88
 carife, caytif, cowardly, wretched
 (*L. captivus*) *G. IV* i. 35, *J. V*
V 200, *S. IV* ii. 27
 carefull, full of care, anxious. *G.*
I i. 3, *et passim*
 carke, load, burden. *A. III.* Ch. 59.
 Cassiopea, see note on *A. I* i. 54
 censure, judgement *A. III* iii. 115
 certes, assuredly *S. V* ii. 13
 cesse, cease. *S. IV* iv. 15
 chere, countenance *G. IV* ii. 165,
et passim
 chualrie, cavalry *J. IV* i. 81,
where the Italian text reads la
cavalleria
 cleane, completely *J. II* i. 63, *et*
passim
 clepe, call *G. IV* ii. 61
 cliftes, cliffs. *A. II* Ch. 9
 clips, eclipse *A. IV* ii. 227.
 clue, cliff *S. IV* Ch. 33
 coate, cot, humble dwelling. *S. I.*
 Ch. 45
 commoditie, advantage *J. II.* i.
 257, *et passim*.
 companie, comrades *J. IV* D S 15
 conceit, what is conceived in the
 mind *J. II* i. 358, *A. II* iii. 129
 conge, leave. *J. III.* ii. 113.
 consent, common agreement *G. V*
 ii. 255, 256
 contentation, contentment. *J. II* i.
 447.
 contentations, causes of content
J. II i. 95
 coouie, covey *A. One other speeche*
&c 15
 corosue, destroyer *J. II.* i. 402
 cortine, curtain. *S. Aig* 19, *et*
passim.

couer, conceal. *J. II* i. 179, 358
 crosse, adverse *A. III* Ch. 12.
 culme, top *A. III.* Ch. 36.
 cyndring, reducing to ashes *J. II*
 i. 387
 cythren, citherns—instruments simi-
 lar to guitars, but played with a
 plectrum or quill *J. I* D S 2.

Dan, dominus, lord *J. IV* Ch. 20
 darke, darken *G. III* i. 138
 danger, endanger *A. I* iv. 99.
 daunting, stunning *J. V* ii. 86
 debowelled, disembowelled *S.*
 Arg. 30, *V* i. 210.
 decerne, decide, decree *A. II* ii.
 53
 defend, ward off *G. II.* i. 197.
 degree, rank. *S. Ep* 3
 denouncing, proclaiming *A. I.*
 Aig. 4.
 deprauing, dispraising. *A. Pr* 67.
 despoyle, see *dispoyle*
 determe, determine *S. V* i. 221,
V ii. 45
 deuote, vowed, devoted *A. Pr* 74.
 deuoyer, sense of duty *A. Pr* 124
 disclosed, opened *S. III* iii. 47
 disease, annoy, displease *J. II* i.
 142
 dishonested, dishonoured. *G. The*
P to the Reader 14
 dispar, unlike *A. IV.* ii. 197
 disporte, recreation, amusement
S. Arg 17, *IV* ii. 49
 dispoyle, uncover *G. IV* ii. 216
 Deprive. *A. I* i. 7 Deprive of
 life *J. IV* ii. 42, *A. III* i. 89
 distaine, stain, pollute *G. V* ii. 12,
et passim
 distraine, distress *S. II* i. 55,
V i. 6.
 diuine, divining *J. The names of*
the Interloquutors 10. Diviner.
J. I. i. 39, *et passim*.
 dolour, sorrow *J. IV* i. 232, *et*
passim
 doluen, delved, digged. *S. IV* ii.
 150
 dreere, misfortune, sorrow *S. I* iii.
 25, *et passim*.
 drift, purpose *A. I.* Ch. 1, *et passim*
 dround, drown *A. I* iii. 16

hearse, *see* herse.

hearclothes, haircloth. *J* II. D S. 3

hearsaie, hearsay, report *A* III
1. 166

heave, uplift *A* III 1 203, Ep 32

hent, taken. *J* V 11 26

herse, coffin *S* V 11 14, *A* V 1
175.

hest, command *G* III 1 51, *et*
passim

hight, was called *J* IV. Ch 17

hoise, hoist, uplift. *J* V Ch 6,
A V. 1 12

hughe, huge *G*. IV 1 9, V. 1 67;
V 11 61, 109 Apparently a
characteristic word with Sackville,
who uses it also in the *Induction* to
the *Mirror for Magistrates*. *A*
II 1. 58

iarres, differs. *A* I IV. 101

iarres, quarrels *A*. III 11. 37.

iarring, quarrelsome *J* I 11. 58

ielous, fearful, suspicious *G* I 1.

39, *J* IV 1 106, *S* IV Ch. 22.

ielousie, suspicion *J* I. 11 117, 121.

imparle, treat *A*. II. Arg 8, II
11 4.

impe, offspring, child *J* I. 1 54,
et passim.

impeach, hinder, break in upon
A III. 11. 52.

inferre, bring on *A*. IV 11 227,
V. 1 184.

in post, hastily *G* V. 1. 158.

instant, of the present day. *A*. Pr
71.

inuaide, attack *G* II 1. 159

ioy, enjoy. *A* I 11 66.

ioyning, adjoining. *J*. IV. 1 129.

irked, wearied *J*. II 1. 200

kernes, Irish foot-soldiers. *A* IV.
11 13.

kinde, nature. *G*. I 1. 11, *et passim*.

lefull, lawful. *S*. IV. 11. 21

length, lengthen *G*. I. 11 134

lese, lose. *J* II. 1. 26, *et passim*.

lest, least. *A* II 11. 74

let, hinder *S* IV 11. 52, *et passim*.

leuer, dearer, preferable *S* IV. 11
51.

leaf, leaf. *S* I 11 12 *foot-note*

like, please *G* V 1 123, *et passim*.

list, like, please. *G* III. 1 128, *et*
passim

lot, allot *G* I 11 151, *et passim*

lowre, look black and threatening
A III 1 86

lumpishe, unwieldy, dull *J*. III 11
43.

lurke, lie hid *A* I 1 37, *et passim*

lustlesse, joyless, feeble *J* II 1. 65

makelesse, withoutmate *S* II. 1 37.

manaceth, menaces, threatens *A*.
I Arg 6

marches, borders *G* I. 11 345

masking, dancing with gestures
similar to those of masquers *A*
I. D S 7

maskt, disguised itself *A* III Ch 14.

meanelesse, unmeasured, limitless
A I 11 68, *et passim*

message, messenger *A* III 11 2.

minde, intends *G* V 11 79

misdeime, fear, suspect *G*. I. 1. 39,
et passim

moe, more *G* I 11 167, *et passim*.
molt, melted. *S* V 1 126

moote, a discussion of a hypothetical
case by students at the Inns of
Court for the sake of practice;
now in use only at Gray's Inn.
A Pr 26, 83

murreine, murrain, cattle-disease.
A. I. Ch 21

mustie, damp, gloomy *J* II 1. 569

mutin, mutinous *A* Pr 90

ne, not *G* I 11. 321, *et passim*.

null, will not. *J* II. 11. 52

notes, denotes. *A*. III 1. 61.

nouist, novice. *A* III 11 65

noysome, harmful. *G*. II Ch. 15.

olephant, elephant *A*. V. D S. 13.

oppress, overpower (*L. opprimere*).
G II. 11. 53, *et passim*.

ouerpinning, distressing. *J*. V 1. 17

ouerthwart, across. *A* V D S 2

pagions, pageants. *A*. IV 11. 72

- paire, impair. *S* I iii 52
 paise, balancing, leverage. *J* IV. i. 46
 paled, pallid. *J*. v. v. 167.
 parole, parley *J* II. D S 19 Cf *Hamlet* I. i 62
 part, depart *J* II i. 612, et *passim*
 pawnes, pledges *J* II i 453.
 peaze, appease *G*. III i 103, et *passim*.
 percase, perchance *J* III. i. 145, et *passim*.
 perusing, examining *J* III D S II
 pheere, companion, consort *J* I i. 75, et *passim*
 plague, plague *G*. *The P to the Reader* 8, et *passim*
 plague, torment *A* II ii. 67, et *passim*
 plaine, complain, lament *S* III. ii 40, et *passim*.
 plat, flat *S* II. iii 23
 plights, promises. *A* III Ch 32
 politiquely, craftily *J*. IV. D S 13
 posting, hastening *J*. Ep 30
 practioke, treacherous. *A* Pr 90
 practise, plot. *G*. II. i. 106, et *passim*
 preasse, company *S* III ii 37
 prefe, proof. *S*. III iii 28, IV. iv. 47
 presently, at once *G* V. i. 122, et *passim*
 presse, oppress *A* I. ii 83, 84, II ii. 30.
 prest, ready. *J* v. v. 183, et *passim*
 pretended, intended, offered. *G* III i. 38
 priekt, decorated *J*. II i 302.
 princooke, upstart, coxcomb. *A*. III. iii 20, 23.
 priuie, acquainted, informed. *G* *The P to the Reader* 10
 proper, peculiar, belonging exclusively to. *J* II i 452.
 protract, delay. *G*. IV ii 130
 proue, try. *S* II. i 81, V. ii. 52
 purchase, obtain. *J*. III ii. 9, IV. ii 8.
 pyne, grieve, torment. *G*. IV i 17, et *passim*.
 purueyed, provided, predestined. *J*. v. i. 27
 pyramid, pyramid. *A*. v D S 20.
 quent, strange, far-fetched *J* II. i 257
 quailed, languished *S* II Ch. 6.
 quit, relieve, release. *J* IV i 15.
 race, erase. *A* *One other speche &c* 12
 rampiers, ramparts *A* III iii 86
 randon, rashness *G* II i 206, II Ch 2
 raised, utterly destroyed *G* I ii. 190
 raught, reached. *S* III iii 78.
 Gave *A* III i 135
 reacquite, reward *S* *An other &c* 4, et *passim*.
 recked, heeded, cared *G* I ii 321
 recklesse, free from care *S* I iii 30.
 record, remember, recall (*L. recordari*). *G* III Ch 9, et *passim*
 recourse, return *S* II i 12
 recure, remedy *S* *An other &c* 4, et *passim*
 recurelesse, without remedy, mortal *J*. I. i 3, V. iv 29, *S* IV i. 40
 rede, saying, counsel. *G*. II. Ch 13, et *passim*
 rede, say *A* III iii 85.
 reduce, bring back. *A*. v ii. 23.
 reede, guess *A*. III ii 2.
 reignes, reins and realms (play upon double sense) *G* I. ii 326
 reknowledge, recognize, acknowledge *S*. IV. ii 131.
 religion, religious orders. *A*. Arg 26.
 remorse, pity. *A* III i 211
 renome, renown. *S* I. i 54, et *passim*.
 renomed, renowned, renowned *S* IV. iii 58, et *passim*
 repine, begrudge. *A* II. ii 86
 require, ask. *S*. IV iv. 72, et *passim*
 rest, reliance *A* II iii 45
 resteth, remains for *S* V iv 2
 retirelesse, not returning *A* I ii 4
 reue, take away from, deprive of *G* II i. 3, et *passim*.

- reuolue, meditate upon, turn over
 in the mind *A* Pr 76
 ridde, got rid of. *J* II ii 1
 right, straight *A* III. i 73
 rode, roadstead, harbour *A* V i
 144
 rotte, a disease affecting sheep *A*
 I. Ch 21
 ruthe, pity *G* IV i 13, *et passim*.

 sagges, falls, gives way *A* II iii
 112
 scant, hardly *G* *The P to the*
Reader 16, *et passim*
 scantly, hardly *A* I iv 105
 scout, outlook *J*. II. i 8
 seld, sield, sield, seldom *S*. V. i.
 133, *et passim*.
 selder, seldomer *S* II iii 20.
 selfe, same *G* I ii 342, *et passim*
 set, esteem *J* II. i. 104.
 sharpe, sharpen *G* I ii 179
 shene, bright *S* III Ch 10.
 shrine, enshrine. *S* V iii 40
 sield, see *seld*
 sillie, simple *G* IV. ii. 239, *et*
passim
 sithe, sithens, since *G* I ii 338,
et passim
 sittes, becomes *S* Ep 3.
 skapes, escapes *A* III i. 140.
 skilful, reasonable, rational *S* II.
 i 66
 skillesse, unreasoning. *G* II. Ch. 5,
 V i 104
 skills, kinds of knowledge. *A*. Pr.
 14
 skride, desried *J* IV ii 7
 slack, delay *S* V i 117, 142
 slake, slacken *A* I ii 101.
 snudge, one who lies snug *A* III
 Ch. 53
 sole, lonely *S* II. i 30, 52, 65
 sooth'd, established, confirmed *A*
 Pr 79.
 sort, company *G* v. ii. 26, 34, 41
 sorted, allotted *G* IV. ii. 143
 sowsse, flood *J*. v iii 20.
 spede, success *S* II iii. 7.
 speed, succeed *A* II iii. 123.
 spill, destroy. *S* II iii 27
 spited, cherished spite *S*. I. iii. 16
 splayde, displayed. *J*. II. i 386.

 spoile, deprive *G* I i 25, *A*. i
 ii. 89. Destroy. *A* I iii 30, *et*
passim
 spolia, spoils of war *A* V. DS 13.
 spred, noised abroad *J* I i. 12.
 spreint, scattered *S* V i 187
 stale, a laughing-stock *A* I ii 3
 startling, starting, startled *J* V
 ii 104
 stay, support *G* I ii 100 *et passim*
 Restraint *G* I ii 117, *et passim*
 stayde, steadfast, assured *J* II i
 459
 stayednesse, restraint, firmness *G*
 I ii 132.
 stead, steed. *A* II i 29
 stearne, see *sterne*
 steede, stead, place. *A*. Pr. 21, *et*
passim
 stent, see *stint*.
 stere, move *S* II iii 24.
 sterne, rudder *G* V ii 85, *A*. II
 ii. 101.
 sterue, die *S* IV Ch 15
 stifeleth, is brought to nothing.
A I i 14
 still-pipes, pipes for playing soft
 music *J* V DS i
 stint, limit *S* I iii. 18, *A* I ii
 75.
 stint, make cease *J* I i 200, *et*
passim Cease *S* II ii 35, *A*
 I Ch 23
 stocke, progeny, race *A*. I i. 14,
et passim.
 stoupen, stoop. *S* I. Ch 52
 streight, passage. *S* V i. 64
 streights, limits *A* Pr 128.
 sturres, commotions, disturbances.
J Ep 21
 succede, follow, happen *G*. I i. 38,
 i ii. 31. Succeed to *G* III i. 73
 successe, consequence *G* I i. 55,
et passim
 sugred, sweet *J* IV. Ch 10
 supernall, supernatural *J* I i 38
 surcease, cease *J* IV i. 5, *A*. IV
 Ch 23
 sure, surely *A* II. iv. 36
 surpresse, suppress *J* Ep. 22.
 suspect, suspicion *J* II i. 6, *et*
passim
 swaruynge, swerving This old

- pronunciation of 'er' is retained in 'clerk' and some names. *G* I. II 20.
- target, shield *J* II D.S. 16
- teinte, touch *J* V II. 76.
- tender, yielding. *G* II. I. 138
- tene, sorrow *S* IV III 31.
- therwhile, in the meantime *J* I II 124
- tho, then *A* I II 56.
- thoughtfull, anxious *G* IV II 259
- throwes, throes *G* IV I 68.
- tackle, inconstant, uncertain. *A* V I 198, Ep I.
- tofore, before *S* *A sonet* &c. I.
- touse, tear to pieces *A* IV Ch 5
- trade, occupation *G* I II 55
- trawale, labour *G* I I 2, *et passim*
- trophea, arms won from a defeated enemy. *A* V. D.S. 5.
- trothlesse, treacherous. *J* I II. 91
- trustlesse, not to be trusted *J* II. I. 98, *et passim*
- tuition, protection *A* Arg 16
- twinke, moment. *G* IV. II. 202.
- vaile, veil *A*. III Ch. 14
- vallure, valour *A* II. III 26
- vauntage, advantage *G* II I 157, *et passim*.
- vaut, vault. *S* Arg 12, *et passim*
- vent, smell, snuff up (hunting term). *A*. III Ch 8.
- ver, spring *J* IV. Ch. 22
- violles, ancient musical instruments of much the same form as violins *J* I D.S. 2
- vnhap, *S*. Arg. 28, *et passim*.
- vnhealme, remove the helmet from *A*. V I. 94
- vnkindly, unnatural *G* I. II. 183, *et passim*
- vnweldy, feeble *S* II II. 56
- vnwilde of herselfe, lacking self-control. *A*. I. II. 13.
- vnweting, without knowing *S* IV II 64.
- venge, revenge. *A* I II 33
- vouch, call. *S* I I. 46.
- vre, use, practice *G* I II 132, *et passim*
- wade, go *G* V I 44, *S*. I Ch. 57, II II 35
- wakefull, watchfull. *G* I II. 39
- waltering, weltering *A* II. III 153, III Ch. 42
- want, lack *G* V II 198, *et passim*
- wealfull, happy *S*. *An other* &c. 7, IV II 57
- weedes, garments. *J* V v. 243
- weenes, thinks *J* I I 239, *et passim*.
- well, in elegant language. *A* Pr. 67
- wemlesse, spotlesse. *S* IV. III. 10.
- werry, weary *S*. Arg 7
- wete, know. *S*. Ep 14.
- whelme, overwhelm *J* II. I. 584
- whilome, formerly. *G* I II. 164, *et passim*
- wight, man *G* I I 41, *et passim*.
- wood, mad *A* IV Ch 7
- woontlesse, unaccustomed. *A*. I II 65.
- worthyed, made worthy *S*. III. III 53
- wrapt, rapt, transported *G*. IV II 239
- wreke, avenge. *G* I. II 358, *et passim*
- wrekeful, avenging. *G* II I. 14, *et passim*
- wrie, indirect, deceitful *G* I. II 29.
- yelden, resigned *S* II. III. 41
- yfrought, see *fraught*
- ymeint, mingled *S*. III II 34
- yrke, find irksome. *A* I. IV 113
- yrkes, becomes weary of *A*. I. I. 29

INDEX TO INTRODUCTION

- Alamanni, *Antigone*, lii
 Albertini, Niccolò, xx
 Ariosto, Francesco, xxiv.
 Ariosto, Lodovico, xxx-xxxii, xli
 Ascham, lxxix-lxxx.
 Averroes, xiv, xliii
A Warning for Fair Women, xcii

 Baif, Jean-Antoine de, xl.
 Baif, Lazare de, xlix
 Beza, lxxx
 Boccaccio, xiii, xx, xxv, lxxlvii-lxxxviii
 Boethius, xi, xiii.
 Bounin, *La Soltane*, lv.
 Buchanan, xlix, lix, lxxix

 Calliopius, xv, xvi, xxiii.
 Cammelli, *Filistrato e Panfila*, xlii-xxvi.
 Canigiani, xxxviii
 Carducci, xx-xxi.
 Castelvetro, xlvii-xlix.
 Chaucer, xiii-xiv.
 Coluccio Salutati, xxii-xxiii.
 Corneille, lvii, lxiii.
 Corrarò, Gregorio, xliii, lxxviii.

 Dante, xii, xvi.
 De Sommi, xl.
 Dolce, xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxix, lxxliii-lxxxv, lxxlviii.
 Dracontius, x.
 Du Bellay, lix.

 Edwards, Richard, lxi-lxxix, lxxxiii
 Erasmus, xxiii, xlix.
 Evanthius, x, xiv.

 Gager, lxxx.
 Galeotto del Carretto, *Sofonisba*, xxvii, xxix
 Garnier, xl, lvi-lix
 Gascoigne, xl, lxxliii-lxxlv, lxxviii.

 Geoffrey of Monmouth, xc.
 Giraldi, xxix-lxxvi, xxxiv, xli-xliv, xlv, li
Gismond of Salerne, lxxxi-xc.
Gorboduc, lxxxi-lxxviii, lxxlviii, xciv, xcix.
 Greene, xxxi, xxxv
 Grévin, lv, lix
 Grimoald, lxxx
 Guido delle Colonne, xvi

 Hardy, lx, lxi
 Harvey, Gabriel, lxxv.
 Hermannus Alemannus, xix, xliii
 Honorius of Autun, xi.
 Hughes, Thomas, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, xc-xci

 Inghirami, xxiii.
Intermedi, xxxix-xl.
 Isidore of Seville, xi, xiv-xv.

 Jodelle, xlix, li-lv, lix.
 Jodocus Badius, xxiv
 Johannes Anglicus de Garlandia, xii.
 Johannes Januensis, xv
 John of Salisbury, xiv.
 Johnson, Lawrence, *Misogonus*, lxvii.
 Jonson, lxi.

 Kinwelmersh, lxxviii-lxxvi.
 Knox, lxxx.
 Kyd, lxiii, lxxx, xciii-xcvi

 La Peruse, *Mède*, lv.
 La Taille, Jean de, xlviii-xlix, lix.
 Legge, Thomas, *Richardus Tertius*, xcix.
 Livius Andronicus, xiv.
Locrine, xcix.
 Lope de Vega, lx
 Loschi, Antonio, xliii.

Lovato de' Lovati, xv.
 Lumley, Lady, *Iphigema*, lxx.
 Lydgate, xiv, xvi-xix

Madius, xlvii
 Malory, xc
 Martelli, *Tullia*, xxi, lii
 Meres, xcii (*note*), xciv
 Mermet, Claude, xxi
 Moral plays, lxi-lv, lxx
 Mussato, *Ecerinus*, xi-xvii

Nashe, xcv-xcvi
 Norton, lxxi-lxxiii
 Notker Labeo, xi.
 Novati, Francesco, xciii.

Osborn, xiv.

Papias, xv.
 Pazzi, *Didone in Cartagine*, xxi
 Peele, lxx
 Petrarch, xx.
 Pietro, son of Dante, xvi.
 Pikeryng, *Horestes*, lxxviii-lxx
 Pomponius Laetus, xciii
 Preston, Thomas, *Cambyses*, lxxviii-lxx

Racine, xlvii, lvii.
 Riario, Raffaele, xxiv.
 Rivaudeau, *Aman*, lvi
 Robortello, xliii, xlv (*note*), xlvii.
 Ronsard, xl, lii-liii.
 Rucellai, *Kosmunda*, xxx.

Sabellicus, Marcus Antonius, xciii
 Sackville, lxxxi-lxxxiii
 Saint-Gelais, Melin de, xxi
 Scaliger, Julius Caesar, xlv-xlvi,
 xlix, lix.
 Segni, xliii.
 Serlio, xli
 Shakespeare, xlvii, xxcv, lxi, lxi,
 lxi, lxx, lxxvii-xc, xcii-xciii,
 xcvi-xcix
 Sidney, xlv, lxi, lxvi, lxx.
 Sidney, Mary, lxi

*The True Chronicle History of
 King Leir*, xcix.
*The True Tragedie of Richard
 Duke of Yorke*, xcix.
The True Tragedie of Richard III,
 xcix.
 Trissino, *Sofonisba*, xlvii-xxxi, xxi,
 xliii.
 Trivet, xvi, xiv-xx.

Valla, xliii
 Verulanus, Sulpicius, xxi
 Vincent of Beauvais, xxi.
 Vitruvius, xxi, xli
 Volaterranus, Jacobus, xxi

Watson, Thomas, lxx.
 Webster, lx
 Whetstone, xcxi
 Wilmot, *Tancrea and Gismund*,
 lxxv, lxxvi-lxxxix

